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AND
FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1851.

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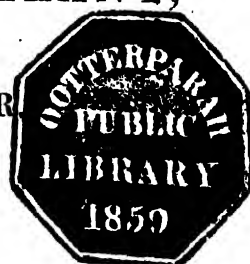
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JANUARY, 1851.



COVENANTING WITH GOD.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COVENANT.

It was the custom of Matthew Henry to make a formal dedication of himself to God at the commencement of each new year. The following form was drawn up by him for the year 1707:—

"Unto Thee, O blessed Jesus, my only Saviour and Redeemer, do I make a fresh surrender of my whole self this morning, body, soul, and spirit: to me to live is Christ, particularly this ensuing year.

"All my time, strength, and service, I devote to the honour of the Lord Jesus; my studies, and all my ministerial labours, and even my common actions. It is my earnest expectation and hope, and I desire it may be my constant aim and endeavour, that Jesus Christ may be magnified in my body.

"In everything wherein I have to do with God, my entire dependance is upon the Lord Jesus Christ for strength and righteousness; and whatever I do in word or deed, I desire to do all in His name, to make Him my Alpha and Omega. The Anointed of the Lord is the breath of my nostrils: through His hand I desire to receive all my comforts; I have all by Him, and I would use all for Him.

"If this should prove a year of affliction, a sorrowful year upon my account, I will fetch all my supports and comforts from the Lord Jesus Christ, and stay myself upon Him, His everlasting consolations, and the good hope I have in Him through grace.

"And if it should be my dying year, my times and my soul are in the hand of the Lord Jesus; and, with humble reliance upon His mediation, I would venture into another world, looking for the blessed hope. Dying as well as living, Jesus Christ will, I trust, be gain and advantage to me.

"Lord, keep this always in the imagination of the thoughts of my heart, and establish my way before Thee."

JOHN HOWARD'S COVENANT.

At Naples, during the spring of 1770, the philanthropist's mind "was occupied," as an admiring biographer says, "with the most serious thoughts. On one of the Sabbath-days which he spent in that seducing city, he employed himself in preparing and signing a solemn covenant,—a practice once common among the more earnest class of the Protestant Dissenters of England, and even now not altogether unknown to that body. This docu-

ment, fortunately preserved among his papers, is one of the most important which we possess for his mental history." Many readers of the "Christian Miscellany" will be glad to ponder the following passages :—

"It is the presence of God which makes the happiness of every place. So, O my soul, keep close to Him in the amiable light of redeeming love! And, amidst the snares thou art particularly exposed to in a country of such wickedness and folly, stand thou in awe, and sin not. Commune with thine own heart. See what progress thou makest in thy religious journey. Art thou nearer the heavenly Canaan—the vital flame burning clearer and clearer? or are the concerns of a moment engrossing thy foolish heart? Stop; remember thou art a candidate for eternity. Daily, fervently, pray for wisdom. Lift up thine heart and eyes unto the Rock of Ages; and then look down upon the glory of this world! A little while longer, and thy journey will be ended. Be thou faithful unto death. Duty is thine, though the power is God's. Pray to Him to give thee a heart to hate sin more, uniting thy heart in His fear. O magnify the Lord, my soul; and, my spirit, rejoice in God my Saviour! When I consider and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. But yet, my soul, why art thou cast down; why art thou disquieted? Hope in God and His free grace in Jesus Christ. Lord, I believe; help my unbelief! Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom His goodness? Here, on His sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated in His sight. I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on His sovereign mercy in the Redeemer. O compassionate and divine Redeemer! save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin; and accept of my solemn, free, and, I trust, unreserved, full surrender of my soul, my spirit, my dear child, all I own and have, into Thy hands! How unworthy of Thy acceptance! Yet, Lord of mercy, spurn me not from Thy presence. Accept of me; I hope—vile as I am—a repenting, returning prodigal. I glory in this my choice; acknowledge my obligations as a servant of the Most High. And now may the Eternal be my refuge! and thou, my soul, be faithful to that God that will never forsake thee. Thus, O Lord God, even a worm is humbly bold to covenant with Thee. Do Thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of Thy mercy. Amen, amen, amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in His mercy for restraining and preventing grace,—though rejoicing in returning what I have received from Him into His hands, yet, with fear and trembling,—I sign my unworthy name.

"JOHN HOWARD."

This solemn and affecting covenant was renewed at Moscow, in the autumn of 1789, a very short time before Mr. Howard's extraordinary course was finished.

RULES OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY.

ALTHOUGH these Rules, in their separate branches, have been briefly considered, an observation or two may be bestowed on the "weighty words" in the concluding paragraph: "These are the General Rules of our Societies: all which we are taught of God to observe, even in His written word, the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice. And all these we know His Spirit writes on every truly awakened heart. If there be

any among us who observe them not, who habitually break any of them, let it be made known unto them who watch over that soul, as they that must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways: we will bear with him for a season. But then, if he repent not, he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls."

"*His written word, the only rule.*" This is the rule of rules. All human regulations and requirements must be tested by it. Those who were privileged to sit for instruction at the Apostles' feet, were commended by the Apostles themselves, because they searched the Scriptures for proof of what they heard. For "doctrine," "reproof," "correction," and "instruction in righteousness," the Bible is the "only," and, blessed be God, the "sufficient," rule. From this we dare not "take away;" and to this we need not "add." "Whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man." Therefore, "the Rules" claim authority over us, only as we are disposed frankly to admit that they contain our own views of what God teaches in the Bible. If any man deem the Rules unscriptural, of course he will not join the Society. *One hundred and seven years* have passed away since they were penned, and subscribed by Messrs. John and Charles Wesley; and, the United Societies for which they were provided having increased a thousand fold, we still agree with our honoured founders that these Rules may either be "read" in God's word, or "proved thereby."

It is not from any scruple on this head that we feel painful concern; but, rather, from want of conformity to these righteous requirements. And this, especially, when we have agreed to the testimony, "We know the Spirit of God writes them on every truly awakened heart." This is the forcible language of one who well knew how to use "right words," in the theology of the heart. These principles of heavenly law, the Holy Ghost graves on the heart of the child of God. Hence, a Methodist, according to the Rules, is one inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God. Whether we look at doctrinal or at preceptive Methodism, it is "Christianity in earnest." God grant there may always be evidence, in an increasing multitude of living examples, that this witness is true!

But, alas! of these Rules there have ever been some "among us who observe them not, who habitually break them." Their *names* are on the class-book; but their *lives* are a libel on Christianity in earnest! Once washed; now wallowing in the mire of sin. What is to be done with such? "We will admonish them." Admonition in the Methodist Society comes legitimately from three classes. Private members are "reprovers" by profession; "instructing, *reproving*, or exhorting all" they "have any intercourse with;" according to the Rule. Here is a case for reproof. "Tell him of his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, tell it to"—his Leader, who is *specially* commissioned to "advise, comfort, reprove, as occasion may require." If one fail, if two fail, "let it be made known unto them who [in the highest and most solemn sense] watch over that soul as they that must give an account." Ministers will "admonish him of the error of his ways," point out to him clearly and faithfully his guilt and danger. Then comes the exercise of Christian long-suffering: "We will bear with him for a while." God "hates putting away," and so do His people. "How shall I give thee up?" is His compassionate remonstrance, which they humbly re-echo. A member may be "overtaken in a fault," and, by God's blessing on salutary church-associations, he may repent in dust and ashes. If so, he is not to be discarded and put away, but kindly "restored," and heartily forgiven. "But if he repent not," if there be no proper sense of the evil, no

sound confession, no heart-contrition, no manifest humiliation of soul on account of sinning against truth and righteousness, against God and His people,—then “he hath no more place among us.” He cannot any longer be acknowledged as a member of Society, or worthy of the token of fellowship.

“*We have delivered our own souls.*” Strong words! unutterable by any but the faithful! “I am pure from the blood of all men!” This fearful saying has a bearing on the three classes of watchmen named above:—Members, Class-Leaders, Ministers, all are appointed, in a solemn sense, to watch for souls. “Am I my brother’s keeper?” clears no man. “Love thy neighbour as thyself,” binds, at least, every member in his class to the poor backslider. Indeed, it can seldom be known on earth *who* has most power to do good to one “overtaken in a fault.” Possibly the youngest, the least instructed, the most obscure of the company, may in such a case prevail over knowledge, and age, and office. “There is one who used to meet with us. He has fallen; he is ‘in want,’—in the ‘far country.’ ‘No man giveth unto him.’ Can *we* all say, ‘We have delivered our own souls?’ It was once said of a good woman who loved her Saviour, ‘She hath done what she *could*.’ With that gracious precept of Heaven under our eye, — ‘Restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted,’—do we individually feel, in reference to our poor brother or sister, that it can be said, ‘*We have done what we could?*’”

But if the principle may be so solemnly applied to the private member, how much more to the Class-Leader, and to the Preacher in charge! Tremble, ye that have in any way accepted “the cure of souls.” Look at what you have done since you have been in office; look at those who have fallen under your care; look at what the law of love, of God, and of His Christ, requires of you; and ask, in the light of Calvary, and of the day of eternity, “*HAVE WE DELIVERED OUR OWN SOULS?*”

QUARTERLY TICKET FOR DECEMBER, 1850.

The sacred text on this Ticket is found in Job xxxiv. 29: “WHEN HE GIVETH QUIETNESS, WHO THEN CAN MAKE TROUBLE? AND WHEN HE HIDETH HIS FACE, WHO THEN CAN BEHOLD HIM?”

Divine Providence is clearly and strongly asserted in the book of Job. The universe is set before you, instinct with Divine power and wisdom. God is everywhere, and in everything. In Him, all things live, move, and have their being. The smallest and the greatest of the animal race; the dew-drop, and the volume of the ocean; the earth, with all its open and hidden treasures; the vast heavens, with all their glory and their “influences,”—are the Lord’s. The Infinite and Eternal lives in the midst of His creation. His eyes behold all; His hand directs all. He is pure; and His every movement holy, just, and good. Of this book of greatness and goodness,—of marvels and mysteries,—of beauties and blessings,—the text is an epitome.

“When He giveth quietness.” Peace is from Heaven. God is the Author of it. “My peace I give unto you.” Only the Prince of peace can give peace. “He giveth quietness.” The peace—the serene blessedness—which He gives, “passeth all understanding.” It “keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus.” Yes, He is our peace. His “powerful blood” atoned for us, and He now guards us as His own. The clouds and storms, winds and waves, obey Him; and the soul inherits “calm sunshine.” Of this holy quietude, heaven is the fulness. *That* is the rest that “remains.” But “peace in the Holy Ghost” is its “earnest” given in the wilderness. Upon this silent glow in the inner man, “there is a defence.” The glory

of God abode deep in the "holy of holies;" and "the curtains" may seem almost emblematic of the Providence that shields the holy, heaven-born tranquillity of the good man's bosom.

"Who can make trouble," when "the very God of peace" protects? "*I am sheltering under the Rock*," said the sinking, dying saint,—the "perfect man," whose end was peace.* Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? "Tribulation," "distress," "persecution," "famine," "peril," "sword," may all try with their malignant forces to "make trouble." But the peace of a believer's spirit is undisturbed; for God "giveth quietness." "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"When He hideth His face."—When JEHOVAH frowns, all good withers, all woes abound. "Now is your hour, and the power of darkness." True, God does not yet turn this earth into "outer darkness." Not only does He "make a hedge about" such a good man as Job; but, occasionally, by His longsuffering mercy, even "the tabernacles of robbers" so "prosper," that they have a certain kind of happiness in them. Sin is not yet wholly unattended with pleasure. By the "Saviour of all men" this is mercifully permitted for "a season," that guilty man may be "held back from iniquity" "by the cords of love." But if, while the "longsuffering of God waiteth," he "repent not," he must, he *shall* perish." God will hide His face entirely and for ever. This is man's greatest calamity. It implies the privation of all good, the presence of all evil. "Thou, even Thou art to be feared; and who can stand in Thy sight when once Thou art angry?"

"Who then can behold Him?" Who can befriend us when God is our enemy? Vain is the help of man. Vain are all knowledge, riches, honours. Vain, religious forms and human resolutions. The "thousand thousand" of Ethiopia's army may be at our beck: the wisdom of a Solomon, the riches of a Dives, the honours of a Herod, may be ours. Ours may be the form of godliness, even of the strictest sect of the Pharisees; and the mental resolve of Samson when he said, "I will go out as aforetime, and shake myself." But if the Lord has departed from us, if God hideth His face, *all is vain*: yea, "vanity and vexation of spirit." The arm of flesh may be bared, and mercy herself may interpose with prayers and tears for us; but "when He hideth His face," nothing remains but sorrow, without mitigation and without end.

Equally fatal is the frown of God against "a nation" and "a man only;" equally fruitful of all prosperity is His favour. A nation is happy in proportion as God "lifteth up the light of His countenance" upon it. And the light of God's countenance is lifted up upon a nation in proportion to the leaven of PURE RELIGION found in it. In Christendom at least,—among the nations to whom are "committed the oracles of God,"—you must not look for "quietness," glory, and prosperity, while they "know their Master's will and *do it not*." Those who hold in their hands the "instruction in righteousness" given them by "the inspiration of God," and obey it not, must be "beaten with many stripes;" whether it be "a nation or a man only." This text was probably written before the nation of the Jews existed. But how strikingly its truth was exhibited in that nation's history!

* See the beautiful account of the sainted Joseph Taylor's death: Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, for August last.

Transient, superficial prosperity may attend a people among whom "scriptural holiness" is feeble, and "ready to die." "Sentence against evil" is not "speedily executed." But if "the righteous" are not at length found there, God "hideth His face," and there is an utter overthrow. Then "hear ye the word of the Lord; and let men and nations tremble and fear" before the God of the Bible.

B. C.

JACOB'S VOW.

Our good Pastor sometimes preaches close sermons. One of his latest was based on Jacob's vow at Bethel:—"Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give a tenth unto Thee." He laid down two principles,—1. That the fact of mercies received imposes an obligation to render thank-offerings: 2. That the amount we lay on God's altar is not a discretionary matter; that it must be *stated* as to time, and *proportioned* as to sum; and that a *tenth* is the *minimum*, instead of the furthest limit. I could have borne this pretty well, but there came some pinching inferences, which trouble me.

1. If Jacob pledged a tenth as a *free-will offering* in his solitude, notwithstanding the possible occasion for its use, how much more should we give now, with existing obligations, and the implied necessity to sustain begun operations, with reiterated appeals to our benevolence?

2. If Jacob pledged a tenth of whatever he might acquire by personal industry, how much more may be claimed in the name of Christ from the multitudes who possess *inherited* wealth, and who, like the lilies, "neither toil nor spin?"

3. If Jacob pledged a tenth for expenditure in sacrifices, in themselves of no effect to purge the conscience, how is the claim to a larger proportion heightened by the consideration, that we live under the dispensation of the Spirit, and that wealth may be directly devoted to the advancement of moral and spiritual interests?

4. If Jacob pledged a tenth when the difficulty would be to devise ways to spend it directly in the service of God, how much more do we owe to our Lord, now that the fields are white unto the harvest; when the influence of a single pound may be felt on the opposite side of the globe; when the set time to favour Zion is come?

5. If Jacob, a young man just setting up in life, pledged a tenth from his undeniable necessities, how much weightier the obligation on Christians advanced in life, whose annual means greatly exceed their personal wants, and who expect in a little while to be with Jesus, and to hear the harps of heaven?

Are these inferences sophistical? If they are logical and scriptural, do not many of us incur the guilt of Ananias and Sapphira, in keeping back a part of the price?—*Messenger*.

PUNCTUALITY.

A SINGULAR mischance has befallen some of our friends. At the moment when He ushered them on existence, God gave them a work to do, and He also gave them a competency of time, so much time, that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigour, their time and their work would end together. But, a good many years ago, a strange misfortune befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They cannot tell what became of it; but, sure enough, it has dropped out of existence; for, just like two

measuring-lines laid together, the one an inch shorter than the other, their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always in advance of the time. They are not irregular. They are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is shut; they arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off; they come in sight of the *dépôt* precisely when the train starts. They do not break any engagement, nor neglect any duty; but they systematically go about it too late, and usually too late by about the same fatal interval. How can they retrieve the lost fragment, so essential to character and comfort? Perhaps by a device like this:—Suppose, that on some auspicious morning, they contrived to rise a quarter of an hour before their usual time, and were ready for their morning worship fifteen minutes sooner than they have been for the last ten years; or, what will equally answer the end, suppose that for once they merged their breakfast altogether, and went straight out to the engagement of the day; suppose that they arrived at the class-room, or the workshop, or the place of business, fifteen minutes before their usual time, or they forced themselves to the appointed rendezvous on the week-day, or to the sanctuary on the Sabbath, a quarter of an hour before their instinctive time of going,—all would yet be well. This system carried out would bring the world and themselves to synchronize; they and the marching hours would come to keep step again; and, moving on in harmony, they would escape the jolting, fatigue, and awkwardness they used to feel, when old father Time put the right foot foremost, and they advanced the left. Their reputation would be retrieved, and friends who at present fret, would begin to smile; their fortunes would be made; their satisfaction in their work would be doubled; and their influence over others, and their power for usefulness, would be unspeakably augmented.—*Hamilton*.

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

THERE is, in the revolution of time, a kind of warning voice which summons us to thought and reflection; and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the spring to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematical of the state and of the duties of man; and whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens and mark the path of the sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God; and wherever we direct our eyes, the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him whose benevolence never slumbers nor sleeps, and who, from a throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth.

The season of winter has also similar instructions. To the thoughtful and

the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.—*Alison.*

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE UPON NATIONS.

TELL me where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not. Go to Italy: decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power; the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldiery is round their dwellings: the armed police take from the stranger his Bible, before he enters the territory. Ask for the Bible in the book-stores: it is not there, or in a form so large and expensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The Preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited works, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children. Why this difference? There is no brighter sky; there are no fairer scenes of nature: but they have the Bible. And happy are the people who are in such a case; for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.—*W. Adams, D.D.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

A FAVOUR may be granted in a way which makes the reception of it difficult, and even painful: as, on the contrary, a benefit may be so conferred as to augment its value, and to cause reception to be as pleasing to the receiver, as bestowment is to the giver. We should not only aim at doing what is proper, but at doing it properly. We read of the kind and gracious benignity, as well as of the philanthropy, of God our Saviour. (Titus iii. 4.)

A Christian believer once said in sickness, of which the issue appeared doubtful, "It is not for health that I pray. I wish my petitions to be such as God may consistently receive, and I consistently offer. I ask not that He would cure me; but that He would save me."

It was said of a Christian lady who before death suffered long from a tedious and exhausting malady, "She desired not life, though all that life could give had been hers. She desired not death, though constantly oppressed with the languor of diseases. The one prayer of her heart was, that the Divine will might be accomplished."

The Gospel announces to us that "the end of all things is at hand," that we may be stirred up to seek after Him who never had a beginning, and can never have an end; and to remember that, while the whole fashion of the world passes away, he that does the will of God shall abide for ever. It reminds us of the unchangeable law of mortality, that we may seek to be when we are with the hope of immortality; telling us that we are hastening to right moment, life, we shall end together. them. A fragment became of it; but, su

THEOLOGY.

POWER OF GOD IN THE GOSPEL.

"For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—Rom. i. 16.

HERE the Apostle brings the efficiency of the Gospel down to individual experience. It is not upon communities and nations only that it operates beneficially, but upon "every one that believeth;" and that, not only "to the Jew," to whom it was first, in all places, proposed, "but also to the Greek;" the external circumstances of men neither cutting them off from salvation, nor obstructing the efficacy of this grand saving institution.

When the Apostle lays it down as the ground of his glorying in the Gospel, that "it is the power of God unto salvation," he silently contrasts it with every other religion known or received among men, and triumphs over them. This is power, they are weakness and insufficiency: this saves, they leave man in sin and danger still. Under all the forms of Paganism, under all the systems of heathen philosophy, the world became still more corrupt; nor did their most devoted disciples exhibit any proofs of being saved. Salvation was what man needed, but which they all failed to bestow; those who most carefully followed the regimen or applied their medicines, grew but worse under the treatment, and were themselves therefore the proofs that every process of moral healing known in the world was utterly powerless. But this, says the Apostle, has "power;" it has divine power; it is "the power of God unto salvation."

Nor ought the grandeur of this thought to escape us. The power of God was familiar to man. In the order and in the disorders of nature, its steadfast laws and its conflicting elements, it was alike manifested; in the punishment of sin, in the acts of daily providence, in the rolling changes and whirl of empires. Here, however, the power of God has a new manifestation: it is power engaged only in works of mercy,—mercy to the souls of men; the power of God embodied in Christianity to save and to bless. Behold, then, the power of God as it connects itself with the Gospel, and works out its gracious effect by it, as its instrument.

In the Gospel, the power of God

is employed to illuminate; it is light shining in darkness, and carrying with it its own demonstration, so clear, so bright, so piercing, that all who attend to its doctrine at all have a secret, unconquerable conviction that it is from God; and it thus creates a standard of judgment, and a conscience, from which men, even with all their efforts, can scarcely ever free themselves.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to quicken. Man, dead by nature, now lives. His awakened fears, his restless desires after God, his impatience to be free from sin, his sighs who never sighed for sin, his tears who never wept for sin, his voice of pleading prayer,—for, "behold, he prayeth,"—all prove that a strange change has passed upon him; he awakes, he lives, at the voice of that word which, from its efficacy, proves itself to be the voice of God.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to comfort. It does this by the conveyance upon our believing of a powerful and unequivocal testimony of the Spirit of God to our spirits, that we are now the reconciled, accepted children of God; that "Christ loved me" as an individual, and "gave Himself for me;" that I have received "the adoption of a son," and, if a child, am therefore an "heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ." This is the "strong consolation" enjoyed by "the heirs of promise," spoken of by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews; and it is that which, wherever the Holy Spirit abides as the Comforter, neither the sorrows of life, nor the pains of death, can overcome and destroy.

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to regenerate. "Created anew unto good works.....that ye might walk in them." "Such were some of you," appeals St. Paul to the personal experience of the Corinthians; "but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified."

In the Gospel the power of God is employed to sustain. The passive power thus given to man, the power to suffer, is as illustrious as any other of its displays in the heart and experience of man. And here I refer not to the power to suffer reproach, to be martyred for truth, and not accept deliverance on terms which would dishonour Christ, and defile the conscience. I know it may be said,

that philosophy may defy scorn; but even here, I ask, Will philosophy teach me to love the scorner? That natural heroism may submit with dignity to unjust death; but will it excite me to pray for the murderer? It is, however, to ordinary instances that we refer; ordinary as to frequency, extraordinary, indeed, as to character; to the thousands of silent sufferers now in pain, poverty, and oppression, who, strengthened by this mighty power, are meekly dumb under the hand of God, heavy as it may press upon them; they are "silent, for it is the Lord's doing."

In the Gospel the power of God is glorifying. It shall raise the body from the humbling ruins of its mortality, to the glory of a deathless life; and it has already placed disembodied spirits of saints, "whom no man can number," in the beatifying vision of God. It is thus "the power of God unto the" eternal "salvation of every one that believeth."—*Rev. Richard Watson.*

THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

"Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; all are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 22.

ALL the Ministers of Christ, the weakest as well as the most eminent, are here by a figure comprehended under these three famous names. "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas are yours;" they are the helpers of your faith; their labours are for the edifying of the church; their parts are not given for their individual benefit, but for the benefit of many. A Minister must not monopolize his gifts to himself: this is to hide his talents in a napkin; and such a one makes an enclosure, where God would have all common. The Ministers of Christ should be as musk among linen, which casts a fragrance; or like that box of spikenard, which, being broken, filled the house with its odour: so should they do by the savour of their ointments. A Minister, by sending out a sweet perfume in his doctrine and life, makes the church of God as a garden of spices. "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas, are yours;" they are as a lamp, or torch, to light your souls to heaven. They are springs that hold the water of life: as these springs must not be poisoned, so neither must they be shut up or sealed. A Minister of Christ is both a granary to hold the corn, and a steward to give it out. It is little better than theft to withhold the bread of life.

The lips of Apollos must be as an honey-comb, dropping "in season and out of season." The graces of the Spirit are sacred flowers, which, being apt to wither, Apollos must water early and late. It is not sufficient that there be grace in the heart, but it must be poured into his lips. As Paul is a believer, all things are his; but as Paul is a Minister, he is not his own, but the church's.

Use 1. If every Minister of Christ is given for the edifying of the church, take heed that ye despise not the least of these; for all are for your profit. The least star gives light; the least drop moistens; the least Minister is no less than an angel. The weakest Minister may help to strengthen your faith. Under the law, all the Levites did not sacrifice, only the Priests, as Aaron and his sons; but all were serviceable in the worship of God: those that did not sacrifice yet helped to bear the ark. Though all are not Apostles; though all have not the same dexterous abilities in their work; yet, remember, "all are yours," all edify. Oftentimes God crowns his labours, and sends most fish into his net, who, though he may be less skilful, is more faithful; and though he hath less of the brain, yet hath more of the heart. An Ambassador may deliver his message with a trembling lip, and a stammering tongue; but he is honourable for his work's sake; he represents the King's person.

Use 2. If Paul and Apollos are yours, if all the Ministers of Christ have a subserviency to your good, and come to make up the chafe between Christ and you; then love Paul and Apollos. All the labours of a Minister, his prayers, his tears, the pregnancy of his parts, the torrents of his affections, all are yours: then, by the law of equity, there must be some reflections of love from your hearts towards such as are "set over you in the Lord." And show your love;

1. *By honouring them.* They are co-workers with God in saving your souls: they "labour among you;" therefore, "esteem them very highly." Chrysostom wonders how Ministers are not more revered not only than Kings and Judges, but than our natural parents. "Know them," saith the Apostle, "that labour among you." Many can be content to know them in the meanness of their parentage,—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"—to know them in their infirmities; but not to know them in the Apostle's sense, so as to give them double honour. Surely, were it not for the ministry, you

would not be a vineyard, but a wilderness. "Faith cometh by hearing;" and, "How shall they hear without a Preacher?" Therefore, honour Paul and Apollos: though their persons be mean, yet their office is honourable.

2. *Show your love to them, by pleading their cause, when they are unjustly traduced and calumniated.* It is counted by some a piece of their religion neatly and handsomely to defame a Minister. Others, who would be thought more modest, though they do not raise a report, yet they can receive it as a welcome present. This is contrary to that apostolical rule, "Against an elder receive not an accusation, but before two or three witnesses." We have too many who endeavour to clip the credit of God's Ministers, to make them weigh lighter; O, do you put some grains into the scales. Do they open their mouths to God for you, and will you not open your mouths in their behalf? Certainly if they labour to save your souls, you ought to save their credit.

3. *Show your love to them by encouraging them, and by being a screen to keep off injuries from them.* If they seek your establishment, you must seek their encouragement; if they endeavour your salvation, you must endeavour their safety. The very name of an Ambassador ought to be a protection from wrongs. The Minister is a spiritual father. It was a brand of infamy on them of old, "For this people are as they that strive with their Priest." Was there none to fall out with but the Priest, even he that offered up sacrifices for them? And what is it, think ye, for men to quarrel with their spiritual fathers; even those whom they once had a venerable opinion of, and acknowledged to be the means of their conversion? Either love your spiritual fathers, or there is ground of suspicion that yours was a false birth.

Use 3. If "Paul, Apollos, and Cephas are yours," then endeavour to get good by their labours. Let them not plough upon the rock; but endeavour to answer God's end in sending them among you. See that ye obey "from the heart that form of doctrine into which you were delivered." It is one thing for the truth to be delivered to us, and another thing for us to be delivered into the truth: the words are a metaphor taken from lead or silver cast into a mould. We profit indeed when our hearts are cast into the mould of the word preached: as the seed is spiritual, so the heart is spiritual.

Ambrose observes of the woman of Samaria, that came to Jacob's well, that she came a sinner and went away a prophetess. Such a change should the word of God make in us. Give not the Ministers of Christ occasion to say on their death-beds, "We have spent our lungs and exhausted our strength; but know not whether we have done anything, unless preached men to hell." Is it not sad when the spiritual clouds drop their rain upon a barren heath? when the Minister's tongue "is as the pen of a ready writer," and the people's heart like oiled paper that will take no impression? O, improve in grace: if you have a barren piece of ground, you do all you can to improve it; and will you not improve a barren heart? It is a great encomium and honour to the ministry when people thrive under it. Beloved, when God's stars shine in the firmament of the church, will you still walk in the dark? When for the work of Christ they are "nigh unto death," will you be as nigh unto hell as ever? I beseech you, "let your profiting appear unto all." God sends Paul and Apollos as blessings among a people: they are to be helpers of your faith. If they toil all night and take nothing, it is to be feared that Satan caught the fish ere they came at their net.—*Thomas Watson, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.*

"BE YE ANGRY, AND SIN NOT."

EPHESIANS IV. 26.

CHRISTIANS are called to adorn their profession by "whatsoever things are pure," and "whatsoever things are lovely." Religion sweetly influences all the tempers and dispositions of the mind. It teaches self-government. It furnishes the highest motives and facilities for calmness and equanimity in a world which confessedly offers much to ruffle and provoke.

It is acknowledged, not by moralists only, but by all men, that unrestrained anger is attended by evils which no language can exaggerate. It transforms man into a fury. He in whom reason and conscience ought to be enthroned, becomes the sport of fierce and irrational passions. He loses all command, and yields himself up to present madness, and to the bitterness of lasting reflection. Anger has inflicted untold sufferings on families, on churches, and on the world. It has filled with discord scenes that ought to be hallowed to blissful peace, and has

separated parties whom every tie of kindred should bind to walk in ceaseless amity. It has fostered horrid persecutions, and multiplied the long, loud groanings which issue from beneath the altar. Nation it has kindled into enmity against nation. Fields wet with blood, the revenues of empires exhausted, and myriads of the desolate in tears of hopeless grief, are the sad witnesses of its malignity.

But there is a sinless anger. This seems to be indicated by our Lord, when He announces the penalty due to the man who is "angry with his brother without a cause." In the condescending language of Scripture, the thrice holy God is said to be "angry." And the words which stand at the head of this paper, evidently point to the same conclusion.

All men are liable to anger; the great, as well as the little; the aged, as well as the inexperienced. The palace is often more fruitful of occasions than the cottage; and the snows of time fail to quench this dangerous fire. In a word, no rank, no clime, no variety of circumstances, can claim to be exempt. Hence it becomes an inquiry of the highest practical interest, How the passion is to be guarded, limited, and qualified, so that it may be guiltless?

Voices of wisdom will tell us that it must be *limited in its occasions*. Some divines have indeed gravely treated the subject in a manner which implies that they quite forget all such passages as require us to love our enemies, to overcome evil with good, and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us. Avoiding their error, we may submit the following observations:—

The occasion of anger is never to be found in the arrangements of Divine Providence. As this would be impious, so it would be most unreasonable. Our unavailing passion could only make the night the darker, and the storm the wilder.

Nor in the prosperity of others. God had a right to distribute His bounties according to His sovereign will; and our very adversity, which excites impatience and discontent, may be the highest proof of His pity and love.

Nor in the reproofs administered by faithful friends. Should our monitors be even mistaken, we ought to regard their fidelity as a token of their kindness. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not

break my head: for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities." (Psalm cxli. 5.)

Nor, certainly, in difference of sentiment on secondary points. The anger of the bigot is both foolish and unholy; and his opponent has just the same reason to be angry with him.

The proper occasion of anger is *sin*;—sin in others, but especially in ourselves. It will occur to the careful reader of this page, that we ought, however, to feel a righteous anger against *all* sin, against *every kind* of sin, and against sin *considered in its just light*. It is very easy to be indignant at certain sins, which exert an injurious influence on ourselves. But, inasmuch as *all* sin is an insult to the Most High, and an infraction of the "commandment" which is "holy, and just, and good," such a distinction is altogether out of question here.

Moses, the meekest of men, was righteously indignant on an occasion described in Exodus xxxii. Yea, his "anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the Mount." (Verse 19.) And a greater than Moses "looked round about on" His evil-minded censors "with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." (Mark iii. 5.)

Anger must be limited, as in its occasions, so in its *degree*. This point claims to be always remembered and applied. Whatever provocation, implying sin, may occur, we must watch the *degree* of our wrath; guarding, with scrupulous care, against malevolence, revenge, violence, and all unlawful means of indulging the passion. Anger is to be controlled by prudence and discretion; so controlled, moreover, that it shall never unfit us for duty, or devotion, or the offices of charity. Indignant at the offence, let us be studious to qualify this emotion with pity for the offender. Happy, if we can convince him of his fault, and show the sincerity of our love amid the evidences of our displeasure.

Yet again. As in its occasions and its degree, so anger must be limited also in its *season*. It should be neither hasty nor lasting. Some of the wisest among men have laid down for themselves this rule,—*always to pause when angry*. It is, on the other hand, a most significant oracle, that "anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Let there be no treasuring up of vengeance; no resolve of future unkindness;

or retaliation. A Christian must seek the speedy removal of that which gives birth to the restless excitement.

Among the commanding motives to regard so benign a precept, may be placed the study of our own tranquillity and advantage, as well as a just concern for the happiness of all around. Holy, Christian tempers diffuse a sunshine through the soul in which they reign; and the sweet illumination spreads on every side. A few directions for the implied government and limitation of anger,—not the less important because very briefly put,—shall be therefore subjoined.

To avoid everything likely to provoke sinful resentment, is a rule of the first importance. Aiming at this, we shall at least escape many dangers. It requires no extensive observation to find that *the proud* are naturally irritated whenever their dignity is slighted; that *the covetous* are extremely unprepared to meet the blasts of adverse fortune; that *the unwatchful* are sure to be inflamed by sudden trials, which every day is likely to bring; that *those who give needless offence* are the parties to attract the like treatment; and that *the companions of fools* are continually walking on the verge of this particular danger. The society of men who excel in virtue is to be sought for the opposite benefit. The good man cannot always avoid the sight of evil, though anxious to "turn away his eyes from beholding" its ensnaring fascinations and "vanity." In many cases he must indeed animadvert on sin, that he may rebuke it with just and adapted severity. But all needless and unguarded mingling with sinners is to be condemned, as the source of innumerable mischiefs. Bad company may have its allurements to present, even as the hues of the serpent's skin look green and beautiful. But can we be unaware of the concealed fang and the fatal venom?

A consideration of the object that provokes may often contribute to allay the irritation. Is the offence a deliberate one? Is it repeated? Is it habitual?—Is the offender ignorant or wicked? Pity him. Is he good? Think of all that is estimable in his character and life.—The guilt of anger is often aggravated, in a most serious degree, by the insignificance of its causes. In a quiet review, how ashamed must we be of our sultry heats!

Would you conquer the impetuous passion? Study the brightest of all examples. "I am meek and lowly in heart," said that Lover, Teacher, and

Saviour of mankind. And, if we follow the lights of unerring truth, we shall be led to a conclusion of sovereign value in regard to the duty now under review. *We shall be enabled to repress our anger by means of contemplating the mystery of redemption.* How does St. Paul enforce meekness? Listen, O child of impetuosity, and learn how to obtain an "ornament" which "is in the sight of God of great price:"—"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. iv. 31, 32; v. 1, 2.) He that cheerfully relies on the great atonement, realises a deep and sacred peace which the world cannot take away, and the gusts of passion cannot easily disturb. Holy cheerfulness expels the material of anger.

In this light, moreover, study your own frailties, errors, and feebleness. Do you not need the forbearance of others, and (most of all) the lenity of God? "If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?"—Think of your few and uncertain days on earth. Why allow transitory things to agitate a soul that struggles in every groan for immortality?—And, in the use of all these means, and above all, implore help from on high. Lift up your eyes to the hills. Cherish the abiding impression of God's providence and presence. Seek to feel His eye, piercing your thoughts, and by its monitory glance warning you of imminent snares and perils. Pray that you may be assured of His love, and enabled to forgive like Him. L.

• AGAINST UNBELIEF.

SUPPRESS that unbelief. You have no greater foe to your usefulness, nor to your spiritual prosperity, than that. It is Satan's sublimated poison. By indulging it, you forswear your covenant vows, and reject the truth and grace of the Saviour. He requires you to pray, to admonish an erring brother, to labour for the suppression of iniquity and for the enlargement of His kingdom. You say, "It will do no good; my influence is nothing." The Lord calls on you to rejoice in Him.

but you go with your head bowed down, and in melancholy that is kindred to despair. You will not believe what the Lord hath said. Alas! how many wounds does the Saviour receive from the unbelief that is cherished by His professed friends. As if all His promises were nothing. As if He had no care over those who have made Him their trust. As if He could not give them strength to do His will. O, Christian! when will you learn that what *you are not*, that is good and desirable, *Christ is*? That what *you have not*, either of graces, or of talents and efficiency for His service, He is able to impart? Do not live as if you were friendless; an outcast. Do not perish with hunger, when in your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. Why will you thirst, and faint, and die when a well of water "springing up into everlasting life" is right before you, and the Lord of life invites you to drink and thirst no more for ever? Be no more faithless, but believing. — *New-York Evangelist*.

TRUE SUBMISSION TO GOD IN HUMILIATION AND CROSSES.

CONSIDER, that if God has thought fit to humble you for a little time, He has not done so without cause; for, however unblamable you may have been with regard to men, you know that before this great heavenly Judge there is no one who does not find himself guilty. See how the saints have regarded the chastisements of God, bending the neck, and bowing the head under the correction. David had walked very uprightly: yet he nevertheless acknowledges that it was good for him to have been humbled by the hand of God. As soon, therefore, as we perceive ourselves to be chastened in any way soever, it is good for us to enter into ourselves, and thoroughly examine our life, to discover the sins that were concealed from us: for whenever too great prosperity dazzles our eyes, so that we do not perceive why God is correcting us, there is surely reason to pay Him at least as much respect as we should to a physician: for it belongs to Him to discover our inward evils that were unknown to ourselves, and proceed to their cure, not according to our wishes, but according as He knows and judges what is proper. What is more, He must sometimes make use of a preservative remedy, not waiting

till we are already fallen into a disease, but previously providing against it. The most virtuous and excellent are in greater danger than any other persons of being tempted to forget themselves. Hezekiah, after having performed such memorable actions, had his heart lifted up. If God has chosen to prevent this in your case, it is an especial favour that He has done *you*, even if He had no other motive for it than that He might be glorified in your deliverance, and that He might be known by yourself, and by others in your person, as the true Protector and Preserver of His people. — *From a Letter by Calvin to the Lord Protector Somerset, early in 1550.*

SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES.

We say there are difficulties in Scripture; yet we dare not say the Scriptures are difficult. St. Peter saith some things in Paul's Epistles are hard to be understood. We will not say, "Paul's Epistles are hard." The holy Bible is like the Holy Land. Some parts of it are indeed mountainous and rocky, and hard to be travelled over; but the greatest part is pleasant, plain, champaign, and valley. Like any clean beast or fowl that might be eaten, there are in it some bones, but the far greater part is flesh. Now it were a mad kind of inference, Never eat the flesh, because thou canst not eat the bones.

Men, indeed, have made an obscure Bible, but God never did. As Solomon speaks, "God made man upright, but they have found out many inventions:" so God made the Bible plain, as to the main of it; but men have found out inventions of allegorising, scepticising, cavilling, that would turn light into darkness, but that "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not." "That which God hath sanctified, do not thou call common;" and that which God hath made plain, do not thou darken: nay, do not thou say it is dark. How plain, as to the general is the history of Scripture! How plain the commands, exhortations, threatenings, promises, comforts, that are written there! Take a sunbeam, and write: and is it possible to write clearer? And what! must not the laity and unlearned meddle with Scripture, because it is too obscure? I doubt their meaning indeed is, Because it is too clear, and will discover too much. *Lightfoot.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

N.—PIETY OF PARENTS.

See that lovely babe in the arms of its mother. As she gazes on it, how it calls up all her soul into her eyes! No one can doubt the sincerity and depth of her love. She would leap into the sea to save her child, without one thought how she was to save herself. There is the picture of natural affection. It is pure, and lively, and strong; a love which no words can utter.

But has that mother thought how *her personal piety* affects the destiny of her darling boy? God has given him capacity, she is the channel through which that capacity is filled. If she look what is most essential to that child's welfare, he must be the sufferer. Piety descends from parent to child, and remains in the family for ages. This is notorious in happy England. But is it less true that genuine religion flourishes "from generation to generation"? Who can doubt that, if the fond mother had it in her power to confer a fortune on her child, she would do it? Would she not exult in securing for her loved little one all the varied enjoyments which wealth can give? But what are all the comforts of being rich, compared with the pleasures of being pious? A poor wise man said, with strong emphasis, to the writer, in his youth, "*I would be religious, if I were to die as a sheep.*" Civilized man bequeaths to his own child all the advantages of civilization, the savage, all the wretchedness and misery of savagism. There is no mistake about this—we see it before our eyes. Look at lands civilized, and at lands savage. As is the parent, so is the child. The child is melted wax from heaven; the parent, in an important sense, the ready signet on earth. There may be "a good impression," or not; but it is as true in philosophy as in Scripture, that man begets his own image. Who would sincerely wish it otherwise? Could a man who chooses *earth* for himself, wish his child to choose *heaven* for his portion?

Mothers! do you wish your little ones to be happy? Have you considered the bearing *your piety* has on this? You could not knowingly be cruel to your child. You love it "with a pure heart fervently." You so love it, as far as intention goes. But if *you* are not pious, how *can* you "bless your household?" If you have not "the true riches," "the true riches" you cannot bestow. You cannot draw the tender souls of your children to God, if you do not live *Godward*. You cannot apply "the cord of love" in bringing your children to Jesus, if you do not live in union with Him. You

are its first "minister of God for good. If you do not bless, no one with equal advantage can do it for you. Worse than that. Parental authority and affection are so disposed of by you, as necessarily to produce *repulsion*, when you ought so to have placed them as to increase and create *attraction*;—attraction to Christ Jesus the Saviour. You say, with all the eloquence and witchery of a "mother's example,"—"Leave God, leave religion, leave heaven, leave the fountain of living waters, leave Divine grace and its blessedness,"—when you *ought* to say, day and night, by actions, words, and tears, "Come to Jesus; come to your mother's God; come with me to heaven! I have a command to bless you; you are in my heart to live and to die with you. I must carry you in arms of love to my God and your God; I will not, I cannot, give you up! Your mother is going to glory, come with her; O come, come, come!"

Honoured parents! seek to be blessed yourselves, that you may be a blessing to your offspring. I am often grieved at the sight of two things—infants in the arms of parents who have not taken the first step to "be a blessing;" and infants in the charge of those who *have* taken that first step,—who have, to a certain extent, secured the "power of religion;" but there is a distressing want of holy anxiety to bring that power to bear on the eternal salvation of their children. Parents without piety lead their offspring as lambs to the slaughter: parents with piety, but comparatively heartless about their children's souls, "leave them to themselves," till both parents and children are too often "brought to shame." He that "as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," (and around the habitations of professors he specially prowls,) often finds opportunity to seize on children of parents who have a measure of piety, but are nevertheless cruelly negligent of the tender lambs of the domestic fold. Parents, seek religion for your children's sakes. Your children are heaven-sent arguments to enforce piety on you. A child born to you incalculably enhances the importance of your own existence. Did you die in your sins childless, "it would be more tolerable for you in the day of judgment." A mother, with a babe in her arms, has incalculably more to answer for, than before the child was born. Parents are "more honourable" for the title of "father," or "mother." But it is fraught with a responsibility which is terrible. At the moment "a woman" has "joy that a man is born into the world," how appropriate the command, "Rejoice with trembling!" If her first words are, "Thank God!" let her

next he, "Lord, help me!" When the exulting father for the first time takes the babe in his arms, and kisses it, while he thanks God for the "honour," before he

delivers it back to the nurse, let him not forget to pray that *he may wear his honours well.* PASTOR.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CRICKETS.

To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the hearth-cricket, for whose crinkling chirp even we can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit: yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one: and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus. In like manner, the music of the cricket's country cousin, (of the field,) or that of the grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, "a disagreeable crink," can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies, for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory (if not in hearing) with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those who like it may do the same in England, Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of the experiment, that the field-cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field. To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy, (or no fancy at all,) the hum of the gnat is suggestive, the "horn" even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle "o'er the lea," and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset. When and where soever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony-hive at Hammersmith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some heathy hill; and does one not forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departing swarm. Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the

mental ear, even by the simple, and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects, which make melody in their mirth: and then, how numerous are the correspondent images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers, smiling flowers, dancing leaves, waving corn-fields, glittering waters, all intermingled in a haze of merry motion; an imaged dance of life got up within "the chamber of the mind," at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of nature's living music. But, besides the sensations of involuntary pleasure which we have often owed, without knowing it, to insect minstrelsy, it affords (though on this subject few, perhaps, ever think) matter for thought-inquiry, concerning the way in which it is produced. It is all of an instrumental, and not vocal, character; and, among the varied mechanisms of natural objects, the instruments of sound furnished to insect musicians are none of the least curious. That of the celebrated cicada (the classic lyre-player)—an insect rarely seen in England, but still common in the south of Europe—consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums fixed one on each side of the trunk; these are covered on the exterior by two membranaceous plates, usually circular or oval; and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums, however, form but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane in the interior a bundle of muscular strings; on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound a hole is expressly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx. The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said by Kirby to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases, against each other, at their base; but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green field-cricket this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge or nervure. The instrument is to be found in that part of the right wing-case which is folded horizontally over the trunk, and is concealed under the left, in which, also, there is a strong circular nervure, corresponding to the hoop of the

drum beneath. The quick motion with which these nervures are rubbed together, producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound. What we call familiarly the singing or chirping of grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by application of the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the cicada and the cricket, are provided with their "*petits tambours*," — membrane-covered drums, or cavities of somewhat varied construction, to augment the sound of exterior origin. Be it here observed, that the above-named pro-

fessors of the *joyeuse science*, the cicada lyre-players, the crickets of our field and household bands, the roving grasshopper troubadours, are all, like the feathered minstrels of grove and garden, of the masculine sex. On the muteness of the females was founded a sly joke on the Xanthippes of antiquity, which is equally applicable to scolding matrons of the present day. "Happy," says the Rhodian,

"Happy the cicadas' lives,
Since they all have noiseless wives."

—*Episodes of Insect Life.*



THE WIDOW-FINCH.

THE most numerous order of birds is that which bears the general name *passerinae*; embracing "all those birds which are neither swimmers, waders, climbers, rapacious, nor gallinaceous." Baron Cuvier observes that "they have neither the violence of birds of prey, nor the fixed regimen of the poultry and water-fowl. Insects, fruit, and grain, constitute their food; which consists more exclusively of grain, as the beak is stouter and stronger, and of insects, as it is more slender. Those in which it is strong even pursue other birds."

The third family of the *passerinae*, composed of genera that have a stout beak, more

or less conical, (and hence denominated *colirostres*), includes the finches. These subsist generally on grain. Among the varieties we find the weaver-birds, which are remarkably skilful as nest-builders, interweaving blades of grass,—a circumstance from which their name is derived; the sparrows; the chaffinches; the goldfinches; the linnets; &c., &c. The widow-birds (*vidua*) are African and Indian. They have the beak of a linnet; and are distinguished by two or more of the intermediate quill-feathers of the tail, which, in the males, are extremely lengthened. These equalize the number of quills which the male birds exhibit in their summer dress, with those of

the females, or of the males themselves in their winter plumage, when the intermediate feathers do not differ from the rest. One peculiar species is mentioned, however, in which the twelve equal feathers of the tail are shaded by six elongated coverts. The distinction disappears in the moult. In winter it would not be easy to say whether they were linnets, sparrows, or finches. They are lively and active even in captivity. Green herbs are occasionally added to their common supply of grain; and they like to bathe in the water placed in their cage. Their term of life is reckoned at twelve or fifteen years.

THE ODOUR OF FLOWERS.

THE peculiar odours of plants depend on various secreted volatile matters, which are often so subtle as to be incapable of detection by ordinary chemical means. Nothing is known of the causes which render one flower odoriferous and another scentless. In some cases the odours of plants remain after being dried, but in general they disappear. Some leaves, as of woodruff, become scented only after drying; and certain woods, as *Tedderill*-rosewood, give out their odour only when heated by friction. Meteorological causes have a great influence on the odours of living plants. Dew, or gentle rain, with intervals of sunshine, seem to be the circumstances best fitted for eliciting vegetable perfumes. Light has a powerful effect on the odour as well as the colour of flowers. Plants, when etiolated by being kept in darkness, generally lose their odour. In certain cases, the perfumes of flowers are developed in the evening. Some of these plants were called *tristes* by Linnaeus, as *hesperia tristis*, or night-scented stock. Many orchidaceous plants are fragrant at night only, as some *catacactus* and *cymbidiums*. *Cestrum nocturnum*, and the white flowers of *lychnis vespertina*, are also night-scented. The odours of some plants are peculiarly offensive. This is the case with *phallus impudicus*, and with the flowers of many *stapelin*s.—Schubler and Kohler, whose investigations in regard to colour have been noticed, have also made observations on the odours of plants in the same *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous* orders. The following tables show some of their results:—

Colour.	No. of Species.	Odorif- erous.	Agree- able.	* Disagree- able.
White,	1193	187	175	12
Yellow,	951	75	61	14
Red,	923	85	76	9
Blue,	591	31	23	7
Violet,	307	23	17	6
Green,	153	12	10	2
Orange,	50	3	1	2
Brown,	18	1	0	1

Thus, of the plants examined, those having white flowers presented the larger proportion

of odoriferous species. The orange and brown coloured flowers often gave a disagreeable odour. In examining numerous species from various natural orders, they found that out of one hundred species of

Nymphaeaceae,	22	were odoriferous.
Rosaceae,	13	" "
Primulaceae,	12	" "
Boraginaceae,	6	" "
Convolvulaceae,	4	" "
Ranunculaceae,	4	" "
Papaveraceae,	2	" "
Campulaceae,	1	" "

—Professor Dalfour's Manual of Botany.

THE REPTILE-ROOM BY NIGHT.

THE following striking account of the Reptile-Room in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-Park, is abridged from "Bentley's Miscellany."

"About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then, separating, they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose putting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. . . . During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard. A strange scratching against the glass would be audible,—it was the carnivorous lizard endeavouring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us

from another quarter,—and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant; and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well

strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor-beetle, which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear. Startled we were, for at the moment our impression was, that it was some member of the happy family around us who had favoured us with a mark of his attention."

INCIDENTS OF PASTORAL VISITATION.

THE SECOND STROKE.

It was winter, and all without looked dreary. I was about to pass the house of a friend whom I had lately seen. Suddenly, I stopped and sighed, for that house looked more desolate than the rest: the windows were darkened, and I heard not the merry laugh of childhood as before. For a moment I knew not whether to call or pass on; but something whispered, "Do not go away: death has been there; sorrow needs sympathy." With trembling hand I knocked, and trembled more to see the door open. The question occurred to me, "Who is the departed one? The father, in the midst of his days, so full of health and enterprise? The mother, full of gratitude and gladness to see her little ones around her?" I scarcely thought that death would touch one of the joyous little creatures that looked almost immortal. But, what *had* death done?

"Death found strange beauty off a cherub-brow,
And dash'd it out."

Yes; the youngest was dead! There stood the father, in silent grief; and there sat the mother, bending over the death-cradle of her babe with fixed and fondest look, as if she hoped to see her child rise up again. When I spoke, she started from her seat, saying, "I cannot bear this,—it is too much!"

What could I say to calm a mother's spirit, so "tossed with tempest?" For awhile there was silence; she then clasped her hands, and sobbed aloud. "Well," I said, "you have great and sore trouble; but God loves, more tenderly than you ever loved, your child." I appealed to her religious principles, and tried in every way to console one so sad; but she "refused to be comforted." Vain was every effort to subdue the violence of her grief, and I knelt down to pray. But, even in that holy exercise, it was evident that she did not submit to God. Fidelity led me to say, "Well, remember that the whole case lies between you and God. This is part of His discipline, intended to subdue the will; and, if *one* stroke of the

rod should fail to do this, He may send a second stroke. O, submit!"

Many times I called to mind that scene of distress, and felt anxious to know if any second stroke had come upon her; but it was nearly two years before I could call again. It was one May-day when I next entered my friend's house; and as the former scene partook of wintry gloom, so now all reflected the brightness and joy of spring. In a moment I marked the deep mourning of the mother's dress, but her eye was peaceful. With the happiest smile she said, "Do you remember the last words you said to me? Ah! they were true! I have had the second stroke, and the third; and now, bless God! I can submit, and say, 'Thy will be done.'" I looked around, and saw only one dear child, when the mother continued: "That is my only one: two have gone since you were here! But it is right; and O how differently I feel towards that child! It is the Lord's; it is only lent to me: I hope it will be ready for Him when He calls for it, and that we shall all meet in heaven." "Amen!" I added; and once more we knelt and commended ourselves, and the beloved little one, to God, and united in praise that He had enabled a once unyielding heart to say, "Thy will be done."

Bloxwich.

THIRIA.

THE DYING MOTHER.

ONE afternoon I walked through a village in Staffordshire, in order to visit the afflicted. I called at the house of a poor woman who had been ill several weeks, and of whom the medical attendant had just said that nothing more could be done to save her. She was happy in God; and, though in great pain, resigned and patient. A kind sister was waiting upon her, to whom I said, "She seems to be feeble." She replied, "Yes; but it is her mind that is troubled about something, and I tell her that she must leave her children in the hands of God." "Ah!" thought I, "who can tell how an undutiful child hurries a fond mother to the grave;

and, on her way thither, makes her heart bleed!" I knew that her daughter, who was a servant, had been led astray through love of dress, and fondness for improper companions; and I mourned to see how bitterly these sins disturbed a mother's dying-bed. While trying to comfort her, by saying that the prayer of faith might yet be answered in the salvation of her erring child, she faintly whispered, "I hope it may! I did not bring her up to her present ways, but took her to the house of God, and to the Sabbath-school; and, when she could read, I saved a penny and twopence a week, and

bought her a Bible, and told her that it was the best fortune I could ever give her, and that, if she read and obeyed that book, God would bless her, and, though fatherless and motherless, she would never want a friend." She turned away, and wiped her tearful eyes, saying, "I must leave her to God." Is the reader wounding a mother's heart, and gathering thorns to pierce her even on the bed of death? Your mother's heart is tender: break it not! or, in death, and after death, you may have to weep that you can never bind it up.

TIRIA.

Blowick.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY HARKER, OF MARRICK-WOODHOUSE, IN THE REETH CIRCUIT.

SHE died January 4th, 1847, aged sixty-five; having been a member of the Wesleyan society in Reeth and the neighbourhood for about forty-six years.

Her parents were members of the Congregational church at Reeth, and brought up their children in the fear of God. Mary was a quiet and well-conducted young person. Early evincing a liking to the Wesleyan ministry, she was permitted by her parents to attend the Methodist chapel. When about eighteen years of age, her brother Robert was brought into the enjoyment of true religion, and joined the Methodist society. This event, in conjunction with the ministry of the Rev. Isaac Muff, was the means of her spiritual awakening, genuine repentance, speedy and saving faith in Christ, and of her immediate and permanent union with the Wesleyan society. Happy in the peace of God, she devoted herself to those walks of usefulness which suited her sex and condition. For thirty-nine years she was the happy wife of one who knew how to appreciate her worth, share her pious joy, and walk with her in the narrow path. Her new station in life, and the cares of an increasing family, found her the same prayerful, humble, watchful, and improving Christian, as she had sought to be while under the parental roof. As a pleasing consequence, her husband trusted in her, and her children call her blessed. For some years the family dwelling was used as a preaching-place. This gave umbrage to the landlord: he gave them notice to quit, or to turn out the Methodists. Resolved, at all hazards, not to yield to what they justly deemed an uncalled-for interference with their religious rights and privileges, they met of all laid their case before Him who has the hearts of all in His hands, and then Mrs. Harker waited upon the landlord, to

represent the case, and do the best she could to point out the hardship that would be entailed upon them by their removal. The result of the interview was, that she obtained permission to remain not only in undisturbed possession of the dwelling, but of the religious immunities she so much prized. Her success caused many to rejoice. Her love to Christ was manifested by a becoming attachment to her Ministers, and the cheerful contribution of such support as her limited means would justify.

In her last and long affliction, of twelve months' duration, she was truly happy. Pain, temptation, and loss of the public means of grace, were borne with patient and even thankful submission to Him who could not be unkind. (Once, on recovering from a fit, in which it was feared she would have passed to the better world, she calmly said, "I am ready.") Constantly proving the faithfulness of the promises, and the sufficiency of the grace of God, she was always happy; and, happy to the end, she peacefully passed from the joys of holiness on earth, to "bear some humble part" in the "immortal song" of heaven.

RICHARD TARRAHAM.

WILLIAM WILSON.

DIED, January 3d, 1847, in the city of Durham, William Wilson, in the twenty-second year of his age. About four years previous to his decease, he was brought to a saving acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus, and was induced to unite with the Wesleyan section of the Christian church. The event chiefly instrumental in his conversion was the happy death of a pious father, who, for more than forty years, had been a highly-esteemed Class-Leader in our Connexion, and who finished his useful life at Armfield-Plain, in the Shotley-Bridge Circuit. The sterling virtues of the sainted father were now emulated by the converted

son. To his widowed mother he manifested the greatest kindness, and proved to her a great help and comfort in her desolate state. In the church of Christ he not only sought, by a regular and diligent use of the means of grace, to *get* good, but also, by the employment of the talents committed to his trust, he sought to *do* good,—as a Tract-Distributor, a Visitor of the sick, and, subsequently, as a Local Preacher. To qualify himself for the due discharge of these duties, he became a diligent reader and student.

His early death was occasioned by an accident in a coal-pit, the scene of his daily toil. He had to go to his employment at three o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of January. He attended, however, the watch-night services held in the Durham chapel on the preceding evening, and while there he was observed to join in them with great earnestness and devotion. Before going to the chapel he conducted family prayer with his mother and brother. This was his last act of family worship; and, had he known that fact, he could not, in the estimation of his bereaved relatives, have prayed more appropriately. He was manifestly favoured with a large measure of the Spirit's aid, and, on rising from his knees, he said to his aged parent, with great feeling, "Mother, the Lord is with me!" On returning from the chapel, he expressed the great benefit he had there

received. After resting for about two hours, he went to his work at the coal-pit. About six that morning, some stones fell from the roof of the mine, and severely injured him. On his brother coming to his rescue, he at once exclaimed, "The Lord has been very good to me!" and when brought home he said to his distressed parent, "Don't fret, mother: it is the Lord's doing."

In his sufferings he displayed the greatest patience and resignation. While the medical men were setting his broken limbs, he said to them and those present, "Let my case be a warning to you all to get ready."

On the morning following he fell into a deep slumber, from which he never awoke till death set him free from the burden of the flesh. He died on the following Sabbath morning, shortly after the congregation in the Durham chapel had in prayer commended him to God. It is pleasing to be able to add, that as the death of his father was the means of William's spiritual life, so the death of William has been the means of leading his surviving brother to the Saviour. And that brother now occupies William's place in the church militant, with a hope of joining him in the church triumphant. Thus

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

SAMUEL ROWE.

LETTER-CARRIER.

[THE recent aggression on the part of Papal Rome in issuing a Bull to establish in this Protestant land a Roman hierarchy, with a Cardinal-Archbishop at its head, has called forth many strong and striking remonstrances. Few, however, have been more refreshing to true Protestants than the letter of Lord John Russell, the present Prime Minister of State. No one could expect that his Lordship, at the time he wrote, would pronounce a judgment on the legality or illegality, formally considered, of these proceedings, or declare the precise course he meant to take. It was enough that he should indicate his general views of the matter; and this his Lordship has done in a tone which leaves no doubt as to the depth of his indignation and the sincerity of his resolutions. He has declared himself with such clearness, that none can mistake; and such emphasis, that even the emissaries of Rome cannot affect to be unmoved. His letter is indeed worthy the chief of a Protestant State, and worthy of the great ancestors from whom he has sprung. More than one edition of this letter has been printed in gold. For a long time it will certainly occupy a chief place amongst his Lordship's utterances for the last thirty years. That it may be read in all the families where the "Christian Miscellany" circulates, we gladly place it on record in our pages.—Eps.]

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE
BISHOP OF DURHAM.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AGREE with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Pro-

testantism, as "insolent and insidious;" and I therefore feel as indignant as you can do upon the subject.

I not only promoted to the utmost of my power the claims of the Roman Catholics to all civil rights, but I thought it right, and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who without such help would have been left in heathen ignorance.

This might have been done, however, without any such innovation as that which we have now seen.

It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the Pope with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of Districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference.

There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome,—a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in Roman Catholic times.

I confess, however, that my alarm is not equal to my indignation.

Even if it shall appear that the Ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks. The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke upon our minds and consciences. No foreign Prince or Potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

Upon this subject, then, I will only say that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of adopting any proceedings with reference to the recent assumptions of power deliberately considered.

There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign Sovereign.

Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks, "step by step, to the very verge of the precipice." The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for

the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the muttering of the Liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution,—all these things are pointed out by Clergymen of the Church of England as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his Charge to the Clergy of his diocese.

"What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign Prince of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?"

I have little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course. But I rely with confidence on the people of England; and I will not bate a jot of heart or hope so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the numeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.

I remain, with great respect, &c.,

J. RUSSELL.

Downing-street, Nov. 4th, 1850.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KROOMEN.

THE Kroomen have established themselves, as it were, in a small colony at Sierra-Leone, the locality being called Krootown. From this place every ship of war employed upon the African coast takes such a proportion as she is allowed; and every merchant-ship as many as she may require, according to the nature of her operations. Without such auxiliaries it would be almost impossible to carry on either the service of cruising, or that of trade, upon this coast; they perform all the heavier duties, such as procuring wood and water, and submit to any exposure or extent of labour, without even suffering from the first, or shrinking from the last. Perfect confidence may be placed in them, if they are treated with kindness, firmness, and, above all, with a just and impartial regard to their rights and comforts as part of the ship's company; a consideration which has sometimes been forgotten, and they then become sullen, shuffling, and discontented, as naturally they may. During nearly eleven years' service upon the coast of Africa, having some of these men always employed, none ever were known to drink; and, if they used low and unseemly language, it was expressed in their own tongue, for they certainly never acquired that which is but too current not only in

naval life, but equally so amongst other classes throughout the British dominions. Perhaps, however, the most prominently-distinctive characteristic of this tribe is the unqualified fact that they cannot be made slaves. This is so well known by the slave-dealers and Captains of vessels trading for slaves, that neither will now for a moment entertain the thought of taking a Krooman as a slave. Before this resolute defiance of captivity was known, two were taken on board a Spanish slaver, and treated as were the rest of the "cargo;" but, unlike the others, these Kroomen sternly refused to eat or drink, and in a few days, by death, they proved how vain was the attempt to enslave them. Whatever may be their wars or quarrels on shore, or in their own country, they are, when on board, not only kind to each other, but ready to share whatever, by some piece of good fortune, may fall more abundantly on one than on others. This remark, however, applies to food, fruit, &c., and not to money or merchandise, which latter is carefully accumulated to be carried to their own country, the return to which, at stated periods, they cherish with a fond desire that nothing can obliterate.—*Seven Years' Service on the Slave-Coast.*

LONDON.

WITHIN a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than a million and a half of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roaring of Etna and Vesuvius. If we take our station in the ball or upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, forms a panorama of industry and of life more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point of the universe. It is alike the abode of intelligence and industry, the centre of trade and commerce, the resort of the learned and inquiring, the spot that has given birth to, and where have flourished, the greatest kings, statesmen, orators, divines, lawyers, warriors, poets, painters, and musicians, besides historians who have immortalized them. . . . London is now not merely the largest city in the known world, but it exceeds in opulence, splendour, and luxury, (perhaps in misery,) all that ever was recorded of any city. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed to be the largest congregated mass of human life, arts, science, wealth, power, and architectural splendour, that exists, or, in almost all these particulars, that ever has existed, within the known annals of mankind. London is equal in extent to any three or four other European capitals united, and superior to thirty of the largest towns in the United Kingdom, if brought together. It would require sixty cities as large as Exeter, or five hundred and thirty-four towns as large as Huntingdon, to make another metropolis; and it is computed that a population equal to that of Salisbury is added to London every three months.—*London as it is to-day.*

TURKISH USE OF THE GRAPE.

At Brusa the Turks were carrying in their grapes on the backs of camels. The quantity was very great, but the fruit was sadly disfigured, bruised, and otherwise ill-treated. Although many of the Mussulmans will not, now-a-days, scruple to drink them, they make neither wine nor raki. Nor do these Turks dry their grapes into raisins, and prepare them for exportation, like their brethren at Smyrna. What, then, do they with these mountains of crushed grapes? They make *petmez* of them. With a press so big, awkward, and primitive-looking, that it must have been invented only a few years after Noah's plantation of the vine, they squeeze out the juice of the fruit, which is caught by wooden troughs hollowed out of trees like Indian canoes: instead of allowing the juice to ferment, they take it and boil it down in great copper caldrons: they boil away until the juice is of the consistency of

a jelly or jam; (to the eye it does not look unlike raspberry jam;) then they let it cool, and pack it up in great earthen jars, wherein, with a little care, it will keep for a very long time. This is *petmez*. They use it as we do treacle, or rather, as the Americans, in some of the States of the Union, use molasses; which means that they use it for almost everything, from a joint of meat down to a slice of bread. It serves as a general sweetener, the use of sugar being almost unknown to the common people. There is a very refreshing acid in it. When carefully prepared, it was a delicious *agrodole*, and strongly to be recommended with a dish of wild-boar. It is a very important article in the domestic economy of all. Although the Greeks make plenty of wine, and an abundant use of it when it is made, they also make their annual stock of *petmez*; so do the Armenians, and the poor Israelites likewise. "I am in trouble and in woe," said one of our friends among the Greek peasants: "I have been obliged to sell all my grapes to pay my taxes! I have none left to make *petmez*. What will my children do without *petmez*? How are we to get through the winter without *petmez*?"—*M'Farlane's Turkey.*

MINISTERIAL PRIVATE DEVOTION.

It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Crosse, the late Vicar of Bradford, invariably, before meeting his people, either in the church or in his own kitchen, retired for half an hour or an hour to his own chamber, to pray in secret. Whatever company was with him, he left before any service, so that he constantly came from his own private devotions to public duties. There are many well-disposed persons that do not reflect, as they ought to do, on the vast importance of a Minister having his mind, as it were, in tune for his work. They call at his house, or crowd into his vestry, before the service, (with the best intentions, indeed,) and by conversation distract his attention. It is readily granted that they have no unkind thought towards him in this intrusion; but cannot they see him some other time, when his mind is more relaxed? Possibly, necessity may require them to visit him: in that case every such communication with him will be thankfully acknowledged. But unnecessary calls of this kind should be avoided.—*Life, by the Rev. W. Morgan, B.D.*

PAINTING THE FLOWER-POT.

A FLOWIST will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favourite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossoms will ~~die~~. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and

your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial, worldly accomplishment, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul, as the paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to the plant; whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession, and development, from the beginning. If the sun can ever be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays, and

receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character, and life in education, is a process of the absorption and development of truth, and is not mere painting.—*Dr. Cheever's Plea for Children.*

"THE SUBLIME PORTE."

We should have passed the "Sublime Porte" unnoticed, had not our attention been directed to a large yellow arched gateway, (in Constantinople,) with a remarkable turtle-shell-like canopy over the entrance. From this gateway the Divan, or Supreme Council, which holds its sitting in an ordinary building within, is called the "Sublime Porte."—*Lynch's Narrative of United States' Expedition.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



TREADING THE WINEPRESS.

"The vintage in Syria," says Mr. Watson, in his excellent Biblical and Theological Dictionary, "commences about the middle

of September, and continues till the middle of November. But grapes in Palestine, we are informed, were ripe sometimes even in June or July, which arose perhaps from

a triple pruning, in which case there was also a third vintage."

Among the beautiful illustrations of God's compassion which abound in the Levitical laws, there is one which the present subject recalls. "Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard," (says the merciful LAWGIVER, by His servant Moses,) "neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger. I am the LORD your God." (Lev. xix. 10.) Various scriptural allusions serve to remind us that the time of vintage was a most joyful one. It was with shoutings that the fruit of the vine was plucked and carried to the press.

Our woodcut exhibits the two receivers;—the upper one, into which the grapes were thrown, to be trodden out by several men; and the lower one, into which the expressed juice flows out. The treading was very laborious; and the garments of the persons employed were stained with many a deep-red hue. Of the process we find representations in the monuments of Egypt. In some of these, six or seven persons, holding by ropes suspended from a beam or ceiling, appear stamping in the press or upper trough.

In mystical language, the whole scene denotes war and slaughter. See, accordingly, given by Isaiah in bold and splendid allegory, the progress of a matchless Con-

queror. (Chap. lxxiii. 1—3.) Edom and Bozrah (one of the chief cities of Edom) vividly describe the foes of Christ and of His church,—all that set themselves against His redeeming enterprise; the well-known hostility of "the children of Edom" against the Jews strongly suggesting the fearful reality of this struggle. Some, however, referring to the radical sense of the words, incline to think them *appellative* rather than *proper* names: Who is this that cometh from the blood-red field, with dyed garments from the scene of slaughter?—When Christ contends, we see Him "travelling in the greatness of" an invincible, everlasting, all-defying "strength." When His enemies and ours meet Him in unequal strife, He crushes them as the vintage presses the ripe fruit of the vine. And all this, in order to the execution of His gracious and blessed design. Observe we, especially, that, when to the astonished inquirer He proclaims Himself "MIGHTY TO SAVE," the rejoinder is, "Wherefore"—if thine errand is salvation—"art Thou red in thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?" The work of a Redeemer is not accomplished without the overthrow of opposers; but His single might is enough for a complete victory over earth and hell. "I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINEPRESS ALONE."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MAGNITUDES, DISTANCES, AND PHYSICAL STATES OF THE STARS.

If the immense distance of Neptune precludes all hope of coming at much knowledge of its physical state, the minuteness of the ultra-zodiacal planets is no less a bar to any inquiry into theirs. One of them, Pallas, has been said to have somewhat of a nebulous, or hazy appearance, indicative of an extensive and vapourous atmosphere, little depressed and condensed by the inadequate gravity of so small a mass. It is probable, however, that the appearance in question has originated in some imperfection in the telescope employed, or other temporary causes of illusion. In Vesta and Pallas only have sensible discs been hitherto observed, and those only with very high magnifying powers. Vesta was once seen by Schröter with the naked eye. No doubt the most remarkable of their peculiarities must lie in this condition of their state. A man placed on one of them would spring with ease sixty feet high, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than he does on the Earth from leaping a yard. On such planets giants might exist; and those enormous animals, which on earth require

the buoyant power of water to counteract their weight, might there be denizens of the land. But of such speculations there is no end. We shall close this chapter with an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any well-leveled field or bowling-green. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard-seed on the circumference of a circle, 164 feet in diameter, for its orbit; Venus, a pea, on a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the Earth, also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars, a rather large pin's-head, on a circle of 651 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn, a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; Uranus, a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half; and Neptune, a good-sized plum, on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter. As to getting correct notions on this subject by drawing circles

on paper, or, still worse, from those very childish toys called orreries, it is out of the question. To imitate the motions of the planets, in the above-mentioned orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41 seconds; Venus, in 4 minutes, 14 seconds;

the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in 4 minutes, 48 seconds; Jupiter, in 2 hours, 56 minutes; Saturn, in 3 hours, 13 minutes; Uranus, in 2 hours, 16 minutes; and Neptune, in 3 hours, 30 minutes.—*Sir John Herschell.*

POETRY.

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

REV. XXII. 20.

THE church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set;
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now to share Thy grace.

Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM."

1 COR. XV. 10.

(BY THE REV. H. MONAR.)

ALL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own!
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine:
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe:
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

THE PROTESTANT.

WHAT HAS ROMANISM DONE FOR NATIONS?

DURING the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor; while Protestant

countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of the Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the cleva-

tion of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes, in Germany, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; in Ireland, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county; finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civiliza-

tion. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise.—*Macaulay.*

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE SIR ANDREW AGNEW.

"I REMEMBER an anecdote of him," says an intimate friend, (James Balfour, jun., Esq., W.S.,) "which I thought very touching. We were speaking one day of the difficulty of confessing Christ before the world. It was affecting to hear him acknowledge this difficulty, who had borne Christ's reproach so manfully and so meekly in all places. He told me, that when he first began to take up the cause of the Sabbath, there were many worldly men who disliked him so much that they seemed anxious to *stare* him out of their company, and that he had felt this particularly at the New Club. One Hon. Baronet, not satisfied with this species of annoyance, when he saw that Sir Andrew had courage enough to despise it, and to frequent the club regularly every day notwithstanding, began speaking at him, and acting as rudely as he well could towards him. One morning Sir Andrew was waiting for his breakfast at the club, when the Baronet to whom I allude came in, apparently in great agitation. Sir Andrew, perceiving this, asked him if anything was wrong; to which he replied that his lady had last night had an attack of paralysis, and that she was dangerously ill. Sir Andrew said he felt for him sincerely, and expressed his sympathy warmly. Next morning he met him again, with his two sons, who had come to see their mother, and he asked for Lady — with much interest. The answer was, that he had been sitting up with her all night, and that she was no better. Ultimately, however, she did recover; and on one occasion afterwards, the Hon. Baronet referred to came up to Sir Andrew, and, with feeling that did him great honour, said, 'Sir Andrew, there are many people who like to laugh at you, and abuse you, because of your Sabbath principles, and I confess that I have been among the number; but I trust that I shall never so far forget myself again. A man gets a very different view of these subjects when standing beside what he thinks the dying bed of his wife.' Sir Andrew was much affected by this frank acknowledgment, and replied,

'I understand you perfectly; for I have experienced all the same feelings myself. I, too, was once opposed to religion. When I first proposed to bring my Sabbath Bill into Parliament, I felt the difficulty I had to encounter; and, after having given notice of the Bill, I thought I should never have courage to proceed with it. The day was drawing near on which my motion was to come on. Every day I felt my courage growing less and less; when, just a day or two before, a messenger arrived from the country with intelligence that my mother had had a stroke of apoplexy, and I must hurry down to see her. I went accordingly, and it was when watching beside the bed of my dying mother that I got grace and strength to bring in my Sabbath Bill.' The conversation touched the feelings of both parties, and they ever afterwards entertained much respect for one another."—*Memoirs, by Dr. McCre.*

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF COLERIDGE.

KING-STREET, Cheapside, the small street in which Guildhall is situated, is associated with a curious incident in the early life of the author of "Christabel." He was then a friendless and ill-fed boy, in the Blue-coat School. "From eight to fourteen," says Coleridge, "I was a playless day-dreamer, a *hélus librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular accident. A stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King-street, Cheapside." The particulars of this "singular accident" are thus explained by Coleridge's biographer, Mr. Gilman:—"Going down the Strand," he says, "in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, he thrust his hands before him as if in the act of swimming, when his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand, turned round, and looked at him with some anger, 'What! so young and so wicked!' at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the in-

tention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading."—*London, and its Celebrities.*

A WORD IN SEASON.

ONE day as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned: Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years after, a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognise the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, and asked him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I: your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out on a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?"—*James.*

THE PRAYING SAILOR BOY.

"THE *Cornelia* was a good ship," said one of the West India Chaplains of the Seaman's Friend Society; "but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

"I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor boy, at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and the boy had to earn a living for himself and his mother. The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it. He lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging

mast, the boiling, wrathful seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. He could not come down alive. Why did you send him? 'I did it,' replied the mate, 'to save his life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. he'll come down safe, I hope.'

"Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

"In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and, straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

"In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? 'I went, Sir,' said the boy, 'to pray.' 'Do you pray?' 'Yes, Sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God.' 'Where did you learn to pray?' 'At home: my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath-school, and my Teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me; and I do.' 'What was that you had in your jacket?' 'My Testament, which my Teacher gave to me. I thought, if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart.'—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.

WHILE very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, Sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchizedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A

perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping among others,—“Not a penny, Sir!

not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!”—*Second Volume of Chalmers's Life.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE RUSH.

THOUGH the rush is chiefly found in cold climates, a few species occur even between the tropics. Modern travellers have seen it, also, in the deserts near the Dead Sea, and in other parts of Palestine. The ancients used it as many moderns do. The Romans esteemed it for soft mats. Fishermen's boats were made of rushes; and such are still found in the Mediterranean. The pith has long served for candle-wicks. * Rush-lights were commonly placed by the Romans in the chamber where the dead lay.

“The soft, elastic nature of the rush,” it is well observed, “renders it, where it can be procured, preferable to straw, for the coarse bedding of the poor; and, but two centuries ago, the floors of all apartments, even those of Kings and Queens, were strewn with rushes in England, carpets not being thought of. There is, even at this day, more than one manor in England held of

the Crown on condition of the owner finding rushes to strew the Sovereign's bed-chamber, when he shall visit the neighbouring castle and hunting-seats.”*

Among Scripture allusions to the rush, may be just specified Isai. ix. 14; xxxv. 7. In the former, the various terms used represent persons of high degree and those of inferior condition. The palm-branch is selected for its lofty position on the surpassingly beautiful tree to which it belongs; and the rush, as growing in marshes, and attaining a height comparatively little. In the latter text, Israel, again flourishing and triumphant, finds the *mirage* turned into a lake, and dry places—the haunts of “dragons”—clothed with sudden verdure, and by their copious humidity affording nourishment even to “reeds and rushes.”

* “Scripture Herbal.”

TABLE-TALK.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

From the register of Alnwick, Bishop of Norwich, it appears that a Testament of Wickliffe's version, in the year 1429, cost four marks and forty pence; (£2. 16s. 8d.;) equal to more than £20 of our present money. A large sum in those days, when £5 was considered sufficient for the annual maintenance of a respectable tradesman, or a yeoman, or one of the inferior Clergy.

HINTS FOR WRITERS.

Much time, words, ink, and paper are wasted on introductions. Periodical writers should be brief and terse, dashing into the subject at the first sentence. Sink rhetoric. Nobody cares how you came to think of your subject, or why you wrote upon it.

Commence with your leading thought, and avoid irrelevant digressions. You may have less of the appearance of the scholar, but you will be more original, and ten times more impressive. Some writers place no restraint upon their use of words; they will dilute an idea in twenty pages of letter-press. Never commence an article till you know what it is to be about. Remember the old saw, "In writing regard the writer's end." Ask yourself the question as you get along, "Of what value will this thought be to my readers?" Take it for granted, that your article at first is too long. Cutting down requires resolution; but you gain experience as well as improve your article by every excision. It may be well to begin by crossing out all explanatory sentences. Leave nothing but self-evidencing propositions. Young writers always explain a thing to death.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

GALILEO.

DIED JANUARY 9TH, 1642.

GALILEO was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. He was descended from a noble and ancient Florentine family. His father was not, however, wealthy; and as he had a large family, he was not in circumstances to give an adequate education to young Galileo. These early disadvantages did not depress him, but, as in the case of most eminent men, they only stimulated his mental powers. From a very early age he took a lively pleasure in imitating and inventing all sorts of machinery. In many respects he was not unlike his great successor, Newton, who was born in the same year in which he died. Conscious of his own defective education, he applied himself with intense assiduity to the study of the classics; and so successful a student was he, that he laid a solid foundation for future eminence as a pure and elegant writer. In addition to severer studies, he devoted his leisure hours to music and drawing, in both of which he excelled. He could perform well on several instruments; and through life music was his favourite recreation.

At the age of eighteen his attainments were such that his father resolved, at any sacrifice, to secure his attendance at the University. In 1581, with the intention of studying medicine, he became a student in the University of his native city. Up to this period the dogmas of Aristotle formed the staple of all philosophical teaching, to dissent from which was deemed heresy, both in science and in religion. Galileo revolted from some of these doctrines, and longed for something more consonant with truth. Hence he combated the notions which had

so long held the human mind in ignorance of the true system of the universe; and it is remarkable that soon afterwards Descartes in France, and Bacon in England, entered the lists against the same philosophical errors. Though ignorant at the time of mathematics, the first idea of the *pendulum*, as a regulator or measurer of time, was suggested to his mind while gazing at the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral of Pisa; and after storing these thoughts up for fifty years, he employed them in the construction of a clock, intended for astronomical observations. At the period he entered upon his collegiate course, geometry had almost ceased to be studied throughout Europe: hence the application of mathematics to the phenomena of nature had scarcely been thought of. Galileo had his attention turned to geometry by his father assuring him that both music and drawing had their foundation in the mathematics, and that to master the former there must be a knowledge of the principles of the latter. During his student life, Ostilio Ricci, the mathematical Professor of the University, was frequently at his house; and, at his earnest request, the Professor gave him some private lessons in geometry. Euclid now completely absorbed the attention of the young student. So much was this the case that his father deeply regretted his having entered upon such pursuits, as he feared they would draw him away from the study of medicine. But he vainly endeavoured to restrain the bent of his son's mind, which found in mathematics its most gratifying aliment. At length he yielded to what he could not control.

Galileo now abandoned the study of

medicine, and gave the whole of his attention to the works of the most illustrious geometers of antiquity, particularly to a treatise of Archimedes on floating bodies. From this period he became a careful experimental philosopher. He applied the extensive and exact mathematical knowledge he acquired to investigations into the laws of nature. With such success were his labours crowned that they attracted the attention of some distinguished patrons, and by their influence he was raised to the mathematical chair in the University of Pisa, at twenty-five years of age. This elevation stimulated his genius to still greater efforts. He performed well-directed experiments in the presence of crowded assemblies, whose applause was only equalled by the bitter animosity of the adherents of the old philosophy, the existence of which was perilled by the facts elicited by the instructive method thus adopted by Galileo. At length the hostility of his opponents became so fierce that he was compelled to resign his office in 1592.

He returned to Florence, but dared not enter his father's house. He had, however, a letter of recommendation to an opulent gentleman of the family of the Salviati, from his friend the Marquis Guido Ubaldi, at that time one of the most distinguished mathematicians of Italy. By this family he was at once kindly received, and furnished with the means of prosecuting his discoveries.

This gentleman introduced Galileo to a Venetian nobleman, named Sagredo, who soon obtained for him the chair of mathematics at Padua, which was conferred on him for a period of six years. Placed in circumstances of greater comfort and freedom than at Pisa, he continued his favourite pursuits with increased zeal and success. He employed his extraordinary abilities in constructing various useful machines for the service of the State, besides writing treatises on gnomonics, mechanics, spherical astronomy, and fortification, for the instruction of his pupils. In 1597, he invented the thermometer, and the proportional compass, or sector, for the use of engineers. His term of six years having expired in 1599, the Senate renewed his commission for an equal period, with an increase of salary; and they repeated this mark of their estimation of his merits again in 1606. And well was their confidence repaid by the useful discoveries and diligent application of the grateful philosopher. His brilliant discoveries, however, excited malignant envy in several ignoble competitors, who aimed at depriving him of the fame so justly his due.

In 1609 his fame was still further increased by his invention of the telescope, an instrument which appeared so important in the study of astronomy and navigation, that the Senate rewarded him by conferring upon him the chair he held for life, and

trippling the usual amount of salary. The next great invention which throws lustre around his name was the microscope, which unveiled new worlds peopled by myriads of creatures, and opened up inexhaustible stores for gratifying that exalted taste which delights in searching out the wonderful works of God.

A few days' use of his telescope enabled Galileo to tell the wonders he saw. He announced his discoveries to the world in a publication dedicated to the Princes of Medici, entitled, "*Nuncius Sidericus*;" or, *Celestial Courier*." In that production mankind were informed, for the first time, that the surface of the moon, like that of the earth, is broken into lofty mountains and deep valleys; that Venus, like the moon, presents phases showing her roundness; that the four satellites of Jupiter accompany him in his course; and that there was "the milky way," and countless stars unseen till now by any human eye. What the sensations of the discoverer were as these objects opened up to his wondering eye, cannot perhaps be expressed in words. He dwelt not, however, on the sentimental, but turned to account whatever facts he discovered. His careful and minute observations of the motions and eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter, for instance, enabled him to construct tables for the measure of longitudes, for the use of navigators.

Galileo made no secret of his discoveries, either in conversation, lectures, or writings. The gross errors hitherto taught as philosophy, and endorsed as truths by a Church styling itself infallible, were placed in the light of facts presented by nature herself; and, as might be expected, his announcements were regarded with suspicion, envy, or alarm by those who were interested in upholding error. Accordingly, he was called to pay the penalty of detecting and exposing cherished deceptions. Had he continued at Padua, where he was honoured by the Venetian Senate, and enjoyed the utmost freedom in pursuing and publishing his brilliant discoveries, it would have been well; but he was enticed to Florence by the entreaties of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who loaded him with favours, and appointed him Mathematician extraordinary. Here he was exposed to the malice of his persecutors, and against their designs his exalted patron could not defend him. His lofty merits became insufferable to those who were full of envy. He was assailed by slander, ridicule, and insult. In order to reach him, the doctrines of Copernicus were attacked as contrary to Scripture, and denounced to the Roman See. As the storm was gathering, Galileo wrote a letter to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, in which he engaged to show that his discoveries were reconcilable with Scripture and the writings of the Fathers on the constitution of the universe; but in the estimation of

his persecutors this only aggravated his heresy.

He was cited to appear at Rome to answer for his new doctrines. There, in the presence of an assembly of theologians named by the Pope, he maintained his opinions, and gave the proofs of them; but the conclusion arrived at by the Popish Divines was to this effect, "To maintain that the sun is placed immovable in the centre of the world, is an opinion absurd in itself, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures: to maintain that the earth is not placed in the centre of the world, that it is not immovable, and that it has even a daily rotation, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and at least erroneous in point of faith." Against this decision all argument was unavailing, and he was personally interdicted by the Holy Office from professing in future the opinions thus condemned. He returned with grief of soul to Florence; and, under a growing feeling of attachment to the truths he had discovered, he devoted sixteen years to collecting into a body all the physical proofs of the motion of the earth and the constitution of the heavens, in order to silence, if he could not convince, his adversaries. He threw the work into the form of a dialogue, and bestowed on it the utmost polish his genius could impart to it. Having carried it to Rome in order to obtain permission to get it printed, at first the Master of the Sacred Palace consented, but securing possession of the document, he refused to admit

of its being printed, or even to return it to its author, though demanded by the Tuscan Ambassador. Thus disappointed at Rome, he had it printed with the approbation of the Censor of Florence, in 1632. Its appearance threw the Romish theologians into unappeasable rage. The work was handed to the Inquisition, and the author cited to appear before that appalling tribunal!

In the sixty-ninth year of his age, suffering under a rheumatic complaint, he was compelled to repair to Rome, where he arrived on the 10th of February, 1633. After several examinations, he was compelled to say, "I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth," and to promise that he would never more, in word or writing, teach his doctrine. His dialogues were prohibited; he himself was cast into prison for an indefinite period, and ordained to recite once a week, for three years, the seven penitentiary Psalms.

His treatment by the Inquisition, however, does not appear to have been such as usually fell to the lot of its miserable victims; for he was at length allowed to return to Florence. There he spent his last four years in blindness, surrounded by many attached friends; and at length he was carried to the grave by a slow fever, which cut him off in his seventy-eighth year. His remains were interred in the church of Santa Croce, where a splendid monument marks the spot.

PETER SAMUEL.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bacon, Mrs.,	Mansfield,	Mansfield,	76	Oct. 10th, 1850.
Cockshott, Mr. William,	Micklethwaite,	Bingley,	72	October 7th, 1850.
Cook, Mrs.,	Rearsby,	Leicester,	36	May 24th, 1850.
Cooper, Mr. Benjamin,	New-Radford,	Nottingham, North,	69	Feb. 1st, 1850.
Cooper, Mrs. Frances,	Derby,	Derby,	34	May 14th, 1850.
Cooper, Mr. William,	Derby,	Derby,	23	Aug. 29th, 1850.
Cosby, John,	Rugby,	Daventry,	66	July 6th, 1850.
Cotterell, Mr. Thomas,	Honeyborne,	Evesham,	85	May 15th, 1850.
Doughty, Mary Ann,	Switland,	Loughborough,	35	June 4th, 1850.
Le Page, Susan Sophia,	St. Peter Port,	Guernsey,	6	Dec. 19th, 1849.
Le Page, Miss Mary M.,	St. Peter Port,	Guernsey,	19	Feb. 1st, 1850.
Pickup, Mrs. Betty,	Bacup,	Bacup,	66	Nov. 5th, 1850.
Puddy, Mrs. Mary,	Chilton,	Bridgewater,	64	Sept. 20th, 1850.
Fyke, Miss Louisa,	Catcott,	Bridgewater,	20	Aug. 26th, 1850.
Robertshaw, Mr. Thos.,	Cullingworth,	Bingley,	71	Nov. 10th, 1850.
Sutton, Jane,	Hilltop,	Wednesbury,	25	Aug. 5th, 1850.
Waddington, Mrs. E.,	Cullingworth,	Bingley,	66	Dec. 16th, 1849.
Whitehead, Mrs. H.,	Newchurch,	Bacup,	45	August 16th, 1850.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

FEbruary, 1851.

THE BIBLE-FRAGMENT.

A FRAGMENT of Holy Scripture has sometimes led to great results. When Captain Pakenham was engaged at Florence in carrying through the press an edition of the Bible, the printers employed were so astonished at the truths they were putting together, that many of them procured copies of the entire volume for themselves. We have read of a single torn leaf of the word of life which conveyed salutary instruction to a young man in the East Indies, and prepared the way for the Missionary to lead him to the Crucified One: But the most striking instance of the influence of the Book, with which we have recently met, is found in the "Recollections of Mick Healy, an Irish Peasant," recently published in Dublin, by the Rev. John Gregg. From the interesting and instructive pages of Mr. Gregg's narrative, we learn that Mick Healy was a native of the county of Meath. His father held a small farm, to which, at his decease, Mick succeeded. By industry and economy, he continued to provide for himself and his family, and for several years regularly paid his rent. He possessed the good-will of all around him, and lived in tolerable comfort. An event, however, occurred, which altered his character, and soon made a change in his position and prospects. His parents had been Papists. His relatives and neighbours, and indeed the people generally in that part of the country, belonged to that persuasion. He was brought up a strict Romanist. He went regularly to his place of worship, attended to confession, and punctually paid his dues. He had the approbation of his Priest, and was looked upon by every one as a good Catholic.

Mick Healy had reached the age of fifty before he had read, or even seen, the word of God. One day, when detained in the house by rain, he employed himself for a time in rummaging an old trunk which had belonged to his father. In turning over the contents of the trunk, he lighted on the fragment of a book: he took it out, and read a few pages, and then replaced it where he had found it. The day cleared up, and he went to his work. On every succeeding day, when leisure came, he visited the trunk, took out the fragment, and resumed his reading. The more he read, the more he wished to read. On the Sabbath he was wont to take the book with him to the back of the hedge, that alone, and free from interruption, he might enjoy his newly-found treasure. During all this time he had not the slightest notion what the book was with which he was so much delighted. It was, in truth, only the fragment of a book, and had neither title-page nor inscription.

When he was engaged, one day, in this, his favourite recreation, the

Popish schoolmaster happened to pass by. As Mick was an acquaintance of his, he came over to speak to him. He gave him the usual salutations; and, as he cast his more experienced eye on the pages which Mick was reading, he exclaimed, "Ah, Mick, you are reading the Bible: you are a swaddler, and I will tell the Priest." "The Bible, indeed!" said Mick: "it is only an old book of my father's that I am reading." "O, I know well that it is the Bible," said the schoolmaster; "and if you don't stop reading it, I will tell the Priest." "I don't care to whom you tell it," said Mick: "it was my father's book, and I will read it, in spite of any one, as long as I like." The schoolmaster was horrified. That he might not appear to countenance such conduct, he lost no time in informing the Priest how he had found Mick Healy employed; while, to prove how free from heresy he was, he did not fail to tell him how he had warned Mick against the Bible; and he reported faithfully what Mick had said in reply. This was no music to the Priest's ears. It was dreadful to think that a Catholic should employ himself on a Sunday in reading the word of God, or even have it at all without his leave. In a day or two after, he called at Mick's house; and, trying gentle means at first, he said, "What is this I hear of you, Mick? I am sorry to hear it of your father's son." "What is the bad thing your Reverence has heard of me?" said Mick. "The schoolmaster tells me that you are become a Bible-reader; and sure you will not disgrace your family, and bring a scandal on the parish." "O, never mind him, your Reverence," said Mick: "it is only an old book of my father's, which I found in the trunk, that I do be reading." "How long have you been reading it?" said the Priest. "Only about a year, your Reverence," said Mick. "Show it to me," said the Priest. Mick proceeded to the trunk, and, producing the fragment, handed it to him. "Sure enough," said the Priest, as he looked through the pages, "it is the Bible; and, Mick, you must not read it any more: it is not fit for you; you might take a wrong meaning out of it, and it might make a heretic of you." Mick, taking the book out of the Priest's hands, said, "O, your Reverence, it won't do me any harm: it does my heart good to read it. I never met any book like it: if it does not make me better, I'm sure it won't make me a worse man." The Priest then said, in a mild tone, "O Mick, you must not keep it at all; it is not safe for you to have it: give it to me, and, as it was your father's, I will keep it, and take care of it for you." "Give you my father's book?" said Mick: "indeed, please your Reverence, I will do no such thing. I can keep it and take care of it myself." The Priest's tone was now changed: all his efforts to get it from him by coaxing were in vain. Mick would not part with his inheritance. The Priest stormed. Mick was calm; which, no doubt, was very provoking. He held it in his hand, and he said, "And is this the Bible, your Reverence? But sure it wants a piece here,"—turning to the first page of his fragment, which was in the middle of Exodus; "and sure it wants a piece there,"—turning to the last page, which was part of the Prophet Daniel. "Where could I get the pieces, your Reverence? Will you give them to me, or tell me where I can find them?" This did not quiet the Priest much. In an angry tone he refused to comply with Mick's request. Anxious only for the book, and without meaning any offence, Mick calmly urged his entreaty. This made matters worse; it was adding fuel to the fire: yet what could be done? Longer delay might end in worse defeat; and so the Priest left the house, but in the worst possible humour, while Mick very composedly remained, and quietly sat down to read.

The Priest, however, continued to thunder against the peasant, in order to shake his resolution; but Mick was resolved to keep and read the

fragment, and at any hazard, if possible, to procure the remainder. It was soon noised abroad that Mick Healy read the Bible, that he would not give it up for the Priest, and that he was become a Protestant. Some of the people thought it would be as well for Mick to have a serpent in the house as the Bible; that he could not have any luck, as he went against the Priest; and that he must have the devil in him, since he became a Protestant. They thought that it would not only be dangerous, but a disgrace, to have anything to do with him. Mick went to mass as usual, but the Priest looked dark and cross at him. The people shrunk from him as if he had the plague; they shunned his company with the greatest aversion, and altogether deserted his house. They were warned to keep aloof from him, partly, it is supposed, for their own sake, that they might not be infected; and partly for his sake, that he might be driven to give up the Bible. But neither cunning nor coldness, neither frown nor favour, would induce Mick to give up the book. The coldness and aversion with which he was at first regarded were succeeded by threats and abuse; but as he had incurred man's anger for God's word, he seemed to be the rather cheered by God's favour. The methods which were pursued towards him seemed to produce an effect opposite to what was expected. The conduct of Priest and people, together with the knowledge of Scripture which he was daily acquiring, gradually cooled his passion for the services of the chapel: his visits to it became less and less frequent, and, at length, they altogether ceased.

He now heard, by some means or other, that a Minister at Navan, or at Trim, it is not quite certain which, had Bibles, and would be likely to give him one, if he went to him for it. Accordingly, he set out, and travelled to one or other of those places: the one was distant about twelve miles, and the other about sixteen. He called on the Minister. "Sir," said he, "I have a bit of the Bible, but I would like very much to have it all." He then took the fragment from his bosom, and showed it to him. The Minister entered into conversation with him; and when he perceived that he had made good use of the part of the Bible which he possessed, and was really anxious to have the entire volume, the worthy man gave him a good octavo Bible, which Mick afterwards showed Mr. Gregg, and which it is thought he kept and read to the day of his death. Mick returned home with his treasure on the same day: thus walking, at least, twenty-four miles; but this was as nothing to him for the love he had to the Bible. He now became a thorough and confirmed Bible-reader. He struck out boldly into the wide extent of Scripture: he felt himself in a new world. When he came to the New Testament, he was lost in amazement. He followed the "Man of sorrows" through His wondrous history, from the manger to the cross, and from the grave to His ascension. He felt that he had been poor before, but that now he was rich: he felt his heart dilating with love to all men. He would fain communicate what he knew of Jesus to every one he met. He could not, however, get his wife and children to enter into his feelings; and his neighbours and friends would not come within his reach.

He went on for some time working on the farm by day, and reading in the Bible by night. But it so happened that by the loss of his cattle, and the failure of his crops, he was in arrear of rent; and, as he was entirely dependent on his own resources, and no man would lend him money, he was dispossessed of his farm. His landlord was a Romanist. Mick (as Mr. Gregg was informed) was not a worse tenant, or more in arrear, than many others on the estate, to whom indulgence had been granted, and who were suffered to remain. But Mick had become a Protestant, and had placed himself, in consequence, beyond the pale of pity. He might infect others; his example

might be imitated ; and then no one could tell where the mischief would end. It may have been thought a good opportunity, one not to be lost, to root out an obnoxious man. Be it as it may, poor Mick was thrown out of the house where he had begun his days, and where he too fondly hoped he would end them. The farm passed into other and strange hands.

With heavy heart and painful steps, he now removed into a poor mud-cabin, to shelter himself and his family. No human eye was near to pity him, nor hand to lend relief. But he had God's word. He could say, "This is my comfort in my affliction ; for Thy word hath quickened me." He could also say, "It is the Lord ; let Him do as seemeth Him good." "The will of the Lord be done." He sought employment from the neighbouring farmers, but could not obtain it, for they were prejudiced against him. Many who are ever ready to cry aloud for liberty of conscience for themselves, are slow enough to grant it to others. He was driven, at length, for the support of his family, to have recourse to the humblest occupation ; and was happy to be employed on the public roads, in breaking stones, for eightpence a day. But this did not conquer his heroic spirit. He went cheerily to his work in the morning, and returned more cheerily to his family and his Bible in the evening. His cup of trial was not yet full. It pleased God to send sickness into his family. His wife and two sons were visited at the same time with fever. The Lord kept the disease from himself. No neighbour would come near to assist at the sick bed : it may have been from fear, more likely from bigotry, as otherwise the Irish are kind and compassionate. All the offices of humanity were performed by himself alone. He alone went to the stream, and carried in the water ; he alone moistened the parched lips, and cooled the burning temples ; he alone sat up, and watched with sleepless eyes each livelong night. God took away from him one of the objects of his care—a much-loved child—a grown-up youth. Though grieved and afflicted, yet, like Job, he could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord." He gazed and wept over the manly but lifeless form, his fair but faded flower. No neighbour came in to share his sorrows. Poor Mick's own hands closed the eyes : his own hands washed the body, placed it in the coffin, lifted up the hammer, and fastened down the nails ; and then, sorrowing and sobbing, uncomforted and unattended, he laid it down sadly and slowly in the lonely grave.

A class for catechetical instruction assembled every Sunday in Kilsallaghan, before Divine service commenced. It lasted generally from eleven to twelve o'clock. At this Mick Healy regularly attended, and took his seat in the midst of the class. Between him and the children, the contrast in years, in figure, in dress, and in manners, was of course strikingly marked ; but, in simplicity and guilelessness, the difference, I may say, was none.

Imagine to yourselves, then, an athletic-looking peasant, in a large frieze coat, with head erect, sitting in the midst of a group of children, a thick, stout Bible open in his hands, while some twenty or thirty of the friends of the children, sitting or standing around, were listening, with open ears, and eyes, and mouths, to what was going on.

Questions and answers to the following effect might frequently be heard from Sabbath to Sabbath :—

"Well, Mick, why don't you now pray to the Virgin Mary?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "To whom only should you pray, Mick?" "To God only, your Reverence." "Why don't you now confess your sins to Peter and Paul, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you call the Virgin Mary 'Refuge of sinners,—your life, your hope, your advocate, and the gate of heaven,' as

Romanists do?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Who is the Refuge of sinners,—your life, your hope, and your Advocate, Mick?" "The Lord Jesus, your Reverence." "How do you know, Mick?" "Because it is in the Book, your Reverence." "Why, Mick, don't you worship the host which the Priest holds in his hands?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why are you not now satisfied with Latin prayers? why don't you keep the holy water in the house, the blessed clay, and the blessed candles, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe in purgatory, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe that the Bishop of Rome is the head of the Church, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Why don't you believe that fasting, and penance, and giving alms, can make satisfaction for your sins, Mick?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you believe that the Virgin Mary has power in heaven, and that we ought to seek her intercession?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you believe that the Church of Rome is the mother and mistress of all Churches; and that, if we don't belong to her, we can't be saved?" "Because it is not in the Book, your Reverence." "How do you find out which Church teaches the truth, Mick?" "By the Book, your Reverence?" "How do you know that the Church of Rome leads people astray, Mick?" "By the Book, your Reverence."

All this time he held the Bible open in his hands, from time to time casting intelligent and respectful glances at its pages. Mick knew well what Romish error was, and on Scripture ground refused it; but he knew well also what Christian truth was, and on Scripture ground embraced it. Questions and answers, also, such as these, might be heard:—

"Well, Mick, why do you, who have no learning, read the Bible?" "Because the Book tells me to do so, your Reverence." "But may you not take a wrong meaning out of it?" "I may, your Reverence; but, by the blessing of God, I hope I will take a right meaning out of it." "But can you understand it all, Mick?" "No; but, with the Lord's help, I can understand enough, your Reverence." "Mick, why don't you take the Church for your guide, instead of the Bible?" "Because it might lead me astray, your Reverence." "How do you know that the Bible won't lead you astray, Mick?" "Because it is the word of God, your Reverence." "What are the Priests most afraid of, Mick?" "The Book, your Reverence." "Why so, Mick?" "Because it is against them, your Reverence." "Why do you, who are a wicked and unworthy sinner, come to Jesus Christ for salvation, without asking the Virgin Mary or the saints to intercede for you, Mick?" "Because I am told in the Book to do it, your Reverence." "Why do you believe that there is bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Mick?" "Because the Book says so, your Reverence." "Why do you believe, Mick, that God's anger is turned away from you, and that you are in His favour, if you have faith in Jesus Christ, without any merits or sufferings of your own?" "Because the Book tells me so, your Reverence." "Mick, why do you believe that every man who trusts in the Lord is blessed?" "Because it is in the Book, your Reverence." "Why do you believe the Bible to be sufficient to make you wise unto salvation, without tradition; that the blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to cleanse you, without penance or purgatory; that Jesus Christ is both able and willing to save you, without saints and angels?" "O! sure it is all in the Book, your Reverence." "Why do you believe that any poor sinner, at any time, may come to Jesus, and get pardon for all his sins, and peace with God, without help from saints

or angels, or aid or leave from the Church?" "O! your Reverence, because it is all down in the Book." "Must everything in religion be proved by the Bible, Mick?" "Yes, your Reverence: whatever is not so is only moonshine."

As his mind became more enlightened, and his heart more warmed by the love of Christ, he gained more influence over his wife, Biddy, and his son, Mick. His example and reasoning had some effect on them. This was a fresh provocation in the country, and was quickly resented. It soon reached the Priest's ears that the poison of heresy was spreading. He resolved to take decisive measures, and administer at once the sharpest antidote. He came to Mick's house, and, alighting off his horse, entered with a whip in his hand. Biddy, one of the culprits, was sitting in the corner, and Mick, happily, was at home. The Priest, in a rough, imperious voice, looking at Biddy, and taking no notice of Mick, said, "I hear that the devil is in this house." "Please your Reverence," said Mick, "the devil, I hope, is not in this house; but the Lord, I trust, is here." The Priest, as if scorning to take any notice of Mick's observation, raising his voice, and frowning darkly, said to Biddy, "The devil must be in the house; for did you not go to church?" "She did, your Reverence; and, with the blessing of God, she will go again," said Mick. "I have nothing to say to you," said the Priest. "But I have something to say to you, please your Reverence," said Mick. "You are not a Catholic," said the Priest. "I beg your Reverence's pardon, I am a Catholic," said Mick. "How so?" said the Priest: "did you not turn Protestant?" "I did, your Reverence. I was a Roman Catholic before, but I am a Protestant Catholic now." "You are entirely in the dark," said the Priest. "I was in the dark before, please your Reverence," said Mick; "but, blessed be God, I am in the light now." "O," said the Priest, in a torrent of impassioned speech, scarcely giving himself time to breathe, "you are not in the true Church—you are a heretic; you can't be saved; you must come back; you must do penance, and get absolution in the true Church, or you will be damned." When he had done, Mick, suspecting that this wild storm of empty words, without any kind of proof, was intended to frighten his poor weak and timid wife, very coolly said, "Please your Reverence, as you are a man of learning, will you show me all that you say in the Book?" "What book?" said the Priest, thinking perhaps that he had made some impression on Mick. "O, the Book," said Mick: "I will bring it out to you." He went to the big trunk and brought his octavo Bible, and, opening it, offered it to the Priest, saying, "Will your Reverence show me what you say in this, and I will believe it?"

When the Priest looked at it, and saw what it was, he said, "I will have nothing to say to your heretical book. Hear the Church," said he, "and I am its Minister." "O, your Reverence," said Mick, "I will hear no Church which does not hear the Book: whoever speaks, if what is said be not in the Book, I will not mind it." Mick pressed the Book upon him; but it was a bow that the Priest could not shoot with, a sword that he could not handle without wounding himself. With a growl he ran away from the conflict, leaving Mick, erect and unscathed, in possession of the field; and he never came into contact with Mick again.

Mick called on Mr. Gregg one day, and put his hand into his bosom, and took out what appeared to be a book. It was the fragment of the Bible which God had so richly blessed to his soul. Gracefully presenting it to him, he said, with an air of deep solemnity, "I bring this to your Reverence, hoping you will take care of it. I was afraid that, when I was gone, it might receive some bad usage. I did not know where I could leave it, or to whom

I could so well give it, as to you." Mr. Gregg, of course, willingly received it from him. It was in part black with smoke, as if it had been much used in the chimney-corner. It had a cover on one side; not the original one, but a piece of leather stitched on to protect it. After carefully preserving this fragment for thirteen or fourteen years, he placed it, appropriately, in that storehouse of treasure, the depository of the Bible Society. There it now lies.

At length, in the commencement of 1835, Mick Healy's health began to fail, and completely broke down before the middle of it. He exhibited the same Christian spirit, and maintained the same Christian consistency, to the very last.

At a visit which Mr. Gregg paid to him, he found that his son, who, perhaps, was urged to it by others, was trying to work upon his father, in the hour of his weakness, to bring him back to the Church of Rome. He asked the dying man, "Would he not like to have the Priest with him, and to have mass said for him, or to hear the Litany of the Blessed Virgin? and would he not wish to have a mass said when he was dead, to get his soul out of purgatory?"

The dying peasant, gathering up all his strength, said, in answer to his son, "Priest! Micky, trash; mass, trash; litany of the saints, trash; purgatory, trash; praying for the dead, trash; help of the Virgin, trash." Then he spoke of Christ and the Spirit. He said, "Christ was all and everything the sinner could want." "I am," said he, "a sinner, a great sinner; and Christ is all and everything to me." "Roman Catholics will be trying," said he, "to get to heaven their way, but they won't be able: there will be a bush in the gap." This phrase is taken from the language of shepherds, alluding to the difficulty of sheep getting into a field, where the only entrance to it is stopped up by a thorny bush.

"Are you happy, father?" said his son, thinking, perhaps, according to the false teaching of the Church of Rome, that he could not be happy if he died a Protestant. "Micky, jewel," said the father, "no King ever went to his throne so happy as I now am, going to my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

The night before his death, his wife, who continued in darkness, urged much that he would allow her to send for the Priest, stating that he should have the rites of the Church before he died; to which he answered, "No, no! trash, trash! it is all trash!" The night being stormy, she said, "It was a dark, dreary night for a poor soul to leave this world, and appear before God!" He raised himself in the bed, and said, "It is dark and dreary to you; but it is all light to me. It is dark to you, because you don't know the way; and, when you are going by your own way, you will find the gaps stopped."

ON REVIVALS.

It is of great importance to form a clear and definite idea of what is meant by a revival of religion; which properly consists in these two things,—a general impartation of new life, and vigour, and power, to those who have already believed, and a remarkable awakening and conversion of those who have hitherto been careless and unbelieving. In other words, it consists in new spiritual life imparted to the dead, and an increased health imparted to the living.

A revival properly consists in one or both of these two things,—a revived state of religion among the members of the church, and the increase of their number by the addition of souls converted to God. Can it be doubted by any professing Christian, either that such a revival is possible, or that it is

desirable? Why, what is the end of the Gospel ministry? What the great design of our Sabbaths and sanctuaries? What the purport of all Gospel promises in reference to the kingdom of grace? Is it not that such souls as have heretofore been "dead in trespasses and sins" may be quickened into spiritual life? and that such souls as have already been quickened into life may grow in spiritual health and vigour, and be revived and restored when they have fallen into declension and decay? Do we not all pray for these things? And is it not our privilege to expect that for these things our prayers will be heard and answered?

It is of great practical importance to observe, that the work of the Spirit on the soul of *every individual convert*, is substantially the same with that which takes place—but only on a more extended scale—in a general revival of religion. When *many* are suddenly arrested and convinced,—when conversions take place in large numbers, and are attended with remarkable circumstances,—the work of the Spirit attracts more of public attention, and produces a larger measure of excitement: but, substantially, it is the self-same work which has often been carried on—in silence, in the secret chamber, in the retired recesses of the heart—when one poor sinner in a congregation has been singled out from a multitude of careless professors, and has become the subject of a saving change. It matters not whether a man passes from death unto life in solitude or in society; whether he ventures alone to the mercy-seat, or is accompanied thither by a multitude of earnest suppliants; whether the light of heaven shines in upon his soul, leaving others in darkness, or shines at the same time into the hearts of thousands more. The same change which was wrought on the three thousand converts of Pentecost, was also wrought on the spirit of Lydia, when she worshipped with a few other women by the river-side; and on the spirit of the Philippian jailer, when he stood alone with the Apostles. One may be converted at a time, or many; but the work of conversion is the same in all. Every soul, in a general revival, must be enlightened by Divine truth, and awakened to concern about its salvation, and melted into godly sorrow for sin, and stirred up to lay hold on Christ and His free salvation, and imbued with new views, new affections, new desires, new tastes, new hopes, new habits: in a word, every such soul as passes from death unto life, in a season of general awakening, must pass through the same general experience, which, on other occasions, is realised by the solitary inquirer, when, in his secret chamber, he thinks, and repents, and believes, and prays, and enters into peace with God. No one, therefore, who has experienced that great change in his own soul, who has known what it is to be awakened to concern about his own salvation, who has wept and prayed in secret, and earnestly read his Bible, and drunk in the precious truths of the Gospel, ought to feel any jealousy concerning a general revival of true religion: on the contrary, he should regard it with such feelings as besit the occasion; feelings of hope and expectation, that some great good will be accomplished; feelings of gratitude and joy, that new manifestations and proofs of the Saviour's power are vouchsafed; and feelings of solemn awe, arising from the thought that God is interposing, that immortal souls are being born again, and that these souls are now undergoing all that solemn conviction, and feeling all those anxious fears, and impressed with all those awful views of God, and judgment, and eternity, which he himself had experienced, when he first repented, and wept, and prayed, and wrestled for his own salvation.

The Holy Spirit is not limited to any one mode of operation in the execution of His glorious work; and His sovereignty ought ever to be remembered when we are considering a subject of this nature. It has, unfortunately, been too much overlooked, when, on the one hand, some have

insisted, as we think, with undue partiality and confidence, on a general and remarkable revival, as being in itself the best manifestation of the Spirit's grace, and as being, in all cases, a matter of promise to believing prayer; and when, on the other hand, not a few have looked to the quiet and gradual success of the Gospel ministry, to the exclusion, or at least the disparagement, of any more sudden and remarkable work of grace. The former have given a too exclusive preference to what is extraordinary and striking; while the latter have fallen into the opposite error of preferring what is more usual and quiet.

We think it were better to admit of both methods of conversion, and to leave the choice to the sovereign wisdom and grace of the Spirit. It is equally possible for Him to convert souls successively or simultaneously; and, in adopting either course, doubtless He has wise ends in view. We have no sympathy with those who, overlooking the steady progress of the great work of conversion under a stated ministry, make no account of the multitudes who are added, one by one, to the church of the living God, merely because their conversion has not been attended with the outward manifestations of a great religious revival; nor can we agree with them in thinking that the church has any sure warrant to expect that the Spirit will be bestowed, in every instance, in that particular way. But as little have we any sympathy with those who, rejecting all revivals as unscriptural delusions, profess to look exclusively to the gradual progress of Divine truth, and the slow advance of individual conversion, under a stated ministry. Both methods—the simultaneous and the successive conversion of souls—are equally within the power of the Spirit; and there may exist wise reasons why, in certain cases, the first should be chosen, while, in other cases, the second is preferred.

Several important purposes may be promoted by the sudden and simultaneous conversion of many souls, and the concurrent revival of Christian congregations; purposes which either could not be attained at all, or not to the same extent, by the more ordinary and gradual progress of the Gospel. A season of general awakening affords, both to believers and unbelievers, a new and very impressive proof of the reality and power of the Spirit's grace; it strengthens the faith, and enlarges the hopes, of God's people; it awakens those nominal professors who are at ease in Zion; and it alarms and arouses the consciences of the irreligious multitude. For, when many are suddenly arrested by the power of the Spirit, and turned from the error of their ways, and made to break off their sins by repentance, and are seen flying to Christ like doves to their windows, the mind of every spectator must be impressed with a sense of the reality and importance of religion, and the most ungodly for a time will tremble.

Such a season of revival may be designed to manifest, in an extraordinary way, the continued presence and the real agency of the Holy Spirit; to demonstrate the faithfulness of God in fulfilling the promises of His word; to evince the efficacy of believing prayer; to teach the church the weakness of human instruments, and the true source of all spiritual power; to quicken her faith and hope when, through manifold trials and increasing difficulties, she might be ready to faint and be discouraged, as if the task of regenerating the world were left to be accomplished by inadequate resources; to stir her up to greater efforts, in a spirit of lively faith and humble dependence; and to afford new evidence to succeeding generations that Christ is the exalted Head of the church, and that all power is still given to Him in heaven and on earth. These are some of the important practical lessons which may be taught by such seasons of revival in the church; lessons which might be deduced from the more ordinary operations of the Spirit under a regular ministry of the word,

but which are more prominently presented, and more impressively enforced, when, in the exercise of His adorable sovereignty, the Spirit of God, instead of descending like "*dew* on the grass," comes like "*showers* which water the earth," or like "*floods* on the dry ground." And if these or similar ends may be prompted by such means, none will say that they may not be employed by Him who is "wise in counsel, and excellent in working,"—and of whom it is written, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." "All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will."

That such seasons of general religious revival as occurred at the feast of Pentecost were to be expected in subsequent times, appears from those promises of Scripture which relate to "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," which insure the continued presence of Christ and His Spirit with the church in all ages, and which suggest that "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him." And that such seasons of revival *have* occurred at intervals along the whole line of the church's history is amply confirmed by historical evidence, which is sufficient to obviate any prejudice arising from the idea that such an event is novel or unprecedented.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELLER, who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

Just at that moment, he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself: for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled—for he was scarcely able to walk—to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.—*American Christian Advocate.*

THEOLOGY.

CHRISTIAN DUTY: ITS MEANS
AND MOTIVES.

"Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ; as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance; but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy. And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear. Inasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."—1 Peter i. 13—21.

The principles of Christianity are never, in the New Testament, exhibited in an abstract, systematic form. They are interwoven with injunctions to the cultivation of right dispositions, and to the practice of commanded duties; to which, in truth, they form the most powerful motives. Of this we have a very striking exemplification in this passage. In the preceding paragraph we have a statement of some of the most sublime and delightful peculiarities of Christian doctrine. These announcements are not brought forward as abstract principles; things to speculate and to talk about. They are no sooner stated than the Apostle proceeds to urge them on Christians as motives to the duties of their calling. "Wherefore"—for these reasons, since these things are so—"gird up the loins of your mind," &c.

In this text we have an instructive view,—I. Of Christian duty; II. Of the means of performing it; and, III. Of the motives to its performance.

I. Of Christian duty; described, *first*, generally as obedience. Christians are to act "as obedient children," or children of obedience. Obedience has always a reference to a law to be obeyed. Not only are Christians represented as delivered from subjection to the law of Moses;

but the state into which they are brought is described as a being "not under law, but under grace." Their pardon and salvation are not to be procured by their own obedience to any law, but to be received as the "gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Yet they are "not without law to God, they are under the law to Christ."

The law to which the Christian owes obedience is the Divine will revealed in Scripture. This law is "spiritual" and "holy," both "just and good." It reaches not merely to action, but to the principles of action; and requires obedience of *mind, heart, and life*.

Obedience of mind consists in counting true whatever God has said, just because God has said it. We are not left to think as we please. We must think in conformity to the mind of God, as made known in His word. We must receive what is written there, "not as the word of man, but as it is in truth the word of the living God."

Obedience of heart is equally required. By it we are to understand a state of the affections corresponding to the revelation which God has made of Himself and of His will. To "sanctify the Lord God in our hearts," to "make Him our fear and our dread," to "love Him with our heart, and our soul, and our strength, and our mind," and to "trust in Him at all times,"—this is the obedience of the heart.

The obedience of the life is twofold,—active and passive. It is our duty to "walk in all God's commandments and ordinances blameless;" "to be patient in tribulation;" and even to "count it all joy when brought into manifold trials." There are certain general characters which belong to this obedience when it is genuine, and which distinguish it from all counterfeits. It is *implicit*; it is *impartial and universal*; it is *cheerful*; and it is *habitual and persevering*.

But, *secondly*, this obedience is more particularly described; first, *negatively*,—"not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance;" and then, *positively*,—"Be holy in all manner of conversation." While a man is an unbeliever, he does not "fashion himself," that is, regulate his conduct and form his character, "according to the will of God," but according to his "lusts;" that is, his desires. One man loves pleasure,

another loves money, another loves power, another loves fame. The ruling desire, or lust, is the principle which forms the character and guides the conduct. Now the Christian, being no longer in ignorance, but knowing and believing the revelation of God's will, must no longer permit his character to be fashioned in this way. All desires, so far as sinful, must be mortified; and, even so far as they are innocent, they must cease to be governing principles, and must be subordinated to a higher principle,—the principle of submission of mind and heart to the will of God. Moreover, "as He who has called him is holy," so must the Christian be "holy in all manner of conversation." Holiness does not consist in mystic speculations, enthusiastic fervours, or uncommanded austerities; it consists in thinking as God thinks, and willing as God wills. And this conformity of mind and will to God, this holiness, is to be manifested "in all manner of conversation." Conversation here, as usually in the New Testament, signifies not colloquial intercourse, but general conduct. In everything show that you think as God thinks, that you will as God wills, that you love what God loves, that you hate what He hates, that you choose what He chooses, that you seek enjoyment in what He finds enjoyment. Such is a short account of the Christian's duty.

There are two conclusions to which these observations conduct us. First, that there are many who call themselves Christians, who are continual violators of God's law, strangers to the very principle of obedience, still "walking according to the course of the world," "serving divers lusts and pleasures." How vain, how much worse than vain, is their profession! how dangerous their circumstances! how awful, if they continue in their present state, their final doom!—The second conclusion is, that true Christians in general are still very far from being what they ought to be; from being what they might be. True believers "follow holiness."

II. Of the means of performing Christian duty, the first is, *determined resolution*.—"Gird up the loins of your mind." The ancients were accustomed to wear loose, flowing garments, which, though graceful and agreeable on ordinary occasions, were found inconvenient when strenuous and long-continued exertion was necessary. In such cases, it was usual to gather together the folds of the flowing drapery, and, having wrapped them round the waist, to confine them by

a belt. This was termed, "girding up the loins." The phrase, as used figuratively by the Apostle, is equivalent to, "Se yourselves with resolute determination to the performance of all that you are called to in the Christian life."

Secondly, *Moderation* in all our estimates, and desires, and pursuit of worldly objects, is another instrumental means which the Apostle enforces:—"Be sober." To be sober, in ordinary language, is descriptive of that particular variety of the duty of temperance which is opposed to the undue use of intoxicating liquors. But the word here has a much more extensive signification. It is another word for moderation, and is descriptive of that state of mind, and affections, and behaviour, in reference to things "seen and temporal," ("the present world,") by which a Christian should be distinguished. He is moderate in his desires for these things, moderate in his pursuit of them, moderate in his attachment to them, while he enjoys them; moderate in his regrets for them, when he is deprived of them. This is Christian sobriety. It is for those who have earthly relatives to be as if they had them not; for those who weep, to be as those who weep not; for those who rejoice, to be as though they rejoiced not; for those who use the world, to use it as not abusing it, knowing that "the fashion of this world passeth away."

Thirdly, *Hope*.—If ye would be "children of obedience," if ye would "not fashion yourselves according to your former lusts," "if ye would be holy," ye must "hope to the end for the grace which is to be brought to you at the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ." The grace or favour which is to be brought to Christians when Christ Jesus is revealed, is plainly that perfection of holy happiness to which they are to be raised at the close of the present state of things; "the salvation that is ready to be revealed in the last time;" "the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them." For this grace, this manifestation, we are to hope: we are to expect it, to consider it as something that is secure, something that in due season we shall enjoy. And we are exhorted to "hope to the end;" that is, either to hope perfectly, to cherish an undoubting confidence; or to persevere in hoping to the very close of life, "not casting away our confidence," but "holding it fast to the end," knowing that "we have need of patience,"—the patience of hope. Endeavour to obtain

clear and extending views of that happiness which is the object of hope.

Fourthly, *Fear* is the last instrumental means which is here prescribed for securing the performance of the duties of Christian obedience:—"Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." The fear recommended by the Apostle is, beyond doubt, the fear of offending God, and of the consequences of offending God. Such a fear is not only consistent with love and hope, but is their inseparable companion. The more highly I value the favour of God, the more must I fear that which deprives me of His favour. The more I delight in the anticipation of heaven, the more must I be afraid of that, the direct and certain effect of which is to deprive me of this delight. The happiness of Christians is in the love of God, and the light of His countenance is the life of their life. It matters little to them that the world frowns on them, if He smiles; and it matters little to them that the world smiles, if He frowns. Nothing in the world can deprive them of the token of their Father's love, but sin; and, therefore, they consider it as of all things the most terrible. "By this fear of the Lord they are made to depart from evil." It is implanted by God: "I will put My fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from Me." "Happy is the man who" thus "feareth always." "Be not high-minded, but fear."

But those who are not Christians, I call upon you to fear: you have good reason. I dare not call upon you to hope, while you continue in impenitence and unbelief. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God;" no hope for the unbelieving. But I present to you the "hope set before us in the Gospel." I tell you Jesus Christ died for sinners, for the chief of sinners. I assure you that "eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I put you in mind of the solemn oath of God, that He has no pleasure in your death. I put you in mind of the most condescending expostulation, "Why, why will ye die?" I beseech you to despair of salvation in yourselves; I assure you that Jesus is "able to save you to the uttermost," and as willing as able. O, if you would believe these "true and faithful sayings" of God, a hope that will never make you ashamed would spring up in your hearts; and, along with that fear of the Lord by which men depart from evil,—a fear in which there is sweet and felt pleasure, not torment,—in delightful and

harmonious operation, would induce you, from "children of disobedience," to become children of obedience; and, instead of continuing to fashion yourselves according to your lusts in your ignorance, would lead you to "be holy in all manner of conversation."

III. Of the motives to the performance of Christian duty. These are four in number. *First*, the grandeur, excellence, and security of that inheritance, the full possession of which can be attained only in a course of Christian duty: "Wherefore," says the Apostle,—referring to the whole of the preceding description of the final happiness which awaits Christians at the second coming of the Lord. *Secondly*, the holiness of God: "Be ye holy; for I am holy." *Thirdly*, the equity of God: "The Father on whom ye call," or "He whom ye call Father," "judgeth every man according to his works." And, *fourthly*, the provision made for sanctification by the sacrifice of the Son of God: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

When the Apostle says, "Wherefore," we naturally ask, For what reason? And we readily find an answer. The preceding context is principally occupied with a description of the final happiness, the eternity of holy blessedness, which awaits the genuine followers of Jesus Christ in the last time, at the revelation of the Saviour. Nothing is more distinctly stated in Scripture, than that it is only in the way of persevering faith and holiness that heaven is to be expected; and that, in such a way, heaven cannot be too confidently expected. It is in this way alone that we can reach heaven. "We have need of patience,"—that is, we must persevere,— "that, by the will of God, we may obtain the promised blessing." "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." Unbelief and disobedience are the road to hell. "He that lives after the flesh shall die." "He that sows to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." He that turns back, "turns back towards perdition." On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that "he who through

the Spirit mortifies the deeds of the body shall live." He who, "through a constant continuance in well-doing, seeks for glory, honour, and immortality," shall obtain "eternal life." "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." He who adds to his "faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity,"

he who doeth these things,—“shall never fall, but thus an entrance shall be ministered to him abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” The attainment of eternal blessedness in this way is not merely a high probability; (even in this case the motive would be a powerful one;) it is an absolute certainty. It is as secure as the word and oath—the perfections and being—of God can make it.

The *second* motive is the holiness of God. The holiness of God is just another word for the moral perfection of His nature. It is not something different from justice and benignity. It is the absolute perfection, and the harmonious union, of justice and benignity. To be holy is to be conformed to God; and to be thus conformed is at once man's highest honour, duty, and happiness. What more cogent reason can be given for following any tenor of disposition and conduct, than that it is “the whole duty of man,” the whole of his honour, his duty, and his happiness? The force of this motive, briefly explained, is this: To perform Christian duty, to be obedient children, is to be holy; and to be holy is to be like God; and to be like God is man's highest honour, duty, and happiness. Surely he must be obtuse-minded, he must be obdurate-hearted, who does not perceive, who does not feel, the overwhelming force of such a motive.

The *third* motive is the strict equity of God. “To have respect of persons,” is a Hebrew mode of expression descriptive of an iniquitous abuse of the judicial function, when accidental circumstances, not fixed principles, guide the decision; when men are rewarded or punished not according to the desert of their conduct; when they gain or lose their cause not according to its merits or demerits, but according to the personal partialities of the judge. The Divine administration is absolutely free from all this. “The Lord your God,” says Moses, “is the Lord of lords, a great God, a mighty and terrible

One, who regardeth not persons, nor taketh reward.” “God will not do wickedly,” says Elihu, “neither will the Almighty pervert judgment. He accepteth not the persons of Princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor; for they are all the work of His hands.” “Of a truth,” says Peter, “I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him.” “In the day of His righteous judgment,” says Paul, “God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honour, and immortality, eternal life; but unto them who are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, to every soul that doeth evil; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek: for there is no respect of persons with God.” “God,” says he, in another passage, “accepteth no man's person.” “There is no respect of persons with Him.” Look now at this motive as it bears on real Christians. While salvation is freely bestowed on (not purchased by) those who obtain it, yet the degrees of happiness in a future world will be proportioned to the degrees of holiness in the present world. In judging of the works of the redeemed, strict impartiality will be maintained. “Let every man prove his own work; for every man must bear his own burden.” “Behold!” says the Judge, “I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.” When Christians stand at the bar of Christ, they will “receive the things done in the body, according to what they have done.” The force, then, of the motive may be thus expressed: Be holy; for, in proportion to your attainments in holiness here, will be your measure of enjoyment hereafter. But this motive acquires additional force from the peculiarity of the phraseology employed. It is not “since the righteous Judge,”—but “since the Father on whom ye call—judgeth every man according to his work.” It is not wonderful that your heathen neighbours should fashion themselves according to their lusts. He whom they call on as Jupiter, the father of gods and men, is a being actuated by human passions, liable to human evils: an unholy life is just what you might expect in them, from the character of the object of their worship. But it should be otherwise with you. He on whom you call is “holy in all His ways,

just in all His doings." How incongruous, then, were you not obedient and holy, would the character of the worshipper be with the character of the Deity!

The *fourth* motive the Apostle urges, is drawn from the wonderful plan which God has formed and executed for making men holy,—even the death of His own Son as a sacrifice for sin. The prominent idea is obviously this: Jesus Christ died as a sacrificial victim, in order that men might be made holy. And the secondary and subservient ideas, (all calculated to give additional force to this wonderful statement, as a motive to Christian duty,) are the following:—"The intrinsic value of this sacrifice,—It was "not silver and gold," or such "corruptible things;" it was the blood of Christ, "as of a lamb without blemish and without spot;" Its Divine appointment,—Jesus as the victim for sin, and thus the Author of holiness to men, was "fore-ordained before the foundation of the world;" Its having been actually offered,—It is not now mere plan; the amazing expiation has been made: And the abundant evidence that it has not been offered in vain,—"God raised Him from the dead, and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." Surely it does not require many words to show that such statements go to form a motive, all-powerful to the Christian, to avoid sin and practise duty. Has deliverance from depravity been secured at such a cost, and shall I pour contempt on the Divine generosity? Shall I counteract the great design of the death of Christ? Though He shed His blood that I might be redeemed from my vain conversation, shall I still fashion myself according to my former lusts in my ignorance? Shall I still hug the chains to break asunder which the Lord of glory toiled, and bled, and died? How can I, in whose room Christ died for sin, how can I any longer live in sin? Surely I should not "yield my members to sin as instruments of unrighteousness;" but I should yield myself to God as one alive from the dead, and my "members as instruments of righteousness." Surely I should be a child of obedience; surely I should be holy in all manner of conversation. To use the words of Leighton, "This is an answer for all the enticements of sin and of the world:—'Except you can offer my soul something

beyond the price that was given for it on the Cross, I cannot hearken unto you. Far be it from me that I should prefer a base lust, or anything in the world, or it all, to Him who gave Himself to death for me, and paid my ransom with His blood. His matchless love has freed me from the miserable captivity of sin, and hath fastened me to the sweet yoke of obedience: let Him alone dwell and rule in me, and let Him never go forth from my heart, who, for my sake, refused to come down from the Cross!"—*Dr. Brown, abridgd.*

THE TEACHINGS OF AFFLICTION.

How fast we learn in a day of sorrow! It is as if affliction awoke our powers, and lent them new quickness of perception. We advance more in the knowledge of Scripture in a single day, than in years before; we learn "songs in the night," though such music was unknown before. A deeper experience has taken us down into the depths of Scripture, and shown us its hidden wonders. Luther used to say, "Were it not for tribulation, I should not understand Scripture." And every sorrowing saint responds to this, as having felt it; as did David, when he said, "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, and teachest him out of Thy law: it is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." What teaching, what training of the mind, goes on upon a sick bed, or under the pressure of grief! And, O, what great and wondrous things will even some little trial whisper in the ear of a soul that is "learning of the Father!"

In some cases this profit is almost unfelt, at least during the continuance of the process. We think that we are learning nothing. Sorrow overwhelms us. Disaster stuns us. We become confused, nervous, agitated, or, perhaps, insensible. We seem to derive no benefit. Yet, ere long, we begin to feel the blessed results. Maturity of judgment, patience in listening to the voice of God, a keener appetite for His word, a quicker discernment of its meaning; these are soon realised as the gracious results of chastisement. The mind has undergone a most thorough discipline, and has, moreover, made wondrous progress in the knowledge of Divine truth, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost.—*Bonar.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE DUTY OF PRAISE.

"I do not think it wise," said one in conversation with another, "for our daughters to spend their time in acquiring what is called by some a musical education; but I do think it important that they should be taught to sing the praises of God. I am inclined to think that Christian parents are greatly in this matter. They believe that they are under obligation to teach their children to pray; but they seem to think it optional whether they shall teach them to praise God or not. Now, I suppose we are just as much bound to teach them to praise God, as we are to teach them to pray to Him."

"Do you think so?" was the reply. "But you forget, so long as their hearts are unchanged, they cannot sing the praises of God acceptably."

"The difficulty is just as great in the way of their praying acceptably. But let us avoid all theoretic difficulties, and look directly at the commands of God, as given in His word. All are there commanded to pray. We feel it to be a duty to teach our children to pray. We know that great benefits result from teaching them to pray. But in the Bible, the commands to praise God are more numerous than the commands to pray to Him. Why, then, should we not teach our children to praise Him?"

"I cannot say why we should not. I never saw the matter in that light before. There are very few who think with you, I imagine."

"That does not change the state of the case at all. The question is, not what people think upon the subject, but what the principles of God's word require. Popular

opinion is not the authorised interpreter of God's law."

"Every child can pray; but every child cannot sing."

"Instruction is necessary in both cases: the difference is only in degree."

"There are some children who have no ear for music, and hence cannot be taught to sing."

"That does not affect the great majority, who can very readily be taught."

"It does not seem to me to be a duty to teach our children to sing."

"You believe it to be the duty of every one to study the word of God?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose one is unable to read."

"It is his duty to learn to read."

"I agree with you; and, on the same principle, I would say it is his duty to learn to sing. One cannot study the word of God without learning to read: so he cannot sing the praises of God without learning to sing."

"I confess I cannot answer your arguments."

"I hope, then, you will yield to the force of them. I believe the benefit which would result to our children from accustoming them to frequent expressions of gratitude and praise to be very great. A child who never makes use of any expressions of gratitude to his parents, becomes a very ungrateful child. There is a peculiar connexion between the expression of gratitude, and the awakening of the emotion in the heart. I fully believe that if we were as careful to teach our children to sing the praises of God daily, as we are to teach them to pray daily, there would soon be a wonderful change in all our families."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SINGULAR AMERICAN BEES.

We saw, the other day, through the politeness of a gentleman residing at Smedley, a curious species of the bee, introduced from Central America, and forming, we imagine, the only colony of their race established in Europe. These little creatures were accidentally brought to England in a piece of logwood, from the Gulf of Honduras, and were discovered, by their present owner, lying in an almost torpid state, among the decaying bodies of their kinsfolk and fellow-citizens, who had been crushed, frozen, you drowned, and done to death in a thousand ways, by the casualties of their rough

transportation. Being nourished by artificial heat, and hived in a small pyramidal box, with glazed windows, the remnant of the race seem to have forgotten the pains of exile in the bustle of their active occupation, and bid fair to survive the approaching severities of a northern winter. The difference between these insects and the honey-making population of this country is very great, and makes the former interesting to the naturalist. In size they are extremely diminutive; scarcely larger than some species of black ant, and of nearly the same uniform colour. Their style of working is as peculiar to themselves as their personal appearance.

Instead of building the cone with the beautiful regularity and precision attained by their kindred, whose labours have been celebrated in verse, familiar to the infant mind, they raise perpendicularly from the floor of the hive an irregular but graceful tree, like a coral-branch, and appear, as far as they have yet gone, to be engaged in dividing this fabric into stories, and building around about it a circular tower. The whole of the cone, and also the honey, are of a less agreeable colour than those with which we are familiar, and bear a very strong resemblance, in this respect, to preserved tamarinds; in fact, the whole structure, and its swarming inhabitants, might easily be mistaken, at first sight, for a few spoonsful of that conserve, invaded by the most diminutive of domestic flies. The taste of the honey partakes of a lemon flavour, and is

less cloying than our own. Of course, the monarchical form of government prevails among the bees of Honduras, although natives of a part of the globe where republicanism is in the ascendant, and revolutions are almost as annual as the harvest and vintage. We understand the Queen-bee is as large as a wasp, but we did not see her; she sat somewhere in solitary grandeur within the penetralia of the hive, and the divinity which doth hedge royalty, as her protection from prying eyes. Perhaps the most engaging characteristic of herself and her subjects remains to be mentioned: they have no stings. Whether it was that nature had denied them weapons, or that, even under a despotic government, a general disarmament had been effected, we hardly thought it necessary to inquire.—*Manchester Guardian.*



THE AUSTRALIAN DOG.

It has been remarked by our zoological authorities, that in this specimen we have the dog in that condition in which he may be supposed to approach most nearly to a state of nature, as the companion of a race of savages, among the lowest in the scale of intellect that the world exhibits. Our common humanity must be humbled, moreover, by the proof that animals of this genus seem not unfrequently to outstrip, in their degree of intellectual development, the barbarian masters who hold them in subjection.

The Australian dog was observed by some

of the earlier navigators who touched upon the coast of New-Holland; but they scarcely recognised it as belonging to the canine order. In size and proportions it resembles the common house-dog. Its legs are strong; its head tapers into a short pointed muzzle; its ears are short, and generally directed forwards; and its tail is long and bushy. Its hair is of a deep fawn-colour in the upper parts; but becomes gradually paler on the sides. In strength, agility, and courage, it is remarkable. One of these dogs, confined in the French menagerie, showed a disposition to fly even upon the leopards and bears. The New-Holland dog is, clearly, not

at his ease in the society of civilised man. His wildness and ferocity seem to result

from his want of confidence in those by whom he is surrounded.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CLEMENTINA ROBERTS, OF HANHAM, KINGSWOOD.

Her maiden name was Frampton: she was born at Kingswood-hill, November 5th, 1788, of parents who feared God from their youth. They were among the early Methodists of Kingswood; well known, and highly respected for their strict integrity and enlightened and stable piety. They had a large family. Ten of their children lived to become settled in life. Their efforts to bring them up for God were sincere and earnest, judicious and effective. Most of them were in early life brought to the Lord, and have lived to adorn their Christian profession. Mr. and Mrs. Frampton continued in the courts of the Lord's house to a good old age; being at the close of life, each of them, of considerably above fifty years' standing in the Methodist Society.

Clementina and two of her sisters were awakened by means of a terrific thunder-storm. God then spoke with power to their consciences, and showed them that they were unprepared to meet Him. They had seen and partially felt the importance of religion; but, like too many others, they delayed to fulfil the gracious command, "Give me thine heart." From this memorable hour Clementina and two of her sisters were all decided for heaven and for God; and, yielding themselves unto the Lord, they at once joined the Methodist Society. Her sisters soon found pardon; and, "having obtained help of God," they witnessed a good confession. Clementina, who had joined the class of the late respected and useful Mrs. Stevens, remained several weeks in poignant distress. It was at the class-meeting, while her friends were engaged in prayer for her, that the happy moment of deliverance came. The witness of her adoption was very clear; her joy was great; her testimony scriptural, and abundantly satisfactory to all. In short, she became "a burning and shining light."

A remarkable instance of her decision of character in religious matters is worthy of marked attention, especially by the young. Prior to her conversion she was engaged to a young man, and would soon probably have entered with him into the marriage covenant. But now, being "a new creature in Christ Jesus," she saw that, as *he* did not possess religion, *with him* she could not "marry in the Lord." She took proper steps to break off the connexion; beautifully exemplifying obedience to that Divine command,—"*Be*

ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; come out from among them, and be ye separate." This laudable act, and her general excellence of character, soon marked her out as a suitable companion for another, more worthy of her esteem and affection, to whom she was united in holy matrimony; and long and happy was the union. Had a thousand others so "acknowledged God" in similar circumstances, how surely would He have "directed their path," to a happier domestic circle than that which they have found!

Mrs. Roberts became the mother of ten children. She was happy in this endearing relation of life. It is true, she suffered the pang of repeated bereavements; but she lived to see nine of her ten children brought to God, and the other "not far from the kingdom." Those who went before her left a most satisfactory testimony that they "died in the Lord." Some of them "finished their course" in the full triumph of faith and hope, and their "good names" are still as "precious ointment." There is every reason to hope that they will at length form an unbroken family in heaven.

In her Christian profession, Mrs. Roberts was unwavering from the day of her happy conversion to the hour of her removal hence by the inscrutable providence that called her home. Unblamable, just, devout, kind, and spiritually-minded, she was a Christian in all relations of life. Her widowed and mourning husband, in whose class she met, testifies, that her experience, while generally not so marked by the joy of faith as that of some of God's children, was, on the two Sabbaths immediately preceding her death, unusually satisfactory and happy; and more particularly so on the day before the accident occurred by which her earthly course was terminated. During the successive hours of the following day, her inward happiness was visible to all about her, in an abiding and cheerful pleasantness which was stamped on her countenance; and which, it was remarked, seemed to continue even after death.

Respecting her lamented and mysterious removal, Mr. Roberts states:—"About seven o'clock in the evening, she took the care of the shop upon herself, she took the care of the shop upon herself, according to a previous family arrangement, during the time that the usual public prayer-meeting was being held in the kitchen. After the meeting had proceeded for about three quarters of an hour, we were alarmed by a person informing us that Mrs. Roberts had

fallen over the wall in front of the premises. On lifting her up, to *our utter astonishment and consternation, we found she had ceased to breathe.** What drew her to the place

* The house stands on a considerable elevation by the road-side. The wall referred to, is fifteen or twenty feet from the front of the house, with its top

from which she fell, is unknown to us; but the day will declare it. We could only say, 'The Lord's will be done.'"

B. CARVOSO.

nearly on a level with the threshold of the door. The accident occurred January 29th, 1847.

POETRY.

A CHRISTIAN ARTISAN AND HIS CHARTIST FELLOW-WORKMEN.

[The following verses are from the pen of an unknown writer, and were suggested by a Chartist publication. Four words have been altered, and one or two verses omitted, in order to adapt the piece more fully to our pages.]

God, my brothers, will not leave us :
Still His heaven is o'er us bent ;
His commandments are not grievous ;
Do His will, and be content.
Only Truth and Love shall flourish
In the end, beloved mates ;
Only Charity can nourish
Those whom Charity creates.
Believe in God.

You have woes by forge and furnace,
You have darkness, you have dread ;
You might work in radiant harness,
For your God is over-head.
Does not night bring forth the morning ?
Does not darkness father light ?
Even now we have forewarning,
Brothers, of the close of night.
Believe in God.

Many, many are the shadows,
That the dawn of truth reveals ;
Beautiful, on life's broad meadows,
Is the light the Christian feels.
Evil shall give place to goodness,
Wrong be dispossest by right ;
Out of old chaotic rudeness
God evokes a world of light.
Believe in God.

Ye have often read the story
Of the Saviour of our race,—
How the gloom outran the glory ;
And the wrath outran the grace ;
How He trod the earth in sorrow,
Yet left bliss wher'e'r He trod ;
How He died, yet on the morrow
Sprang from death to light and God.
Believe in God.

In His love and His endurance,
In His manliness sublime,
Labour shone with bright assurance
Of a holier, happier time.
Then, my brothers, love and labour,
As the Saviour did before ;
Learn to bless a needy neighbour,
Even from a scanty store.
Believe in God.

But you tell me that I mock you
With a measured, mincing verse.
O, my brothers ! I could lock you
In my heart while I rehearse.
But you tell me that your anguish
And your death-toil drive you mad ;
That you see your children languish,
Your beloved ones spirit-sad.
Believe in God.

And you say,—“ In homestead quiet,
Where the roses climb and creep,
Where the vine is running riot,
And the bees sing you to sleep,
You can give us counsel gravest,
You can fancy and refine,
And you think your heart the bravest,
And you call your creed divine.
Believe in God.

“ But if you had borne the burden,
And the heat of England's day,
Then your heart, like ours, would harden,
You would not believe and pray :
If your soul, like ours, were hoary
With the grief of many years,
You would never look for glory,
Hope for life beyond the spheres,
Nor trust in God.”

O, my brothers ! this is grievous !
But I still believe in God :
Still I think He will not leave us,
And I kneel and kiss the rod.
Trust me, too, that not so brightly
Have life's waters flow'd for me ;
Sorrow daily, sorrow nightly,
Comes alike to me and thee.
Believe in God.

I, too, have been hunger-bitten ;
Much of sorrow and of sin,
More than ever could be written,
Dwelt this failing heart within.
Broken health, and pain, and trial,
Loss of worldly gear, are mine ;
Yet on God's eternal dial,
God's eternal sunbeams shine.
Believe in God.

I through doubt and darkness travel,
Through the agony and gloom,
Hoping that I shall unravel
This strange web beyond the tomb.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

O, my brothers! men heroic!
Workers both with hand and brain!
'Tis the Christian, not the stoic,
That best triumphs over pain.
Believe in God.

O, my brothers! love and labour,
Conquer wrong by doing right:
Truth alone must be your sabre,
Love alone your shield in fight;
Virtue yet shall cancel vices:
Look above, beloved mates;
Only God Himself suffices
Those whom God alone creates.
Believe in God.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around our common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle-wing to soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SPURIOUS PHILANTHROPY.

There is a pretended philanthropy, whose sympathies are wholly expended upon the vile, and never upon the virtuous; upon the villain, more than upon his victims. Its heart is tenderer towards crime under retribution, than towards innocence under outrage. It is far more solicitous to screen a scoundrel from his just deserts, than the innocent from his machinations, or society from destruction. It is far more horrified at the punishment he suffers, than at the sin which brought it on his head. It bends its efforts not to reform the evil doer, but to avert the consequences of his evil deed; striving less to turn him from the way of transgressors than to make the way of transgressors less hard and thorny, and seeking not so much to remove sin, as to destroy the sting of sin. It cares little for men's righteousness, but everything for their comfort. Its words are all honey and oil for the criminal, but vinegar and oil of vitriol for righteous law and righteous men. For the most part, it has no occasion to recognise any rule of holiness, nor any revelation from heaven; but is considerably wiser and more enlightened than the men who were moved by the Holy Ghost Himself.—*Visitor.*

DEATH.

ONE of the Fathers saith: "That there is but this difference between the death of old and young men,—that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."—*Bacon.*

HAPPY DAYS.

Few of us keep record of happy days. "How many happy days," writes an American author, "pass unnoticed in the table of life's chronology; unrecorded either in the book of memory or the security annals of our thanksgiving! How many happy months are swept away beneath the silent wing of time, and leave nor name nor record in our hearts! Sweet moments of quietness and affection! Glad hours of hope and joy! Days, yea, many days, begun and ended in health and happiness." We think so much of one or two crosses, and forget a hundred blessings. In the hour of affliction we exclaim, "God be merciful!" but we seldom say, "God be praised!" We reckon up the rain-drops, and forget to notice the sunbeams. We keep a record of storms and tempests, and omit to mention the many calm, fair days between. In domestic life, when the tone of love and peace goes through the house like a key-note, its melody falls unacknowledged on our hearts; but let the slightest discord arise, and how earnestly, how prayerfully, we seek to have the broken harmony restored! We remember to call upon our God and Saviour in the day of trouble; but we forget to thank Him for happy days. As Bishop Bull says, "We write our mercies in the dust; but our afflictions are engraven on marble."

There are days in every one's life—although they may be few and far between—when the sky is all blue; when the ground seems to spring beneath our tread; and a glory and a brightness rest upon common objects; "when all nature," as the Rev.

James Hamilton says, "appears to be singing the 148th Psalm." These are happy days. A little thing will make us happy sometimes; such as good news, a kind word, the meeting of old friends, or the presence of those we love. "I have been, at different times, so happy," writes a late poet, "as not to know what weather it was." In my joy, I have forgotten everything." He forgot, as we are so apt to do, the Author of all happiness. Caroline Fry, writing on a similar occasion, but in a different spirit, says, "I am doing nothing but enjoying myself and giving thanks." Thanksgiving is, or should be, the natural accompaniment of happiness.

We used, at one time, to visit and read to a poor widow, whose only son was supposed to have been lost at sea. He quitted her, as he thought for a few months, promising that it should be his last voyage; but a long, long time passed away without bringing any tidings of him, or the ship in which he had sailed. It was a sad trial to the bereaved mother; those only know how sad who have suffered under a similar affliction. She could have borne to have seen him laid in the quiet grave, and said meekly, "God's will be done;" but the mystery of his disappearance, the faint hope of his return, unsettled and harassed her continually. Sometimes when we have been talking or reading together, she would become pale and silent all of a sudden at the sound of a strange footstep. In the dark winter nights she was always fancying that she heard some one knocking or calling without, and would leave her warm bed at all hours, to unfasten the door, and listen for that voice which no one but herself ever expected to hear again on earth. How sorrowful was the conditional prayer of that poor lone woman, the vague supplication, "If yet he liveth!" But God heard and answered it, nevertheless.

News came at length, that the long-missing vessel had been seen and spoken with; glad news, which we kept to ourselves for a time, lest it should turn out to be only another of those vague rumours which had served to keep the widow's mind in a state of continual unrest, and which were fast wearing away her feeble frame. A few days afterwards it was authenticated, beyond all doubt, by the arrival of one who was the bearer of a few hasty and half-illegible lines, addressed to his mother by him whom we had so long numbered among the dead, announcing his speedy return. I shall never forget the poor mother's joy. I have never forgotten her first words, or the lesson which they contained.

"O! happy, happy day!" exclaimed she, with clasped hands and tearful eyes. "My blessed Saviour! O, happy day! My heart is so full! I want you to help me to thank God, my Saviour! O, happy day!"

I am quite sure that nothing enhances

our pleasures half so much as being able to see the hand of God in them, and receiving them as the gift of our reconciled Father, through Jesus Christ. Religion blends together the beauty of earthly and spiritual things. Those who sit long in the sunshine are apt to be dazzled with its splendour, so that they cannot readily lift up their eyes; and therefore it is that night and shadows are often found to be good for us. When we are most happy, we glance around, and all seems bright; but ah! how much brighter would it seem if we first looked up! Then, as though gazing through a golden-tinted glass, a glory rests upon all!

We have alluded to a few of those things which make us happy; such as good news, a kind word, the meeting of old friends, the presence of those we love. and are they not all God's gifts? He maketh everything work together for our good. He putteth it into the hearts of others to love and be kind to us. He casteth our lot in pleasant places amid friends and kindred. Dear reader, have you never woke up in the morning, with the sun shining into your chamber, and felt glad and happy, you knew not why? The sweet sleep that refreshed you, the bright sunlight, the healthful feeling, were all God's gifts, commanding us to be thankful. Have you never had it in your power to do good to others? to speak kindly to the afflicted? or make some little sacrifice, out of love to Christ? The day in which you have been able to do this will have been a happy day; but you must thank God for it. We cannot of ourselves even think a good thought, and much less can we do a good deed. To Him be all the glory. Let us exclaim, in the language of David, "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee." (1 Chron. xxix. 11.)

Every heart, it has been said, has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not of. A late author touchingly demands, "Show me a heart without its hidden wound." It may be so; but we still maintain, with a cheerful faith, that it has also its secret happiness and its hidden joy. We are told in the Scriptures, that "the heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." What a sweet employment it would be to keep a constant record of happy days, a journal of thanksgiving! If we were only as ready to praise as we are to murmur; as watchful for blessings as we are for trials; as eager to set up our Ebenezers as we are to pour out our complaints; how soon would such a journal be filled!

The most sorrowful have their happy days. With deep affliction God giveth strong consolation; so that we may walk softly, and yet not sadly. The season of trial serves to endear the friendship which clings to us all the closer in the hour of need. The barriers

of reserve are broken down, and fond hearts reveal their long-hidden sympathy and affection; so that oftentimes we smile amidst our weeping, "and kiss," as Flavel says, "that sorrow at parting which we met with fear and trembling," exclaiming, with the tears still undried upon our cheeks, "After all, this has been a happy day!"

"Happy days resemble white stones erected here and there in our journey through life. They are like the wells in the desert; and it is sweet to sit beside them and rest. They are flowers by the wayside; stars in the night; pleasant recollections; joyful anniversaries; occasions for deep thankfulness; sweet food for memories; and themes of delightful conversation! We sit and talk of them by the blazing hearth, or as we wander together in the summer twilight, whispering gently one to another, "Do you remember?" We think of them when we sit alone. Some weep, exclaiming, "Alas for those happy days! Will they never come again?" Let us rather thank God for them. Let us say, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."—*Visitor*.

DRUNKENNESS PICTURED.

There is no heaven-planted affection which this vice of drunkenness does not blight. Travellers tell us of an upas-tree that kills all beneath its shade. It is now proved that God never made such a tree, but man has. It grows in Britain. It flourishes in the vice of drunkenness. We have seen every flower that adorns the ruins of our nature wither and die beneath its deadly influence. Working more wonderful changes than any to be found in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, it has transformed man's very nature, and turned parents, brothers, sisters, children, into monsters of cruelty and crime. The confirmed drunkard is one whose kindness cannot win, nor pity move, nor even grim death himself appal. What think you of a son lying drunk on the floor in the same room where the parent whose heart he had broken lies dead in the coffin? That youth lying there, once the most loving boy for whom a pious father ever prayed; and now, when others enter the solemn apartment,—horrible association!—the drunk and the dead are found there alone! What havoc it works on the parental heart! Go with me down this dismal close, and ascend the old stair of a house, where, as you see by the magnificent balustrade, the rich ornaments of the ceiling, and that noble chimney-piece of marble, within which slumber some wretched embers, rank and affluence were wont to dwell. This great room sounds drear and empty to our tread,

and smells—how foul it smells!—of fever and death. A wretched bed is there, almost the only furniture; and what an object lies on it, in life's last painful struggle! We have walked many an hospital, but never stood over a more humbling sight. We saw a woman, exhumed after the body had lain six weeks in the grave; but neither when we raised the soiled face-cloth from her features, nor when we stood at her feet, when she nodded her head to us as every blow of the hammer fell on the chisel with which they opened her skull, did the dead appear so terrible as the living in this chamber. Dying of most malignant small-pox, and tossing about its skeleton arms in the throes of dissolution, a child lay on the bed before us, with its face now swollen, horrid, hideous spectacle, which had obliterated the features of humanity. It was enough to melt a heart of stone; or, as Robert Hall said of York Cathedral, it was a sight to sober a Bachelman! And surely the reader will sympathise with our deep detestation of this accursed vice, when he knows that with such a spectacle to gaze on, to weep over, with such a sight to wring their hearts, the father and mother stood by, and, pretending that the doctor had ordered it for the child, *asked us for money to buy whisky!* Like the gusts on a mountain lake, one passion sometimes rapidly succeeds another. Our pity changed into indignation; and when we turned round on them with the charge of falsehood, the father acknowledged it to be a lie. Not so the mother; for although the bear will die in battle for her whelps, and impale her shaggy breast on the huntsman's spear, she, the mother, the inhuman monster, stood as hard as iron. Disease had not wrought such havoc on the poor sufferer's face as drunkenness had on the mother's heart; and it was a positive relief to turn from her to it: the physical was less revolting than the moral corruption. Look how this horrid vice rends asunder the ties with which God binds those who have lain on the same mother's bosom, and been rocked in the family cradle. Let the reader accompany us to a respectable part of this city; and, supposing us to be now standing by the door, let us inform him that the house is inhabited by two sisters, one of whom is the widow of a gentleman who belonged to a most respectable profession. Having gone to visit the unmarried sister, we were engaged in reading to her a portion of God's word, when the widow entered the room; and although our eye, as it glanced from the book, caught something strange in her bearing, we suspected nothing till we knelt in prayer, when the wild muttering at our side convinced us that drunkenness was there, profaning the presence of God. Abruptly breaking off, we hurried from the apartment; and, having left the widow in the room, we took an opportunity of expressing

our pain and sorrow to the sister, who had followed us to the door. There, blushing with shame, and trembling with agitation, the bitter tears streaming down her face, she briefly told us her melancholy story. "How kind my sister used to be! but now she is a drunkard, and"—wringing her hands—"I am wretched." When half way down stairs, we heard screams sounding as if they came from the house which we had left; we stopped, and, as we listened, they became louder and louder, and more distressing. We hurriedly retraced our steps; and, being fortunate enough to find the outer door open, we suddenly entered the room from which the cries came. We can never forget the spectacle: it is calotyped in our mind, and is as fresh as if it had been seen but yesterday. The widow lady stood in the middle of the floor; her cap, which had fallen off in the struggle, lay on the carpet; her long, grey hairs were streaming over her shoulders; and her eyes were shooting fire. She was the very picture of a demon. With one hand she grasped her sister by the throat, and with the other was beating her on the head with a large key, while the blood streamed over her face and dress.—*Dr. Thomas Guthrie.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

"I —, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may soon be palsied in mind, and having entered upon that course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament:—

"Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart. To each of my children, I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by His word that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Drunkard, this is your will.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

THE longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself, What should I do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved, to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil, that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations; and that it is not in reference to the ungodly world only that that passage is true, "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey;" but even in reference to professors also, amongst whom there is a sad proneness to listen to evil reports, and to believe the representations they hear, without giving the injured person any opportunity of rectifying their views, and defending his own character. The more prominent any man's character is, the more likely he is to suffer in this way; there being in the heart of every man, unless greatly subdued by grace, a pleasure in hearing anything which may sink others to his level, or lower them in the estimation of the world. We seem to ourselves elevated, in proportion as others are depressed. Under such circumstances I derive consolation from the following reflections:—1. My enemy, whatever evil he says of me, does not reduce me so low as he would if he knew all concerning me that God knows. 2. In drawing the balance, as between debtor and creditor, I find that if I have been robbed of peace, there are pounds and talents placed to my account, to which I have no just title. 3. If man has his "day," God will have His. See 1 Cor. iv. 7.—*Simcox.*

THE WAY TO DISCOVER TRUTH.

WHILE I briskly read what other men said in their controversies, my mind was so prepossessed with their notions, that I could not possibly see the truth in its own native and naked evidence; and when I entered into public disputations, though I was truly willing to know the truth, my mind was so

forestalled with borrowed notions, that I chiefly studied how to make good the opinions which I had received, and ran further from the truth: yea, when I read the truth, I did not consider and understand it; and when I heard it from them whom I opposed in wrangling disputations, or read it in books of controversy, I dis-

covered it least of all: till, at last, being in my sickness cast far from home, where I had no book but my Bible, I set myself to study the truth from thence; and so, by the blessing of God, discovered more in one week than I had done before in seventeen years' reading, hearing, and wrangling.—*Baxter.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE APPLE.

"ALL the cultivated varieties of apple," says Professor Balfour, "are derived by grafting from the native species, *pyrus malus*; while pears have their origin in *pyrus communis*." Of this important fruit, the crab-apple of the hedges is the original; formerly much valued for its abundant verjuice, but now depreciated by the use of milder acids. The apple has a peculiar tendency to change; the blossoms of its different kinds often fertilising each other, even where modern methods of securing that result are not applied. In the catalogue of the Horticultural Society, fourteen hundred varieties are described; and it is supposed that this is not more than half the number known. The season proper for planting is as soon as the leaves begin to drop,

Apples are not good in Palestine; and many biblical scholars think the *citron* intended in several texts of the Old Testament, which, according to our venerable translators, mention the apple. The citron-tree is highly appropriate; being fragrant and exceedingly beautiful, whether in flower or fruit. Yet the apple was cultivated both east and west of the Holy Land; and it is admitted that it flourished on Lebanon.

From the application of the word *pomum* to fruiting general, the Latin Christians and others have believed the apple to be the forbidden fruit; while some of the Easterns give this sad pre-eminence to the fig, and some to the grape. Certain Mahomedans have inclined to think it was an ear of corn! All these, it is needless to add, are vain and profitless speculations. Leaving this dream-land, we

may observe that a temperate climate well suits this useful fruit. England has bestowed it on the New World, where it has become highly valuable. It has so possessed the

Chilian soil, indeed, that the great river in the province of Concepcion rolls millions of apples down to the very sea-beach every autumn.

POPERY.

BIBLE-BURNING.

[In August last, the Synod of "The Union of the Evangelical Churches of France" assembled in St. Foy, an ancient town situated in the Department of the Gironde. At that Synod, Dr. Lindsay, of Glasgow, attended as a deputy from the United Presbyterian Church; and in an account of his visit which he has published, he records the following striking incident.]

On the evening of Friday, August 30th, a young man preached, who was to be ordained in the following week. The church was densely filled with a most attentive audience. Outside, too, there was a numerous attendance, but of parties who were actuated by a totally different spirit. Their object seemed to be, to give all the annoyance they possibly could, and to excite the apprehensions of the worshippers. There was much talking, and shouting, and laughter; and, on one occasion, the noise was so great, that the worship was suspended for a few minutes. The congregation within, however, maintained the most perfect order and composure, with the exception of a few individuals near the door, who belonged to the party without; and the services were brought to a regular close at the proper time. It was with some difficulty the congregation could retire, on account of the pressure of the crowd without; and hands were laid upon Count A. de Gasparin, when he attempted to remonstrate with them, but no actual damage was sustained by any individual. There were cries of "*A blei, à blei*," (a cant expression, meaning, "To the river, to the river,") but no harm was done to any one. After the dismissal of the church, a Bible, belonging to one of the members, was taken away, and, in a public part of the town, committed to the flames in the midst of a furious crowd, who exulted in its destruction, and threatened the Henriquets with a similar fate some day.* It was a melancholy scene. Poor, misguided creatures! What a brutalising system is Popery! What an enemy to everything like religious liberty! But the most wonderful part of this story remains to be told. A fragment of the burnt Bible escaped, by something like special providence. On the following morning, when one of the members of the church visited

the fatal spot with a sorrowful heart, he found among the ashes a small bit of a leaf, somewhat larger than half-a-crown, burnt all round the edges, but legible in the centre. And the verses upon both sides of this fragment were most remarkable. It was impossible to read them without being struck with astonishment. They were so suitable to the circumstances, that they seemed like a response from God Himself,—on the one hand denouncing the folly and the wickedness of burning the holy Scriptures; and, on the other, encouraging the members of the Union to be steadfast in the hour of trial. On one side of the leaf were two verses of the first chapter of the 1st of Peter; namely, 22 and 23 — "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently: being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." Was not this like a voice out of the very fire declaring how vain it was to attempt the destruction of the word of God? You may burn the Bible; but ten thousand fires cannot quench its voice. "it liveth and abideth for ever." On the other side, were two verses and a half of the second chapter of the 1st of Peter; namely, 19, 20, and part of 21:—"For this is thank-worthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faiths, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called." Was not this, too, like a voice from heaven, encouraging the Synod to be faithful and steadfast under all the reproaches and calumnies to which they were exposed? This remarkable fragment of the burnt Bible was given to M. Monod, the President; who got it framed between two pieces of glass, and read it publicly in the church on Saturday, when it produced a very deep sensation. It was felt to be a message of comfort and encouragement from on high. Fervent prayer was at the same time offered up to God in behalf of the misguided men who had committed the holy Scriptures to the flames; and blessings were invoked upon their heads, in room of the curses which they had denounced upon the Synod and its adherents.

* Henriquet is the name of the Minister of the church where we met.

A POPISH EPITAPH.

THE following epitaph is inscribed upon a monument in one of the Popish chapels in the city of Cork, and illustrates the daring impiety of making the Creator debtor to His creature. But this is inseparable from the doctrine of human merit.

"I.I.L.S.—Sacred to the memory of the

benign Edward Molloy, the friend of humanity, and the father of the poor. He employed the wealth of this world only to secure the riches of the next; and, leaving a balance of merit on the book of life, he made heaven debtor to his mercy. He died, October 17th, 1818, aged ninety. R. I. P."

—*M. Garin's "Protestant."*

ANECDOTES.

DR. CHALMERS'S HORSE.

It is in the ordinary occurrences of life, no less than upon great occasions, that we often meet with striking and instructive indications of fixed habits, and well-marked peculiarities of mind. In this respect, the following incident in Dr. Chalmers's life is not without interest. In his diary we meet, on one occasion, with the following entry:—

"April 14th.—Started before eight. Read a chapter of Greek. Left Kilmany on horseback for Kirkcaldy. Was annoyed with the peculiarities of my horse on the road, and gave way to an old habit of vengeance on the subject. This must be carefully guarded against."

The circumstance is explained by his biographer in a note as follows:—"What most provoked him with his horse, was the frequency with which it threw him. At first, he was much interested by noticing the relative length of the intervals between each fall. Taking the average length, and calculating how far a dozen falls would carry him, he resolved to keep the horse till the twelfth fall was accomplished. Extremely fond of such numerical adjustments, he was most faithful in observing them. In this instance, however, the tenth fall was so bad a one, that his resolution gave way, and he told his servant to take the horse to the next market, and sell him forthwith. 'But, remember,' he said, 'you must conceal none of its faults' and, going through the formidable enumeration, he closed by bidding him be sure to tell that it had ten times thrown its rider. 'But who,' exclaimed the other, 'will ever think of buying the horse, if I tell all that beforehand?' 'I cannot help that,' said Mr. Chalmers: 'I will have no deception practised; and if nobody will buy the horse, you must *just* bring him back again.' The sale was not attempted, or, if it was, no purchaser offered. The horse was finally transferred to his neighbour, Mr. Thomson, of Balmorino, in exchange for one of Baxter's works. It served its new master quietly and faithfully for many a year; and, no vicious disposition ever showing itself, it was plausibly conjectured that, in the first instance, the peculiarities were not so much in the

horse, as in the singularly restless and energetic horsemanship of its rider."—*Life of Dr. Chalmers.*

DO YOU BELIEVE THE BIBLE TO BE THE WORD OF GOD?

A few years since, an English ship touched at one of those islands of the South Seas in which Christianity has been introduced and established. It was commanded by a gentleman connected with a noble family. Some officers and others of the crew affirmed that in their opinion the natives were mere parrots, and only repeated what the Missionaries taught them. Others said, this was impossible. At length it was proposed, that ten or twelve natives should be collected; and that, through the medium of an interpreter, such questions should be put to them as might suggest themselves to any one present. The following questions were then asked:—

"Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?" They were startled; they never entertained a single doubt upon the subject; but, after a moment's pause, one answered, "Most certainly we do." It was asked, "Why do you believe it? Can you give any reason for believing the Bible to be the word of God?" He replied, "Why, look at the power with which it was attended, in the utter overthrow of all that we have been addicted to from time immemorial. What else could have demolished that system of idolatry which had so long prevailed amongst us? No human argument could have induced us to abandon that false system." The same question being put to another, he replied, "I believe the Bible to be the word of God on account of the pure system of religion which it contains. We had a system of religion before; but look how dark and black a system that was, compared with the bright system of salvation revealed in the word of God! Here we learn that we are sinners; and that God gave Jesus Christ to die for us: and by that goodness salvation is given to us. Now, what but the wisdom of God could have produced such a system as this, presented to us in the word of God? And this doctrine leads to purity." There

was a third reply to this question, and it was rather a singular one; but it was a native idea:—"When I look at myself, I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges to my legs, hinges to my jaws, hinges to my feet. If I want to take hold of anything, there are hinges to my hands to do it with. If my heart thinks and I want to speak, I have got hinges to my jaws. If I want to walk, I have hinges to my feet. Now here," continued he, "is wisdom in adapting my body to the various functions it has to discharge. And I find that the wisdom which made the Bible, exactly fits with this wisdom which has made my body; consequently I believe the Bible to be the word of God." Another replied, "I believe it to be the word of God on account of the prophecies which it contains, and the fulfilment of them." After this, they came to the doctrines of the

Gospel, and, among others, to the doctrine of the resurrection; and the question was asked, "Do you believe in it?" They replied, "Yes, most certainly." "In what body shall we rise?" They answered, "In a chapter in the Corinthians, it is said, 'It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.'" The Captain would not be satisfied: he required to know the identical nature of the body which shall be raised. The natives hesitated some time; and at last one said, "I have it: 'We shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him.'" The Captain again said, "I want to know the precise body with which we shall be raised." This occasioned a considerable consultation among them. At length one of them said, "It cannot be like the body of Christ when He hung upon the cross: it will be like His glorious body, when He was transfigured upon the Mount."

PROTESTANTISM.

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST COMMITTEE OF PRIVILEGES, held at the Wesleyan Centenary-Hall and Mission-House, Bishopsgate-street-Within, London, November 21st, and by adjournment on November 22d, 1850, and very numerous attended by Members of the Committee from various parts of England,—

The REV. DR. BEECHAM, PRESIDENT
OF THE CONFERENCE, in the Chair:

On the motion of the REV. JOHN SCOTT, of London; seconded by JOHN ROBINSON KAY, Esq., of Bury; supported by THOMAS FARMER, Esq., of London, and by the REV. DR. HANNAH, Secretary of the Conference,

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

I. That, in common with their fellow-Protestants throughout the United Kingdom, the Members of this Meeting have observed with surprise and indignation the recent change in the system of the Romish ecclesiastical polity in England; whereby, instead of Vicars Apostolic appointed by the Pope, and removable at his pleasure,—as in countries where Roman Catholic Missions are carried on,—a Hierarchy is created, with the privilege of canonical election, with territorial jurisdiction, and with titles derived from English cities and towns: by which proceeding this country is again exhibited as a regularly organized province of the Church of Rome.

II. That, in the judgment of this Committee, the document from Rome, in which this change is promulgated and enjoined, obviously violates a fundamental principle of the British law. The constitutional

supremacy of the Crown has always been understood to preclude the exercise of dominion and authority over British subjects in these realms by any foreign Prince or Potentate. From ancient times this principle has been strongly asserted by Englishmen; and, though more recent legislation has repealed the extreme penalty of the law, it is still recognised as an offence to bring in, or put in use or execution, the Bulls of the Bishop of Rome. Under any circumstances it would be undeniably culpable, on the part of British subjects, to acknowledge the Sovereign of another State as the fountain of honour and authority in this kingdom: but such recognition is especially to be condemned where the foreign Sovereign claims to be supreme over all others, and is ever seeking to build up a secular dominion by means of a spiritual organization; and where, as in this free and favoured land, the rightful Monarch owes the possession of royal power to her declared adherence to the principles of the Reformation.

III. The offensive character of the proceedings in question is enhanced by the fact that the Hierarchy now to be established is placed under the government of a Cardinal; who is, as such, a *Prince* of the Roman Church, and a Councillor and Assessor of the Pontiff, and who must be presumed to have taken an oath to defend the rights of the Pope as his Sovereign.

IV. A further aggravation of the evil is found in the alleged necessity of the recent alteration, in order to the formal introduction of the Romish canon-law, which both the Cardinal Archbishop and his suffragan Bishops, as Prelates of the Church of Rome, will now be enabled and bound to administer

in their several dioceses. In avowing an intention to "govern" the several districts of this country "without personal limitations" on that iniquitous system, these persons do in effect declare war against those religious rights and liberties which are dear to all classes of British Christians, and the maintenance of which forms the best security for the future prosperity of the country.

V. Nor does it at all abate the dissatisfaction and solicitude with which the Committee regards these proceedings, to find it alleged that the Church of Rome hereby claims only the same authority which other nonconforming communities are permitted freely to exercise, and which the Wesleyan body in particular is said to have long employed for its own purposes. Were the claims of the Romish Bishops to jurisdiction restricted to those persons who may voluntarily submit to them, and for so long time only as they may choose to submit,—as is necessarily the case with Protestant Nonconformists,—the force of this consideration would be diminished. But to give formal expression to such limitations, even if they were sincerely contemplated, would be to abandon those pretensions to universal supremacy which Rome has for many centuries put forth, and which she must of necessity maintain. No amount of sophistry can bring the people of England to identify systems which encourage the free circulation and use of Holy Scripture, which are based upon the right of private judgment, and have long been historically associated with the progress of civil and religious liberty,—with a system which sternly denies that sacred right, and of which the practical operation has ever been found inimical to the religious and social well-being of the countries where it has flourished. A broad, clear, and unmistakable distinction exists, and must ever be recognised, between those subjects of the British crown who, owing no allegiance to a foreign power, and claiming no jurisdiction except within the limits of their own voluntary association, gladly recognise the labours and rejoice in the usefulness of other Christians holding the same fundamental truth with themselves; and those whose religion, while it binds them to a foreign Prince as head of their Church, claims for that Church the exclusive possession of the truth, asserts its jurisdiction over all baptized persons, and refuses recognition and fellowship to all who are not within its pale.

VI. That a Memorial embodying these Resolutions be presented to the Queen, assuring Her most Gracious Majesty of the fervent and loyal attachment of the Wesleyan Methodists to Her person, throne, and constitutional authority, and conveying the expression of our earnest hope that Her Majesty's advisers, having had their attention directed to the subject, will deal

effectually with it: and that, if it should be found that existing laws are inadequate for the purpose, application will be made to Parliament for such powers as may enable the Executive Government to maintain unimpaired the supremacy of the Sovereign in her own dominions, and to guard the national Protestantism against the present and all future encroachments. In this hope, which the Committee is greatly encouraged to entertain by the manly and truly Protestant sentiments recently avowed by the First Lord of the Treasury, the Committee forbears for the present to recommend any further measures to be taken by the Wesleyan-Methodist Societies at large in their distinctive character, and respectfully advises them to join in any wise and well-considered movements which may be originated in their several localities.

VII. This Committee, having been called together on an occasion arising out of the vaunted growth of Romanism in this country, is unwilling to separate without directing attention to the subject in a still more important aspect than that to which the preceding Resolutions refer. It is highly improbable that the Count of Rome would have ventured upon its recent measures, but for a serious increase in the number of its adherents during the last half-century, and a marked development of Romish principles and tendencies among those who have not joined that apostate Church. Without inquiring at present into the cause of such a state of things, the Committee may be allowed to express deep regret that it should be in any degree attributable to some members of the Established Church of England; and particularly to those Ministers who share its honours and emoluments, while they neither teach its Protestant doctrines, nor exemplify the simplicity of its ritual in their mode of conducting Divine worship. But the fact of such increase both in Great Britain and the colonies, (to whatever causes attributable,) being patent and undeniable, constitutes an urgent demand upon all who value the truth as it is in Jesus to lay aside indifference, and all petty jealousies and animosities, and to combine their energies for the defence and propagation of the Gospel. It is not merely as the enemy of religious liberty and social progress that Romanism requires to be watched and counteracted; but as a system alike dishonouring to the "One Mediator between God and men," and adverse to peace and holiness. Most earnestly, therefore, does the Committee exhort and entreat those with whom it is officially connected to "stand fast in one spirit," and being "in nothing terrified by the adversaries," to "strive together for the Faith of the Gospel."

Moved by the REV. DR. BUNTING; seconded by the REV. THOMAS JACKSON, of Richmond,—

VIII. That the above Resolutions be

published and circulated at the discretion of the Secretaries.

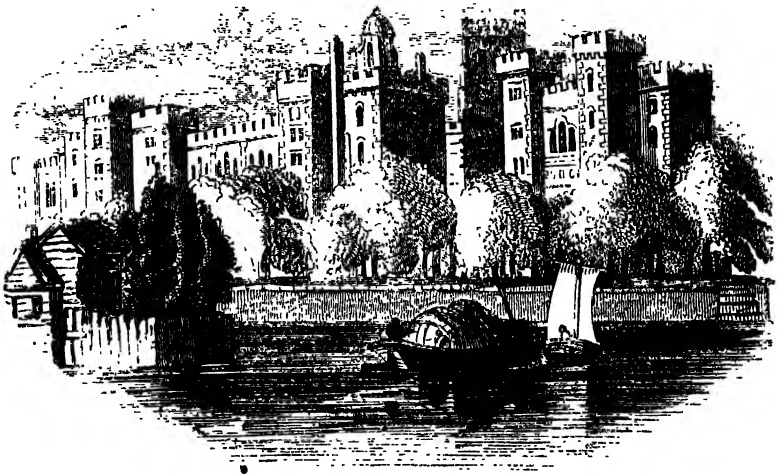
Signed on behalf of the Committee,
JOHN BEECHAM,
*President of the Conference, and
Chairman of the Committee.*

Moved by the REV. DR. ALDER; seconded
by THOMAS WALKER, Esq., of Cheltenham;
and carried unanimously,—

That the best thanks of this Meeting be presented to the REV. the PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE, for convening this Meeting, and for the kindness and ability with which he has conducted its proceedings.

CHARLES WEST,
THOMAS VASEY,
Secretaries.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



LAMBETH-PALACE AND THE LOLLARDS'-TOWER.

THIS palace stands upon the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster-bridge. It is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has been so now for nearly six hundred years. In the time of William the Conqueror, the *manor* of Lambeth belonged to the see of Rochester; but, in the reign of Richard I., an exchange was made, by which it came into the possession of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Amongst the distinguished men that have resided here are Crammer, Tillotson, Wake, and Secker.

The Lollards'-tower forms part of Lambeth-palace. It is situated at the west of the chapel, and fronts the Thames. It is five stories high; and is the only part of the old palace remaining that is built entirely of stone. It was erected by Archbishop Chicheley, who held the archbishopric from 1414 to 1443. At the top of a spiral stone-staircase in the tower, there is a small

room, about twelve feet long, and nine broad. This room is entered by a small, pointed, stone doorway, barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time. The wainscot, ceiling, floor, and doors of this chamber are all of oak, and near an inch and a half in thickness. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards. Round the room are large iron rings, firmly fastened into the walls, about breast-high. Eight of these rings still remain; three on the south side, four on the west side, and one on the north. It is plain that this portion of the palace has been a prison. Chicheley was much opposed to the Lollards, and severely persecuted them. In this tower some of them were imprisoned; and their name was at length attached to the place of their confinement.

In the course of the fourteenth century, when Rome had fearfully corrupted Christianity, the Lollards arose in Germany; but little is known of them except the name, and what the name indicates. The members were fond of singing the praises of God; and from

the German word *lullen*, or *lullen*, signifying to *sing*, they derived their name. Subsequently, when Wicliffe arose in England, his followers were called Lollards. Many of them, doubtless, were persons whose spirits longed for the good which only comes to man through the Gospel of Christ: they felt the guilt and dominion of sin; they felt that external forms brought them no relief; and when some of them found "the way of peace," and enjoyed the "light of life," they were as-

tonished at the blindness of their neighbours, and endeavoured to remove it. These were the Methodists of their day; and, of course, the subjects of persecution. Early in the reign of Henry V., a number of Lollards were put to death in St. Giles's-fields. Early in 1418, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a noble Lollard, was put to death by hanging and burning. Such days are gone by. May they never return!

TABLE-TALK.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.

A DELICATE child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the jewels, in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth, blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

CENSUS FOR 1851.

THE Act 13 and 14 of Victoria, cap. 53, provides, in twenty-seven clauses, the ma-

chinery for taking the population, on *Monday, March 31st, 1851*. The forms are to be prepared under the superintendence of the Secretary of State; and the abstracts are to be laid before Parliament within twelve calendar months next after June 1st, 1851.

PUNCTUALITY.

It is said of Melancthon, that, when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute, to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense;—and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another watch, or I another secretary."

THE TONGUE.

THERE is a world of meaning in the following, from an old scrap-book:—

"If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;
Of whom, to whom, when, and where."

THE REMEMBRANCE.

PASSAGES IN THE LAST HOURS OF THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH,

LATE RECTOR OF WATTON.

IN the month of February last year, the British churches were called to mourn over the removal of this loving and devoted servant of Christ. Although strongly attached to the Church of which he was a Minister, it has been well said of him, that "he had a heart which the Church of England was too scanty to hold, and for which

nothing could be found adequate but the amplitude of the Universal Church."

He was born at Kirby-Lonsdale, March 19th, 1786, and received his education at the Grammar-school of that town. In early life he spent some years in the Post-office in London; afterwards he studied law, and practised in Norwich as a solicitor. After three years' residence in that city he relinquished his profession, and entered the ministry. He then undertook a special mission to the stations of the Church of

England Missionary Society in Sierra-Leone. On his return home, he was appointed joint-Secretary of that Society, along with the Rev. Josiah Pratt; and became also his Assistant at Sir George Wheeler's Chapel, in Spitalfields. In 1830 he was presented, by Mr. Abel Smith, to the living of Watton, in Hertfordshire; and in the rectory there, after a life of incessant toil in the vineyard of his Master, he fell asleep in Jesus, February 28th, 1850.

From the pages of a contemporary we select some interesting notices of his last sickness:—

"It was on January 27th that he preached for the last time, in his own church. His text was, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' He went through his usual Sabbath services, and spent a quarter of an hour with a sick friend in the village. In the evening, his family thought him more weary than usual: but there was no difference in his mental vigour; and he joined with them in singing,—

'Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see!'

"Little, indeed, did they then think that his labours were so near an end, and that he was so soon to enter his heavenly joy. Throughout the following week, the weakness and drowsiness increased, and his medical man thought the symptoms very alarming, but still hoped that the danger of a paralytic stroke might be avoided by active measures. The last hymn that he sung with his family was on the Saturday evening:—

'Off in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.'

'Onward,' was his motto through life. 'Onward,' seems thus to be left as his dying charge. He seemed to have a feeling that his end was approaching; for he said, 'Heaven is near.' The next morning he went down, as usual, alone into his study, and was found there, after a little while, in his arm-chair, unconscious, his limbs stiffened, and his head fallen over the side of the chair. After a blister had somewhat relieved the oppression on the brain, and he was restored to consciousness, he spoke again in his own tones of cheerful faith. 'What a comfort it is not to have to seek salvation now! I can enjoy salvation found. I know in whom I have believed. The Gospel is a reality; I find it so now.' Again: 'Salvation sought, is with fear and trembling: salvation found, is always ready.' When asked for a message for his absent children, he said, 'Say I am very happy in God's love.' The same day he said, 'I have so many mercies, I ought to be full of praise. How easy love makes everything,

when we know the love of God! That is a sweet direction, In every thing give thanks,' &c.

"On the Wednesday, when one of his daughters brought him a cup of tea, he said, 'H—, I will give you a cup of living water for your cup of tea. It is this: (I have been thinking of it for a long time:) But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' 'There may be many pleasant rooms to dwell in,' (alluding to different rooms in his house,) he added: 'They are pleasant rooms, and my room is a pleasant room; but the best room of all to keep in, is the love of God: and what a prospect we have from it! looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. What boundless mansions of glory are there! Keep yourselves, then, in the love of God.' When his son, who joined him that day, asked how he felt, he replied, 'Pretty well, dear. The visions of glory have been quite indescribable. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. All the images of revelation fall far short of the reality.'

"At the close of that week he grew much worse, and lay in a heavy stupor, from which he could not be roused, and from which his family feared he might never waken. On Saturday evening, February 9th, he roused a little, and said, as his wife was feeding him, 'I have no confidence in any goodness or merit of my own. I place my whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.' An invalid child coming up to his bed, he took her hand, and said, 'Renounce every confidence, but in the death of the Lord Jesus.' Then, in a distinct but hurried whisper, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. For I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.'

"It pleased God, however, to spare him nearly three weeks longer; and when he roused again and again, hope would whisper that he might still be raised up. Before the close of the following week, his children had all been sent for. To his eldest daughter, when she joined him, he said, 'You see me a wreck; but Jesus is on board, and all will be well.' He had the strongest conviction that his departure was near, and ardently desired it. When one said to him, 'We hope the Lord will raise you up again,' he replied, 'That is not in the least likely, nor would it be at all desirable. I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. What should I be raised for?—

except for my children; and God will be with them. If I were raised, it would be to a body of much weakness and suffering; if I am taken, it is to glory: the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be mentioned for the glory which shall be revealed.'

"During his illness his mind was frequently roaming, and yet even his incoherent words breathed much of his own loving, devoted spirit; and it was specially noticed that, amidst all the confusion of his mind, when he had no power to choose or arrange a single thought, no one worldly, unholy sentence escaped. 'From the abundance of the heart,' even the unconscious lips were speaking. He clung, too, with increasing earnestness to the Saviour's merits. On one occasion, he asked for the 130th Psalm, and seemed to drink in every word, saying, when it was finished, 'Beautiful it is: that is your father's only ground of confidence.' He had always been very urgent in pressing the duty of private prayer; and, referring to this subject, he said, 'No prayer is lost: they are lasting and living. It is a wonderful thought: No prayer is lost; they live for ever.'

"Though he was in a state of extreme weakness, both of mind and body, his desire for the good of souls was not diminished. Few were allowed to enter his sick room, on account of the extreme quiet that was requisite; but to several of his attendants he spoke words of loving counsel and warning. One of his last conscious sentences to his son-in-law was, 'We must seek first the good of the people: all besides is a passing dream.' And on another occasion he said, 'O that I could get a word of warning to the careless souls in Watton!' Of the tenderness and love he showed during his long and wearisome illness, only those who were privileged to wait around his bed can speak. Each had some special token of fond endearment, and the attention of the nurses and servants who waited on

him was gratefully acknowledged. No impatient word fell from his lips: all he suffered was only, he said, what he deserved. Once he prayed for one of his little grandchildren, that she might have more grace than her grandfather, and less suffering; but added at once, 'This is hardly a legitimate prayer for a child; the suffering is so needful for the grace.'

"On the Friday before his death, he fell into a torpor, which lasted seventy-two hours, with only two passing gleams of consciousness. Once his daughter, who was watching him, saw a gleam of mind pass over his glazed eye, and, going to him, said, 'Dear father, if Jesus is with you, press my hand.' He did so. 'Have you no fears? If not, press my hand again.' The pressure was repeated. He did, indeed, awake from this long torpor, and recovered his voice; but after this he spoke very little, and with much effort. On February 28th, an evident change took place, the rapid and laboured breath forbidding all further hope. His family watched all day around his bed; but he took no notice of them, and did not even return the pressure of the hand. There was no appearance of suffering, but of great languor, like a weary child who fain would fall asleep in his father's arms. Though he did not know them, his family could not doubt he was holding communion with his heavenly Father; for there was a beaming brightness in his eye, which told all that day that his blessed spirit knew itself to be on the borders of the heavenly land. As they watched him, more than once a change passed over his features, and an expression of solemn awe, unminged with terror, seemed to tell that the soul felt itself about to enter the immediate presence of God. About five in the afternoon, the breathing, which was becoming more and more painful, suddenly changed, became very feeble, but gentle and noiseless as an infant's. The exact moment of his departure could not be told, so truly did he 'fall asleep.'"

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armstrong, Miss Mary,	Brampton,	Brampton,	19	Nov. 14th, 1850.
Belsham, Mrs.,	Goldhanger,	Maldon,	54	Nov. 8th, 1850.
Guest, Clara,	King's-Well,	Wednesbury,	19	Oct. 26th, 1850.
Hetherington, Isabella,	Morpeth,	Morpeth,	58	Nov. 14th, 1849.
Stephenson, Miss M. A.,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	17	Sept. 10th, 1850.
Stephenson, Miss Jane,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	21	Oct. 30th, 1850.
Wren, Mr. William,	King's-Well,	Wednesbury,	62	Oct. 31st, 1850.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1851.

“BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.”

(HEBREWS XIII. 5.)

THIS word of admonition claims to be studied, not only by the poor of the Redeemer's flock, but by all who bear the Christian name. Every man sees, or fancies he sees, heights of prosperity which he has not reached; and it behoves every man, therefore, to examine himself in regard to the sweet and sacred temper of contentment. A profitable light is shed on the subject by the terms of the Apostle's precept:—“Let your CONVERSATION be without covetousness.” The word “conversation” is to be taken in its ancient and most comprehensive sense. The *manner of life*, the entire *conduct, habit, and character*, must be free from “covetousness;” unsullied by the low pursuit of wealth for its own sake, and by the vulgar and irrational esteem of worldly possessions as if they enhanced the real dignity of man. Is it not a rebuke to some who profess a holy and heavenly religion, that avarice was regarded, even by the wiser among the Pagans, as utterly unworthy of an intelligent nature?

Contentment has been justly viewed as including the frame in which *all* the dispensations of our Father's hand are rightly accepted. The allusion in verse 6, moreover, suggests the equanimity with which the Christian may meet the assaults of the wicked. Whatever God does, or permits to be done, is to be received in the spirit of those conquering sufferers who “took joyfully the spoiling of their goods,” and who “boldly” said, “The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.”

This grace does not, indeed, imply apathy. The sense of grief does not of necessity excite either anger or complaining. If Christianity made us stoics, it would at once close the spring of many sorrows; but, with equal certainty, it would limit our sweetest gratifications. It deserves to be noted, also, that contentment differs widely from sullenness; from the indifference of a reckless mind; from the inflexibility of pride; from mere silence; and from natural passiveness, ease, and inactivity. Such frames may consist with inveterate discontent, and with the most rebellious murmuring of the heart against God. On the other hand, contentment does not forbid lawful and moderate efforts to secure a measure of earthly prosperity. But, when the toil is fruitless, it proscribes all repining; all withering anxieties for the future; and every sinful compliance in order to obtain a more auspicious result.

It is already plain that we speak of *Christian* contentment; which excels,
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beyond all comparison, the temper which the classical sages lauded in all the melody of their flowing languages, and which a few among them sought and professed to exemplify. The immortal Athenian, whose name is continually associated with this topic, described contentment as "the wealth of nature;" and it has been boasted that his own resources of this "wealth" were never exhausted. But even a Socrates never knew the calm, the elevated, the holy contentment which reigned in the bosom of an Apostle: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." (Phil. iv. 11, 12.) What was the tranquillity of a self-collected Pagan? In its fairest examples, it amounted to a limited triumph of reasoning, an external self-government, and a resolution to brave inevitable griefs. But it did not reach the heart. It did not pervade the recesses of the soul. It knew no submission and complacency in the midst of trials, no humble hope of reaping "the peaceable fruit of righteousness," and no jealous regard to the Divine glory as the grand end. It was equally content with sin and with calamity. Altogether mindless of the most sacred claims, it was unmoved amid the storms which seemed to threaten the abodes of its fabled deities and the tabernacles of men with indiscriminate ruin.

Widely different is the *Christian* grace. Its seat is the heart. It is an inward sweetness, which imparts its virtue to the words and to the life. It is marked by a character of *sanctity*. It is awake to the honour of God's government. Alike opposed to the sullenness of inactivity amid the vicissitudes of trial, and to the blaspheming arrogance that defies the ruling fates, it learns to kiss the hand that withholds what is desired, or inflicts the chastening that is feared. It replies to every stroke, "Good is the will of the Lord." It is not the child of reason, but of religion; the sister of humility and self-denial. It clings to the never-failing "mercy" which "gives even affliction a grace." It acknowledges that adversity, though clad in terrors for the vain and the gay, has a "form benign, propitious," and a "milder influence;" so that, instead of "wounding" and depressing, it tends to "soften," to refine, and to elevate the "heart" that yields to its discipline.

Nature and reason cannot confer this quiet magnanimity. It must be sought from CHRIST, the everlasting Fountain of all good. To Him let us render ceaseless thanks; and especially, while we trace some of the means, in order to this end, which He deigns to sanction and to bless.

Could we gain the ear of that disciple who feels most keenly the pressure of adversity, we would offer such counsels as the following:—

Study the doctrine of Providence.—Remember the *mystery*—another word for God's wisdom and our ignorance—which is impressed on this scene of things. Nothing occurs that you would not choose, did your glance reach the whole. Your extremity is the throne of the Most High,—the very theatre of His interposition. He brings down, and then exalts. "He wounds to heal." He meditates good, "pure blessing," in every arrangement; not merely the general good, but *your* good; and not merely in some occult or distant relation, but present and immediate good. "We know that all things" now "work together" for this result.

Think of the mutual advantages which flow from a variety of orders in human society.—One class may hence learn humility, the lovely temper of gratitude, and the higher appreciation of Gospel-blessings. Another class may glorify the grace of God by following the Saviour in condescension and beneficence.

Reflect on the examples of illustrious poverty.—Moses, who might have remained in Egyptian palaces, was tending Jethro's flock when he was summoned to turn aside and see that great sight,—the angel of the Lord in the bush on Horeb. Elijah, remote and solitary, was fed by ravens; and he drank of the brook that rippled at his feet. Many, "of whom the world was not worthy," were "desstitute, afflicted, tormented." Apostles were often "in weariness and painfulness," "in hunger and thirst," "in cold and nakedness:" they triumphed, indeed; "as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But why enlarge this catalogue? "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" and the King of glory "had not where to lay His head."

Spurn the government of the world.—Indulge no inordinate hope of comfort in the most winning of its scenes. Live above its frowns. Trample on its maxims. Scorn to be satisfied with its delights. You cannot drink contentment at its fountains: nothing that it has to give can meet the deep wants of a deathless spirit.

Think of the evils which result from unsanctified wealth and greatness; and of your lighter trials, cares, and responsibilities.—One of our great English moralists, pointing to his friend's lawns and groves and stately mansion, exclaimed, "These are the things that make death terrible!" And a greater than he has said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"—But, especially, consider your peculiar opportunities of glorifying Christ, and of showing forth the power of His grace. Do you ever sigh for ampler wealth, that you may the more liberally "do good and distribute?" Pause, and restrain the wish. Your resignation, your trust in God, may be far sweeter incense. Are you, nevertheless, using the means already at your command? If so, it is enough. God can unlock the amplest treasures; and perhaps His prescient eye discovers that your disposition would not keep pace with improving ability.

Consider, for motives to contentment, your real condition.—Let each reflect awhile, until the illusions of the world are dispelled. How little do I deserve! How light, in comparison of my sins, and even of what others have endured, are my heaviest sorrows! It is the rod, not the sword; and my Lord "corrects with kind severity." On the other hand, how numerous are my mercies! Can I tell the amount of those which are external? Far less can I estimate the "durable riches and righteousness," which are free for all.

Think of the folly and wickedness of complaining.—This can only make your night the deeper, and the tempest yet wilder with horror. It can only disqualify you for accepting the reliefs and comforts that are provided. Forget not the sins to which covetousness prompts; the uncertainty of riches; the deeper shadows of the adversity that follows; and the fate of the multitude that murmured in the wilderness.

Maintain a habit of meditation on the vanity of life, and on the nearness of eternity.—This scene may be troubled, but it will soon be withdrawn; and I shall wake up amid the changeless realities of the world to come. If joys are transient, so are griefs. Whether we soar or sink here, is a matter of temporary, and therefore of minor, importance. We may "eat and drink;" but "to-morrow we die."

Above all, think of the power of faith, and the sacred dignity of your Christian calling.—Murmuring is quite at variance with the faith which triumphs over the world, and keeps its eye full-fixed on the glories that shall be revealed. Strong confidence keeps the heart in peace; a state of holy serenity and repose, which would be at once forfeited by discontent. Ye who feel the weight of adversity, and yet drink pleasure from the pure

wellspring, take courage. Ye are "princes with God;" "kings and priests" unto "the Father of an infinite majesty." You cannot repine while Jesus says, "I know thy works, and thy patience, and thy poverty; BUT THOU ART RICH." You cannot be poor when the wealth of glory is your inheritance. You cannot be miserable while you have free access to the fountain of everlasting gladness.

Contentment is a shield against many temptations. It brings peace of mind amid the fluctuations of life.* It stills the roar, and abates the violence, of the blasts of adversity. It increases the sweetness, while it promotes the sanctification, of the little we have. Each gift bestowed by God, and now twice-blessed by the adorable Giver, it accepts with gratitude, and finds to be an earnest of more enduring good. "A little that a righteous man hath is," therefore, "better than the riches of many wicked." (Psalm xxxvii. 16.) The description of this lovely temper must be its recommendation too, and the evidence of its blessedness. It is, moreover, ornamental to the profession of religion, and a beautiful illustration of its power. Its distinct and intelligible voice tells all the world that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Meanwhile it multiplies the sources of satisfaction. The contented Christian looks on all creation with joy. He is its heir. All things are his. And, thus enriched, he may be nobly indifferent to the lower and briefer possessions claimed by the great and the wealthy, who "call their lands after their own names."

"Be content with such things as ye have: FOR HE HATH SAID, I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE."—This promise was made to Joshua, on the occasion of his appointment to succeed Moses. (Josh. i. 5.) It was repeated by David to his royal son, in regard to the project of building the temple. (1 Chron. xxviii. 20.) It occurs, also, with some variation, in other parts of the Old Testament.

It is edifying to remark how such an encouragement differs from all the motives, in reference to the same end, applied by Pagan sages. "Fate," said they, "is invincible; and the gods themselves are subject to it. These griefs and deprivations are needful to keep up the harmony of the universe, and the unbroken scheme of its government." Their very best dissuasive was drawn from the folly and futility of complaining. "Thou canst not move the fates: why wound thyself in ineffectual struggles to rend the bars of thy prison-house?" These views may silence, but can never satisfy, the restless mind. But when God says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," a thousand consolations are comprised in one; and the believer joyfully answers, "It is enough!"

"Yes!" (he repeats the answer as each new view of this testimony bursts on him with animating brightness,) "It is enough. I have an interest, then, in the condescending regards of the Almighty. He who orders all things, makes *my* cause *His* cause. God declares, *He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of Mine eye*. He can in a moment reverse the arrangements that seem unpropitious; and He will do what is best for me. Ahithophel and Shimei are subject to His control. It cannot be His pleasure to afflict or grieve His feeble children. It can give Him no delight to see worms writhing at the point of His glittering sword. If I am in sorrow or in poverty, I accept the profitable infliction from the hand of Him who loves me, and who knows what will do me good for ever. He who bestows infinitely richer things will not deny a little silver and gold, if such gifts will not tend to the loss, or the tarnishing, of my immortal crown. O blessed God! as often as thou callest us *thy children, the sheep of thy pasture, the bride, the Lamb's wife*, we hear thy voice renewing the assurance, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*.

"That precious word of Thine also certifies me that, amid all varieties of my external condition, Thy love is unchangeable. What a motive to contentment! Adversity may abbreviate the list of my earthly friends; but sin alone can interrupt my glad soul's converse with my heavenly and omnipotent Friend. No road can be too rough if my Lord be there. No night can be dark if He, the Sun of righteousness, illumine my steps. It would be a dire calamity indeed, if the love and presence of my Saviour were contingent on my outward prosperity. But, in the hour of my distress, His succours become the sweeter and the more abundant. The lowest view of His gracious testimony is, that my bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure. He will supply all my needs. He is (says one) the chief comfort in the best times, the only comfort in the worst. And can I murmur,—a sinner saved by grace, and enriched with the presence of the Most High? Nay, whence to me this overflowing mercy? And who can tell its vast result? Who can number the days of eternity? *I will NEVER leave thee: not in life, not in death. Thou shalt be with me in Paradise.* It is enough! I ask no more. An exile and a traveller, I may be well content with a poor, frail tabernacle here; inasmuch as I seek a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." L.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR AT INNSPRUCK.

"I HAVE just come," says one, "from a house at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of a blind old man named Kleinhaus." Then is given the following interesting narrative:—

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with smallpox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before he was deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure,—anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body,—and thus to judge of the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted? His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labour. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his love of art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers the

figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innspruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venetian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age: he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day as in his youth. During the course of his long career he has sculptured many hundred figures. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By and by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the meantime he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition: no vain desire agitates him; no ambition for honour or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. "I feel," said he, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes." He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses, with a touching resignation, the emotions of a blind man. He sung it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:—

"Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man suffers. O all-powerful God, have pity on him! When spring is come, and the ray of the morning sun reflects itself in delighted eyes, the blind man alone cannot rejoice in the gladdening beams. No picture, no colour, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this is to him a sad privation.

"Yet will I praise the Creator, although He has made me blind: I will worship Him, although darkness surrounds me.

"A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will again be opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendour of the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over His sightless sheep; and, when the thread of this life is broken, He will show them the light of heaven."

When the noble artist had ended this hymn, I pressed his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum he asked for the only two remaining little figures he had, and carried them away as a souvenir of one of the best-spent hours of my travels.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR MARCH, 1851.

A WOMAN of deep and ardent piety had been suddenly called, during the repose of the silent night, to her reward. I visited the cottage in the morning. All was emotion. My heart, too, was affected; for I loved her

much for the truth's sake, and the blessing she had been to many. I stood over the unconscious remains. One who knew her well said, "She was fifty years a member of the Methodist Society, and was never once known to be willingly absent from the quarterly pastoral visitation." Her love to Christ and respect for her Ministers, I knew, had been great; and one observable and observed mark of this was, that she always strove to be present at the renewal of Tickets.

This paper will probably be read by some who are young in the way. Reader, are you such? Has your name newly appeared on the "Quarterly Ticket?" Be persuaded to meet your Minister regularly when he visits your class. There is more in this than some persons perceive. 1. It promotes "brotherly love." In old time, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." By speaking often one to another, they got to know each other's heart. Now this mutual knowledge of hearts—hearts wherein Christ dwells by faith—is a chief cause of love to one another. In this respect, "a word spoken in season, how good it is!" Your willing absence from the visitation is even more than a loss of brotherly love to the class: it is a Connexional loss. *That* is the one meeting of the quarter in which Connexional union is directly confirmed and strengthened. It is especially *then* that the fellowship of saints, and the life of love, may be promoted on the larger scale. 2. Attendance to receive the Quarterly Ticket at the hand of your Minister is a token of affectionate respect for the ministerial character. You openly acknowledge and recognise him as your Pastor; and his hands are thereby strengthened. Absence on your part furnishes Satan with a platform whence to shoot "fiery darts" at your spiritual guide. "The accuser of the brethren" says, "See that vacant seat! It is a proof that thou art not loved. No: thou art shunned and disowned." Thus hands hang down that you ought to lift up. Your presence and your prayers might have defeated the evil one, and enabled a Minister of Christ to rejoice, and glorify God in you. 3. But *you* want the benefit of visible connexion with the church of Christ, more than the church itself wants your aid. Your aid to the visible church may be supplied by others; but the benefit that visible church-connexion confers on you can be supplied by no one. Of the church it is said, "God is in the midst of her;" "God shall help her, and that right early." Romanists say, "Union with the Church is necessary to salvation." This is not true in their sense of the word; not true of any one given church-organisation on earth;—but it is true, if by "church," we understand "the whole family of God." Now see to it, "as much as lieth in you," that you be present at every family-gathering, to occupy your own seat, claim your own heritage, testify your own fraternal affection; that no mistake or "doubtful disputation" may arise in regard to your sacred preferences and attachments.

Some object to attend on this important occasion, because they shrink from the formidable task of speaking in such a meeting. But remember that it is written, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father and the holy angels." Take care you do not in any way "deny Him," lest He deny you before assembled worlds. Myriads have found the quarterly visitation wholesome, and have heartily thanked God for it at their latter end.—But another objects, "I am unable to present my customary contribution." Go, tell your *inability* and your *desire*. It will prove a blessing both to yourself and others. O do not let the "pious poor" be defrauded, nor let them defraud Methodism of their powerful aid!

The text on the Ticket for this quarter is found in Romans, sixteenth chapter and seventeenth verse: "*Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.*"

"Divisions and offences," alas! abound. "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" As the fearful result of agitations still to be deplored in some parts of our beloved Connexion, many, it is to be feared, will have to exclaim in dissolution, "Our lamps are gone out!" Many others, who might have been gathered into the fold, may now never be reached! Others, again, who were going on to perfection, will be greatly damaged for eternity, and will be *saved at last with loss*. Parents who hoped to be found, seven years hence, rejoicing over their sons as examples of whatsoever things are true, pure, and of good report, may now have to mourn over them as infidel and profligate. By "divisions and offences," the attractive loveliness of religion was banished from the domestic circle; slander took the place of salvation; ridicule dissipated religion; uncharitableness and bitterness repelled the unction of the Spirit, and the beauty of holiness. Stumbling-blocks were laid in "the old paths," by the hands of the deluded parents themselves: their children fell; and "destruction and misery" resulted! O my Saviour! by this deed Thou art wounded in the house of Thy friends—Thy own professed friends; and the enemies of my Lord have great occasion to blaspheme!

Well may we be called to "mark" those who "cause divisions and offences." There is, no doubt, a remote and judicial cause to be found in the want of "scriptural holiness" among too many of us. "Iniquity" is in Israel, and God "visits us with stripes." All feel the smart. "I have sinned:" I am possibly contributing, in a fearful degree, to the occasion of the evil. It is, therefore, meet and right, and our bounden duty, to say, in deep humiliation of heart, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Does anything exist by my means, that may lead to divisions and offences? Am I suffering my church attachments to degenerate into denominational pride? Am I chargeable with inconsistency in proclaiming my belief in the doctrine of entire sanctification, while I carelessly pass the years of my profession without seriously seeking to exemplify the blessedness of its experience? Have I blamed other denominations for not holding the direct witness of the Spirit as a general Christian privilege, while I myself have lived without its abiding power within me? Have I in any sense incurred the guilt of leaving my "first love?" Did I once walk in the "narrow way" described in Wesley's sermon on the "Cure of Evil-Speaking," and can I now, without penitential grief, live in the atmosphere of backbiters, and walk without remorse in the counsel of those who habitually tread under their feet the thirteenth chapter of the former Epistle to the Corinthians? And, O! have I not come grievously short of doing my part to spread scriptural holiness over the land? "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

But "if the righteous scarcely be saved," if such confessions and humiliations proceed from the most peaceful and holy in the Connexion, "where shall the ungodly and the sinner," the slanderer of Christ's Ministers, and the disturber of His churches, appear? "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; to their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." How uncharitable, how murderous to souls, the course that a few have pursued! It is to be feared that "in that day" the blood of souls will be found in their skirts! At present, theirs is a pitiable case. Some of them see and feel that they are in a wrong course; and yet they cannot, or will not, free themselves from the "bond of iniquity." Many will doubtless deny this, and proclaim their sincerity. "Can they be credited?" Yes. They may be sincere. But did you never consider the principle contained in the words of

Jesus Christ to His Apostles,—“The time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service!” Did you never mark the sincerity of Saul of Tarsus in “breathing out threatenings and slaughter,” “haling men and women,” and “committing them to prison?” Have you not observed how he said, in reference to these wicked things, “I verily thought I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth?” His conscience did not at the time condemn him; and yet, for these things, he afterwards regarded himself as the chief of sinners. In these matters, where the blinding influence of anger and self-will predominates, it is but little to say, “I am sincere,” or for another to believe me so. It may be argued that the fires of Smithfield were kindled “in all good conscience before God.” “A good conscience” of this kind guards the cells of the Inquisition, and prompts all the enormities of the Jesuits. O that well-meaning, violent, deluded men would open their eyes, and see in their sincerity the master-will of the devil! This point deserves more attention than it has received. Many comparatively good men are now doing in sincerity what will deeply wound them hereafter. Do you ask, How, then, are we to guard against delusion? Tremble at “the deceitfulness of sin.” Ever seek to retain in your hearts the Spirit of adopting love. Keep near the mercy-seat, with your hand on the Bible, and your watchful eye on your meek and lowly Master.

We trace, then, a remote, and a more immediate, cause of “divisions and offences.” The former lies chiefly in the latent remains of enmity to God; the latter in open enmity to man. Were there no enmity to God in the church, there would be no “divisions” among the people; for pure love to God is pure love to man. The less is included in the greater. But *visible* enmity to man, is *certain* enmity to God. Sinful anger against a brother is, in truth, a symptom of want of love to Christ.

But what language can characterise an organised machinery of worldly agitators for the destruction of church-discipline?—In the violence of the storm, *certain vessels near the rocky shore* may be wrecked, and not a few lives lost; yet, by the overruling providence of God, the tempest will have a sanitary influence, and we shall eventually breathe a purer atmosphere.

“Avoid them,”—“them that cause divisions and offences,”—them that are obviously and openly employed in fomenting unholy strife, setting Preachers against people, and people against Preachers:—avoid them! For many reasons. Take one only just now,—*lest you plant thorns in your dying pillow*. A friend of one of the agitators, whose talent and energy were deemed worthy of a better cause, called on him during the — Conference, and affectionately reasoned and remonstrated with him on the consequences of the step which he was then about to take. That friend had long loved him, and he was faithful in urging him seriously to think how the matter would appear when he stood on the verge of the “cold stream.” But the storm was then too boisterous to allow a hearing. Strong in self-confidence, he quoted a smart saying against the Conference, which he ascribed to a man of vigorous understanding and cultivated mind, who was long known as a zealous and leading advocate of change in our Connexion. The friend asked, “But have you heard how Mr. — viewed the subject in a dying hour?” “No.” “Then I can tell you. He lay helpless in bed. The solemn messenger had arrived. He was out of Society. He could not be at ease so to leave the world, and pass to his account before God. The Minister of the Circuit was sent for. With a penitent heart he solicited a note of admission. It was tendered. He accepted it,—and died.” B. C.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE XVII.

DESIGNED BLESSING MADE THE OCCASION OF DESTRUCTION.—2 PETER III. 16.

AMONG the various arguments which have been employed to prove the Divine authority of the sacred Scriptures, there is one fact in their favour, which has seldom been adduced;—namely, the universal homage given to Bible-sentiment, and the desire manifested to have opinion and conduct sanctioned by Bible-authority. No other book yet known has had this deference given. Even the infidel will put on a smile of triumph, if by a quotation from the Scriptures he seems to foil his opponent in argument. We dwell not, however, on the attempts made by different parties to make the word of God appear to sanction their peculiar views, but on the conduct of individuals, who, instead of endeavouring to rise in character to the Scripture standard, exert their ingenuity to bring detached portions of Scripture down to the level of their conduct. In this respect many, as in the days of the Apostle Peter, “wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction.” But, however men may thus use them, they are clearly designed to be a blessing, revealing to man the rich provision of Divine mercy, and pointing out to him his danger, his duty, and highest interest. There can be no disputation respecting the directions which they give to man concerning the way and the work of salvation. On this point their instruction is so plain, that he who runs may read, and the most simple may understand. To one prominent requirement made by them, *a separation from all sin*, attention is often directed. They offer a salvation *from sin*, but not *in sin*. Now to this many who pervert this book are opposed. Not that they object to final salvation from hell unto the full and certain possession of heaven, but to the method of salvation which demands at once the abandonment of all moral evil. They prefer to remain in sin, and plead those portions of holy writ which appear in their esteem to admit that sin and grace may be united. On examination, however, every passage quoted, with a view to afford countenance to the indulgence desired, will be found to be wrested from its proper, legitimate meaning. To notice all of these would form a volume: the space allotted to this paper admits the citation of but one or two. Is a man living in flagrant sin? He tells you that he is not worse than David, who was guilty of certain crimes, yet was “a man after God’s own heart.” (1 Sam. xiii. 14.) Now this character of David, so dwelt upon by infidels, and so wrested by false professors and profane sinners, has nothing to do with David’s morality of conduct. Saul had been unfaithful in reference to a commission he had received from God, and David was chosen to do what Saul had neglected: God knew that he would be faithful to His will, and in this sense he is said to be a man after God’s own heart; that is, one who, as an agent, would accomplish Jehovah’s purposes. In this, and similar interpretations of the word of God, the deceitfulness of the human heart is manifested in pleading for the Agag sin. “You know,” said a thoughtless young man, whom a Minister was warning of the evil and consequences of sin, “You know that we are to thank God that we are sinners: St. Paul says so.” “Indeed! where?” said the Minister. “Why,” replied the youth, “in the Epistle to the Romans. (Chap. vi. 17.)” The passage was read, and was found, on the contrary, to inculcate a doctrine the reverse of the one asserted: God was to be thanked for heart-obedience to the doctrines preached, whereby the deliverance from sin had been obtained. Even an aged sinner comforted himself in

wresting those words of Solomon from their proper meaning: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." That is, thought the old man, that the righteous hath hope in the death of the wicked. On such baseless opinions, rather than part with sin, and seek a saving interest in Christ, do men sometimes dare to rest their happiness in the eternal world. But no portions of the sacred Scripture are more dangerously wrested from their legitimate meaning, than those which declare God to be a God of mercy, and delighting in its exercise. That such is His character, and such His conduct, is a glorious and encouraging truth. But why is this truth so plainly revealed? Doubtless to lead men to repent of sin, and to apply to Him for pardon. But how many, from these declarations, embolden themselves to continue in sin, and multiply their transgressions! "We need not fear," say such; "for God is merciful: He has spared us, and He will continue to spare: it is but a small crime, and He will not punish us for this." "Nay," said one deceived sinner, declaring his sentiments on this point, "God is so kind, that if, with my last breath, I can but say, 'God be merciful,' it will be sufficient." Thus do many now wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction. We fear there are many lost, for ever lost, to happiness and to God, through deceptive, unwarranted conclusions concerning Divine mercy. They have forgotten, or neglected to reflect, that God is holy and just, as well as good and merciful; that sin is the violation of that law which declares, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die;" and that those only who confess the awful evil of sin, and fully forsake it, shall find mercy.

Chelsea.

THE IDOLS OF THE SHOP.

SOME religious people are blessed with a prosperous and thriving trade, or lucrative profession. They have, perhaps, acquired a name, an established reputation, an extensive credit. Their profits are considerable; their property increases; their respectability rises: their neighbours look on, some with envy, others with surprise. How dangerous to the soul is this state of things! Such a business often becomes a too successful competitor with God for the heart. These prosperous tradesmen are apt to embark their whole soul in their concern: it is their happiness, their dependence, their one chief solicitude. They admire their success; value themselves on account of it; watch it with a most acute sensibility; tremble if anything looks like a symptom of change; see with distressing jealousy the incipient prosperity of others in the same line; felicitate themselves on the greatness of their returns; exalt themselves upon the solidity of their credit, and the esteem in which they are held by the world; go to the scene of their success with conscious pride; in short, their soul is bound up in their trade,—it is their idol. They, in effect, say to it, "Thou art my God: save me." But where, all this while, is their religion? Did they ever possess any? If so, it is lamentably low, lukewarm, and feeble. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Let such men know, they cannot serve God and mammon. The Spirit of God, like the glory of the Lord departing from the temple of Jerusalem, will retire from such a heart; for it has become the seat of an idol, which has his altar, and his service, and his worshipper there.—*James.*

THEOLOGY.

THE WELL WITH WATER.

"The mouth of the righteous is a well of life."—Prov. x. 11.

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According to the Scripture, a man who receives, professes, and obeys the truth, is like a *well of water*; while a man who maintains the form of religion, but denies its power, is like a *waterless well*.

A TRUE BELIEVER IS LIKE A WELL. The likeness between the natural thing and the spiritual may be traced through several distinct features: thus,—

1. *In the manner of its flow.*—Speaking of things in the state of nature, and without reference to human art, it is an *overflow*. When the well flows for the benefit of others, itself is full. First, itself is satisfied, and out of its abundance it flows over to satisfy the want of others. In this respect, a Christian is like a well. When he has not much for himself, he has nothing for his neighbours. When he is empty of grace in his own soul, he cannot become the channel of conveying grace to others. On the other hand, when he gets enough to satisfy his soul out of the fulness that is hid in Christ, he will do good to others, whether he intends it or not. The matter does not depend on his purpose or his plan. As the full well must run over, the satisfied soul must make known, in some form, the Saviour's love. "Woe is me," said Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel." Why? No external compulsitor was pressing on the man. He would have incurred no penalty though he had held his peace. It was an internal necessity, a pressure on his spirit within. The pent-up love in his breast would have been a torment to him, if it had not found a channel to flow in. The twofold characteristic of the Ephesian church which reached the ear of the absent Apostle, was their "faith in the Lord Jesus, and love to all the saints." (Eph. i. 15.) They were getting much from the Lord through faith; and, of necessity, they must give much, through love to the brethren. Where there is much faith in Jesus, much grace flows into the soul, and the soul must have vent in an overflow of love. The restored demoniac had been forgiven much, and he loved much. He desired to be in a situation where the

love swelling within him might get vent. He besought Jesus "that he might be with Him;" he desired to become one of His immediate followers and Apostles. The Lord did not see meet to grant his request, as to the ministry of the word through the world; but He provided the means of letting the fountain flow: "Go to thine own house, and tell how great things God hath done for thee." A Christian is like a mother. His breast is full. The overflow to satisfy another's need is not a trouble, a pain: it is relief, delight.

2. *In the effects of its overflow.*—It refreshes and fertilises the surrounding barrenness. The Scriptures afford illustration of the necessity and use of springs of water in a thirsty land. In the marchings of Israel through the wilderness, the record frequently occurs, that at such a place they found water. The spot where water was found might be made a resting-place; but from the place where no water was found, they were obliged, at all hazards, instantly to pass on. Travellers always take special notice of the effects produced by springs on certain spots of these deserts. A few trees or shrubs are seen, breaking the dreary uniformity of the level sand. The hopes of the traveller are raised. As he approaches, he beholds a verdant spot. When he comes up, he finds a well of water. Man and beast, with equal delight, run to quench their thirst; and thereafter throw themselves down to rest beneath the shade of the trees. The contrast is described in Jeremiah xvii. The man that trusteth in man "shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited;" whereas, the man that trusteth in the Lord "shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

Christians, when they live on their Lord, are like wells in the desert. The neighbourhood feels the effect of their presence. The operation of the law may be seen in the spiritual, as well as in the

natural, kingdom. As there cannot be a well in the desert without some vegetation, more or less, according to circumstances, appearing on its brim, so there cannot be a lively Christian in a godless family, or a lively church in a godless neighbourhood, without some spiritual commotion among those who are near.

As to *persons*. When one in a family is visited with Divine grace, and renewed, whether it be parent or child, master or servant, the effects are not limited to the individual in whom the work begins. There will be some springing on the edges of that opened well, even although there may be a question how many of the promises of spring reach the ripening of harvest. If the Divine grace is deposited, and swells, and bursts out in the person of one of the children of a worldly household, the sister or brother nearest in age soon begins to feel the influence of the new gentleness, truthfulness, tenderness of conscience, prayer, interested study, silent sorrow for sin, rejection of evil; these, and many knavish tricks of the renewed nature, take effect on those in closest contact with the source. They may be resisted awhile, but they are resisted always. The heart is smitten, and compelled to religion has a power that comes from God, and leads to God again. The Lord gives testimony to His own word, when it is transfused into the life of a disciple. He puts a power into His word, when it is so received and obeyed, which is seldom altogether resisted. It is not often that grace manifested in one member of a family is limited to the individual with whom it began. There is a species of contagion in the grace of the Spirit, as well as in the lusts of the flesh. Watch, and you will see that about that well's mouth, if it be at all full, there will appear some marks of greenness creeping out, and encroaching on the land that hitherto has been very dry. There is great encouragement to a consistent Christian even in the humblest station. If such an one adorn the doctrine of the Lord Jesus, the effects will certainly be felt.

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3. *As to the source whence the well gets its supply.*—Though the water spring up from beneath, the supply has come down from above. So a Christian, though a well of water to others, looks up to God, and confesses, "All my springs are in Thee."

See this truth in the Scriptures, taught as a doctrine by the Lord, and manifested in the experience of His disciples.—*Taught in Luke vii. 37—39.* Jesus is the source of living water, man thirst, sink." Yet Jesus of living water, them that thirst, of his inner self, of his belly, ster." And to hear that could spring unquenchable in the spake he of leave on Him should receive. Disciples receive from Christ the Spirit of Christ; then and therefore they become wells of water to their thirsty neighbours.—*Manifested in the experience of the disciples.* See them in Luke ix. 51. The inhabitants of a Samaritan village had been unkind to them. "They said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?" How dry these wells are! See them after that outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. There are no petitions after that for fire to consume their adversaries. Thenceforth you find them becoming all things to all men, that they might gain some. Thenceforth they are streams in the desert.

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See this truth in the Scriptures, taught as a doctrine by the Lord, and manifested in the experience of His disciples.—*Taught as a doctrine*, John vii. 37—39. Jesus intimates, first, that Himself is the source of the water of life: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Yet He proceeds to teach that rivers of living water shall flow also from them that believe in Him, from out of the inner recesses of their nature: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." And lest any should be surprised to hear that out of men the water of life should spring for the life of others, it is explained in the thirty-ninth verse: "But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive." Disciples receive from Christ the Spirit of Christ; then and therefore they become wells of water to their thirsty neighbours.—*Manifested in the experience of the disciples*. See them in Luke ix. 51. The inhabitants of a Samaritan village had been unkind to them. "They said, Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?" How dry these wells are! See them after that outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. There are no petitions after that for fire to consume their adversaries. Thenceforth you find them becoming all things to all men, that they might gain some. Thenceforth they are streams in the desert.

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THE SCRIPTURE EXPOSITOR.

THE FEAST OF DEDICATION.

"*And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch.*"—John x. 22, 23.

HUMAN learning is exceedingly useful, nay, exceedingly needful, to the expounding of Scripture.

The text suggests this observation, and gives the proof of it. Here is the mention of "the feast of dedication;" and there is not one tittle else in all the Scripture concerning it. And so there is the bare mention of "Solomon's porch;" and, indeed, it is mentioned once again in Acts iii. 11; but neither here nor there is there anything more than the bare name. Certainly the Holy Ghost would never have mentioned these things, if He would not have had us to have sought to know what they meant. But how should we know them? The Scripture gives not one spark of light to find them out; but human learning holds out a clear light of discovery.

Would you know what this feast of dedication was? upon what occasion it was instituted? how celebrated? at what time of winter it occurred? The Scripture speaks not one word of all these; but human authors, the Talmud, Maimonides, Josephus, the First Book of Maccabees, tell you all fully.

And would you know what "Solomon's porch" was? and where it was? and in what part of the temple it was? In Scripture you can never find an answer to these inquiries; but consult human learning and writers, and they will tell you it was a cloister-walk, on the east bound of the utmost court of the temple; and they will tell you the very space and fashion of it.

Here is a text fallen into our hands occasionally: a thousand others of like nature might be produced. Set any of the men who deny human learning to be needful in the handling of divinity, but to expound me this text without the help of human learning; and I shall then think there is something in their opinion.

"The feast of dedication," as the authors before-mentioned inform us, was instituted upon this occasion: Antiochus Epiphanes, one of the Kings of Syria, having the nation of the Jews under his power and tyranny, raised against them and their religion a very sad persecution. He forbade them to circumcise their children; he restrained the exercise of their religion; he burned

their books of the law; he set up idolatry; he defiled the temple; he set up an idolatrous altar upon the very altar of the Lord in the court of the temple: and all this for "a time, two times, and half a time," as Daniel styles it; or three years and a half. (Dan. vii. 25.)

The Jews had never felt such misery of that nature before; and Daniel, in his twelfth chapter, foretelling of that a long time before it came, saith, that it should be such a time of trouble as had never been since they were a nation.

At last, Judas Maccabeus prevails against his power and tyranny, shakes off that yoke, restores the people and religion, destroys his idolatry, purges the temple, pulls down the idol-altar that he had erected there, yea, also the altar of the Lord, which it had stood upon and defiled; he reareth up a new altar; and on the twenty-fifth day of the month Chislen, which was the ninth month, or their November, he dedicates the altar, and sets the public service of the temple about again. And thereupon he and the generation ordained that day, and seven days forward, for "the feast of dedication," to be kept annually, throughout all succeeding generations, as may be read at large in 1 Mac. iv., and in the authors, beside that, I have named. I might hence observe,

How joyful a thing it is, and how joyful and perpetual a memorial it ought to carry, when decayed religion is restored in a nation! O that England might see that day, and come to such a feast of dedication!

The presence of Christ at that feast was the more remarkable, because there were three things that might not only have warranted His absence, but even persuaded and urged it.

1. The time—it was winter; an ill time to travel: and Jerusalem was a very long journey from Capernaum, the place of Christ's habitation. The Evangelist seems to have added this circumstance the rather, that we might look upon His presence there as the more remarkable.

2. It is said that Christ was at this feast at Jerusalem: whereas He might have kept it in His own town. The three festivals which God appointed by Moses,—the Passover, the Pentecost, and the feast of Tabernacles,—required men's personal appearance at Jerusalem; yet the two feasts that were ordained afterwards, Purim and Dedication, as the records of the Jews tell us, might be kept by the people at their own houses.

3. This feast was not ordained either by the immediate appointment of God, as those three were; nor was there then any Prophet, that by Divine warrant could authorise its institution. It was only of a civil and ecclesiastical sanction, appointed by the higher powers of that generation.

These reasons might have kept Christ from going up to Jerusalem at this feast; and yet you see He is there, joining with the great body of the people in commemorating a merciful interposition of Divine Providence, in delivering their country from persecution, and restoring to them the pure rites of religious worship. — *Lightfoot.*

THE SUFFICIENCY OF SCRIPTURE.

This is our confidence, that as the Scripture has sufficed for the past, so will it suffice for the time to come. It has resources adequate to meet all demands which may be made upon it, whatsoever any new conditions of the world, any new shapes of evil, any new—if they be righteous—cravings of the spirit of men, may require. We believe, that as the Scripture is an armoury in which the church has found weapons for all past conflicts, so will it find them for all that are to come, conflicts which, it may be, we as little forecast or dream of now, as we do of the weapons ready wrought in this armoury for bringing them to a glorious termination; and the weapons, too, themselves being oftentimes such, that they who were by God employed to forge them, while they knew that they would serve present toils, yet hardly knew—perhaps knew not at all—to what great ulterior purposes they should one day be turned. Yet thus, no doubt, it shall be: for, even as, in works of man's mind, talent knows all which it means; but genius, which is nearer akin to inspiration, means much more than it consciously knows; even so wise men, and Prophets, and Evangelists, used for the uttering of this Word, knowing much of what they spake and recorded, yet meant still more than they knew; the Holy Ghost shaping their utterances, and causing them oftentimes to declare deeper things than even themselves, enlightened by that Spirit, were conscious of the while. That which they spake, being central truth, presented a front, not merely to the lies of the day, to the falsehood which they distinctly had in their mind to

encounter, but presents a front to every later lie as well; and so we have entire confidence that the truth being over in the language of Bacon, "a hill not to be commanded,"—such those Scriptures, which are Scriptures of very truth, shall show themselves a hill which shall never be commanded, but which rather shall itself command all other heights and eminences of the spiritual and intellectual world. However high they tower, this Word will always have heights which tower above them all: judging all things, it will be judged of none; itself the measure of all, no other thing will bring a measure unto it.—*Trench.*

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.

BEYOND all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes, the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is aroused; the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?"—these are, unquestionably, the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that may take alarm at even small sins. O! it is not merely great transgressions that can bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are, perhaps, even more deadly: according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The dog, when attacked, tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees; but the little ones seize him below, and tear the entrails away."

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.

I BELIEVE that if you and I were more to heed the whispers of our Father, we should not have so many of His thunders. —*J. H. Evans.*

It is no little mercy to see a hell deserved, and a heaven given.

That rest which we find in the way of believing, is maintained in the way of holy walking.

When I was young, (says Wesley,) I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before: at present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TRUST IN JESUS ILLUSTRATED.

A MINISTER of the Gospel one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, related a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family. He had gone into a cellar, which in winter-time was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door; but on looking down, all was dark, dark; and she called, "Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes: would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I can't come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me; and if you will drop down, I will catch you."

"O! I should fall: I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered; "but I am really here, and you shall not fall, or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther; then, summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after, she again discovered the cellar-door open, and supposing her father

there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and, clasping his neck, said, "I *knew*, dear papa, I should not fall."

And now, my young reader, the Lord Jesus is calling you to come to Himself. He is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and "They that seek me early shall find me." Though, like little Mary, you cannot see Him visibly present, yet He assures you He is willing and waiting to receive you, and you have only to drop yourselves into the arms of dying love, and He will as surely receive you now as when, while on earth, He "took little children in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them."

A FILIAL SPIRIT.

THE judicious Hooker used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so *for the sake of my mother*, that I might requite her care for me, and 'cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A WINGLESS BIRD.

At a late meeting of the Linnean Society, in London, it was stated that Captain Poole, of the East India Company's service, had discovered the existence of a wingless bird on Lord Howe's Island, an island situated between New-Holland and Norfolk-Island. It is about the size of a rail, and is considered by the settlers as good eating. The discovery is considered interesting in connexion with the discovery of the extinct wingless birds of New-Zealand. No specimen has yet arrived in England, but some are on their way.

EGYPTIAN FROGS.

The river shall bring forth frogs abundantly. (Exodus viii. 3.)—Frogs are still very abundant in the Nile, and other waters of Egypt. This, and several of the other plagues, con-

sisted in giving an unexampled intensity and magnitude to some of the greatest nuisances of the country. The astonishing extent of this invasion of frogs is indicated, not only by the immense heaps of their carcases which ultimately corrupted the land; but still more expressly by the fact, that their numbers were such as to oblige them to forgo their natural habits, and, instead of confining themselves to the waters and moist soils, to spread over the country, intruding even into the most frequented and driest places; not the most private chambers, the beds, nor even the ovens, being exempt from their visitation. Here, as in other instances, the objects of superstition became the instruments of punishment. The frog was one of the sacred animals of the Egyptians, being regarded by them as a type of Ptah, their creative power; and also as a symbol of man in his embryo condition. There are probably several species of frogs in Egypt;



but the one most commonly met with is the *rana punctata*, or dotted frog; so called from its ash-colour being dotted with green spots. The feet are marked with transverse bands, and the toes are separate to half their length. This frog changes colour when alarmed, and is comparatively rare in Europe.—*Pictorial Bible*.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

THE ominous death-watch, when drawn from its hiding-place in old perforated floor or wainscot, picture-frame, chest, or black-lettered volume, comes forth (a mouse from a mountain of fear!) a tiny beetle, of some quarter of an inch in length, and in its prevailing hues of grey and brown resembling the colour of the time-worn wood, whose decay it helps (especially in its grubhood) to accelerate. That alarming "tick" to which at midnight many a timorous heart has beat in unison, is generally to be heard first in May, and on to autumn, by day as well as night; and, being considered analogous in purpose to the "call" of pairing birds, has, in reality, as little of ominous about it. The sound is not vocal, but consists of a series of quick successive beats, produced, usually, by the striking of the insect's mailed head upon the hard substance whereon it may be standing, or

into which it has penetrated, most likely, while a grub. Some have supposed the grub itself to be the drummer; but, if this sometimes be the case, the perfect beetle is a drummer too, various accurate observers having been eye as well as ear witnesses of its performance.

The ticking of this apterous death-watch, instead of being repeated at intervals a certain number of times, (usually from seven to eleven,) as that of the beetle, is continued, like a veritable watch, without intermission.

Such is the living main-spring of the death-watch when taken from out its wooden case; and, though all its terrors vanish on being brought to light, it is easy enough to account for their origin in connexion with place, time, and circumstance.

Most heard in old (perhaps *haunted*) houses, proceeding from wainscot or from bed's-head, perhaps from picture-frame of grim old portrait, as if the "tick, tick," of the invisible time-piece issued verily from the laced fob-pocket of some buried ancestor; or heard, possibly, with creeping awe, to proceed, "tick, tick, tick," from the elm-wood of a coffin before consigned with its mute tenant to the earth; heard, too, by night-wakers, the sick and the solitary, —or night-watchers, keeping their vigil beside the dying or the dead,—who can wonder that, with such concomitants, the

hearts of the ignorant should have often echoed, and may sometimes still echo, fearfully, the beat of the death-watch? And, perhaps, with all our little knowledge, our own might, under the like circumstances, do the same.

Science, in removing partially the veil which conceals from us the mechanism of created things, leaves them still invested with every charm thrown around them by the imaginative mind. Nor need the rout of superstition—which is only imagination in a distorted form—loosen one legitimate tie betwixt our visible earth and the unseen worlds of which ours is a type. That, truly, is a connexion which, by every excitement, save that of terror, it is well to keep up; and for what, but for this end, has imagination

been numbered amongst our faculties? Let us, then, cultivate this precious gift, which has the power of investing the meanest objects of sight and hearing with beautiful associations. . . . Let us, through the visible millions which fill the earth and sky with insect music, be led to a pleasant but chastening consciousness of the presence of those "millions of spiritual creatures" which

"Walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;"

and whose appointed office, besides that of "singing their great Creator," may be to fill with harmony the moral elements which make our world of mind.—*Episodes of Insect Life. Third Series.*

. OUR SERVANTS.

DISADVANTAGES UNDER WHICH DOMESTIC SERVANTS BEGIN LIFE, AND THE TRUE STANDARD OF DUTY.

BY THE REV. DAVID A. A.

THERE is nothing necessarily mean or degrading in servitude. True respectability does not consist nearly so much in *condition* as in *character*. Who, generally, is more highly respected or prized, than an honest, truthful, industrious domestic servant? Equality of condition there never will be in this world; for it is alike contrary to the nature of things, and to the appointment of God. Civil, religious, and domestic distinctions have ever existed among men; and Christianity has by no means abolished them, but most fully recognises them, while it clearly prescribes and powerfully enforces the duties which are peculiar to each. In the *state*, subjects are exhorted to submit themselves to Kings and Rulers; in the *church*, disciples are enjoined to "obey them that have the rule over them, and to submit themselves;" and, in the *family*, children are commanded to obey their parents, and servants their masters.

Addressing myself immediately to domestic servants, I can assure you, my desire is simply to promote your advantage. I write only for this. I feel deeply interested in your welfare; and hope you will patiently read, and seriously consider, the observations I may offer. I am free to acknowledge that I do not think your calling is without *difficulty*. You will have care, annoyance, and trouble; and will doubtless meet with many things trying to your temper and your patience. Nor do I expect that you will ever meet with any situation free from these: you are greatly mistaken if you imagine that you will. Some of your trials may be

peculiar to servants; but you are grievously in error, if you suppose that those whom you serve have not their share of evils to endure, equally burdensome with those you suffer from, and probably far more distressing. A servant has the trials of a servant; and a master and mistress have those which are peculiar to their station.

But I plead some indulgence for these short-sighted and mistaken views. It is the misfortune of many domestics not to have been at all prepared for their way in life by a judicious and religious training. *Home indulgence* may have made it very difficult to submit to authority, and to practise that self-denial which is inseparable from servitude. Certain restraints, which are justly imposed, (and probably quite as much for the servant's advantage as for that of the employer,) and little unavoidable inconveniences, which, occasionally, are very irksome, would never have been felt if there had been a better kind of previous training. The mother knew the yoke which it was evident her daughter would have to wear; and, if she had accustomed her child to it in early life, how easily and lightly would it have sat upon her! Where this has been omitted, no wonder that service has been found more burdensome than was expected: but, in such cases, let not the fault be charged upon the condition, or the particular situation; since it arises from previous neglect, and consequent want of fitness.

Many enter upon service without ever having been *instructed* in the *duties* of their station. They left home for the simple reason that their parents could no longer support them, and that a necessity was laid upon them to secure a livelihood for themselves. Food and raiment they wanted; and they viewed these as the only objects and ends of service. To desire an honest

maintenance, and to use suitable endeavours, are worthy of all. The Scripture says that he that will not work shall not eat. It is wicked to be idle. Yet there are those who care not by what means they are fed, so long as they can eat the bread of idleness. There are children who will remain at home, in comparative indolence, living on the fruit of the toils of their parents, preferring the licence of a lawless home to the rule and order of a well-regulated house, where they would be required to work for their support. A grateful and affectionate child would shrink from the thought of wringing the last penny from aged and needy parents, and would rather toil unceasingly to obtain the means, not only of self-support, but of ministering to their comfort, in the time of their sickness and decline. I honour such for their independence, industry, filial reverence, and gratitude. In no instance is the matter of wages a thing about which servants should be indifferent. Industry ought to be rewarded. The labourer is worthy of his hire. But there are considerations besides that of mere remuneration. The question is not only *what* you will get for your service, but *how* that service is to be rendered. Christianity teaches us, that in serving each other we are to serve God. Both masters and servants are divinely taught, and they are to learn their mutual duties from the word of God. Happy is that child who, before engaging in this work, has been taught out of the Bible, and who has been schooled in the lessons of that blessed Book. It is an important day, an era in the life of a child, when she leaves the paternal roof, to launch forth on life's rough sea. It would be well if it were always marked with becoming seriousness. It would be a fitting act, if every mother, on such an occasion, were to call her daughter to her, and, while holding in her hand a copy of the word of God, were to address her in some such language as the following:—"My dear child, this is an eventful day to you. You are about to leave your humble home, where your parents and yourselves have received many blessings from above, for which it becomes us to be thankful. You are now to enter, young and inexperienced, on a new and untried situation in life. You are very ignorant, and will have much to learn. You must expect trials, crosses, and disappointments. You may not always meet with the same kindness and consideration for your tender years, either from your mistress or your fellow-servants, as a mother would give. But this you must not expect; for none but a mother feels a mother's love. Yet you must not be discouraged. If you are kind and attentive to others, you will not be neglected. You will remember that the current of life has not always flowed smoothly at home. Do not endeavour to find out how many things you may possibly

be dissatisfied with, but what real advantages you may find in your new situation. Above all, *read this book*. Do not let it lie in the bottom of your box, neglected and unused. Have it on your table; and, as you have opportunity, look into it, and prayerfully seek Divine help to guide you to its meaning. This will teach you in what spirit your service ought to be rendered. Hear what St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Ephesians: (chap. vi. 5-8):—"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." A very similar direction occurs in the Epistle to the Colossians. (Chap. iii. 22-25.) And if your master be a Christian, you are not on that account to deem him less worthy of your esteem and respect; nor because he worships with you in the same sanctuary, is a member of the same church, and receives at the same table the memorials of the one common Saviour's death. This doctrine St. Paul teaches in his first Epistle to Timothy: (chap. vi. 1, 2):—"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort." To the same effect St. Paul writes in his Epistle to Titus: (chap. ii. 9, 10):—"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." You hear, my dear girl, what the word of the Lord says to servants, and how clearly it teaches you to be, in your behaviour, respectful, obedient, industrious, and honest; seeking not only your own good, but that of those you serve; and not only their pleasure, but the pleasure of God. You may meet with those who will teach you that it will add to your importance if you are occasionally pert, disobedient, and insolently answer again; but you must shun such counsel, and in preference follow the word of God. And let me assure my child, if she takes her views of duty from the Bible, she is certain to succeed; she will secure the favour and good opinion of her employers, and it will always be a pleasure to her parents to entertain a child who comes to visit them adorned with the beauties of a good and excellent character. And, in addition to the

blessing of your parents, you will secure, what is far better, and without which you will never be prosperous and happy, *the blessing of God.*"

Well would it be for servants if, on leaving home, they always received from their parents such advice, and were directed to the Scriptures as their Divine and infallible guide. How many evils would they avoid! how much more comfortable would they be in their situations! while they would also win the respect and confidence of those

they served. But few go out thus furnished. They are often, on the contrary, told by short-sighted parents, that if they do not like the place, they had better leave; that if they are not comfortable, they had better return home. And thus a young girl is set upon looking out for dislikes and discomforts; perhaps is induced to give notice to leave; and commences a life of wandering and of change, which, both to herself and others, is pre-eminently unhappy.

THE MONITOR.

SLOTH AND MISERY.

Some years since, in visiting my district for the purpose of changing the tracts left at the cottages the previous week, I found a stranger located in a house which had been without a tenant for a month or two. I just looked in to speak a word of neighbourly kindness, and to offer a tract. All was in the greatest confusion and dirt, and the noise from six or seven small children rendered any conversation impossible. I raised my voice sufficiently (though not without exertion) to make the woman understand that I would call again. I hoped by another week all would be in order, and our neighbour rather more settled in her new abode. I knew, with a family of little ones, a "flitting" was a serious thing; but I also knew that activity and industry can work wonders in a short time. The woman had a good-tempered expression of countenance; a fresh, clear complexion, with bright black eyes; and, if she had been cleanly in her person, would have been called a well-looking woman. Altogether there was something prepossessing about Mrs. G., and I anticipated a pleasant call the following Monday. Monday soon came round again, and found me with my books in hand, making my usual cottage visits. When I reached Mrs. G.'s, I gave a gentle tap at the door, not liking to lift the latch without some notice, more particularly as I heard many discords from within. I waited, then gave a louder tap; and after exhibiting a proper degree of patience, and receiving no answer from within, I gave a very loud tap, and lifted the latch at the same moment. To my dismay and astonishment, there sat Mrs. G., with an infant on her knee, the remains of her breakfast upon a dirty table, all the pots and pans in the middle of the floor, with a heap of potatoes in one corner, and the dirty linen in another. The children were scrambling and fighting over an apple or two, which had made their escape from a basket with a great hole in the bottom of it. I did not know exactly what

to say, and for a moment stood confounded at the sad exhibition of idleness presented to my view. The woman was a stranger, and I did not wish to offend by saying all I thought; hoping, by kind advice, to do her good. I said, "I fear, my friend, you have not been well." "O yes, thank you, Miss; never better." Again I was at a loss. Mrs. G. herself came to my relief by observing, "I would ask you to take a chair, Miss; but I fear you cannot find one fit to sit down in." I replied, "I hoped you would have been more settled this morning, Mrs. G.; and then I should have left this nice tract for you to read in the evening to your good man when he comes home from work." "Why, you see, Miss, we have no time for reading: with my young family, and this baby, I have no time to spare for anything." I found, however, that Mrs. G. had time to run into the street, and look at everything that passed. If a funeral took place, there was Mrs. G. following after it with the poor infant, without anything to protect it from the cold, and another child without shoes, holding by her apron, and trotting by her side. If a wedding, it was just the same thing. With considerably moderated feeling respecting Mrs. G.'s prepossessing appearance, I thus again called at her cottage, and found it was her fashion to keep the shelves empty and the floor covered. I said, "You have now been a month in the village, Mrs. G., and you have never once been into the house of God; and I really believe your house is exactly in the state I found it the first morning I called upon you." "O dear, Miss," said the woman, "how can I help it, with this baby to nurse? I have no time to go to church: as for the house, poor people cannot be like the gentry." I said, "Other women have families in the village beside you; and they find time to go to a place of worship, and time to keep their houses in order, too." "All the better for them," said Mrs. G., in no very gentle tone: "I know my child takes all my time;

and there is not a greater slave in the place than I am." "Well," I observed, "it is a sad thing to have such a tiresome, naughty, cross baby. I am sorry for you." "For the matter of that," said she, "my child is no worse than other people's; and as to its being cross, poor thing, it will amuse itself for an hour, if I give it a crust or something to play with." "In that case," I observed, "why not let it amuse itself an hour? and, while it is doing so, you might put your house in order." "O, I have no heart to clean it: it is no use where there is a family." "Mrs. G.," I said, "do you know the word of God says, 'The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way?' which means, he makes a difficulty where there is none. The same word of truth also says, 'The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it to his mouth.'" "Well, to be sure, I never was considered slothful before, and I am always slaving with a child in my arms. I have six little ones, and that's no trifle." I said, "You will not have six little ones long, if you keep them in all this filth. Let me advise you to get your husband to drain off that dirty pool at the door, or you will have some dreadful sickness in your family." "My husband never comes home till bedtime," said Mrs. G., "and then he is too tired to job about the house." I told her, she found plenty of time to run up and down after every vanity that came in her way; and if there was a quarrel she was always mixed up with it: for slothfulness made busy-bodies and tale-bearers.

It was evident Mrs. G. did not relish this plain dealing; and, finding nothing I said made any impression, I ceased to notice her. Her family still increased, but the elder children began to look pale and unhealthy; and, after a time, the colour faded on her own cheek. There are many who fancy they have "no time" for this or that, who, nevertheless, spend hours in idleness. Women may be often seen with their arms folded, telling all the news they can collect; and too often they bear false witness against their neighbours, without intending them evil, from this very sad habit of gossiping. The wise man, in the Book of Proverbs, says, "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles;" and, also, he says, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." If the poor would value time as they ought, we should hear of far less poverty. But to return to Mrs. G. The time came when this proverb was verified in her case: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Sickness entered her habitation, and two little ones fell a sacrifice to her sloth. Again the warning voice reached her ear: but evil habits are sooner learned than lost; and though the mother felt, and that

severely, the death of the children, she still continued her gossip, and lived on in dirt and untidiness. Her husband earned large wages; but, as nothing was mended or made the most of, and as much went in beer and tobacco, there was nothing left for a time of need. Sickness came again; and this time the voice spoke even louder still. A fever of a malignant kind, occasioned (as the medical man told them) by the dirt and filth by which they were surrounded, carried off the husband and father in a few days. Now the mother and her family began to be in want, with no friend to assist them. There was, however, no amendment of life in this poor slothful widow; but, as abject poverty was now her inheritance, the family became more squalid and miserable than ever. Still she carried an infant in her arms, which came into this world of sin and sorrow after the poor father had been called into eternity. Old age seemed to come upon the widow prematurely; and, with one or two of her poor fatherless little ones, she lived for some time upon the charity of those who had faithfully advised and constantly endeavoured to lead her to better habits. The workhouse was her final home on earth. "So her poverty came as one that travelleth, and her want as an armed man."

MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

TRIFLING disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that, when a married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable that they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discolouring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life. Just as

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turn'd the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warp'd the giant oak for ever."

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word.

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place.

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought the wrong end. "How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"O, I think it is quite as good, in fact, better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end

the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd, when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way *you* have got of eating an egg. That dipping of strips of bread and butter into an egg, certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup, as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie; and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous cast of her head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I *must* break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit-pie or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed

husband, as he arose, and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel a foolish affair. It was so; and yet I seriously question if many a first quarrel between a newly-married pair has a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.—*Galt Reporter*.

FAMILY PRAYER.

A PERSON of great quality was pleased to lodge a night in my house. I durst not invite him to my family prayer, and therefore, for that time, omitted it; thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yet, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, whilst it did fear man! Especially considering that, though my guest was never so high, yet, by the laws of hospitality, I was above him, whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline, of my house: if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my home-devotion; and, sitting at my table, will be entreated to kneel down by it.—*Fuller's Good Thoughts*.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM TELFORD.

OF his early life little can be said, as from his great age (ninety years) few or none of his early associates survive. The most important part of his life began about the year 1800; when, in company with a regiment of volunteers, he was stationed in Ireland. While he was quartered at Belfast, the Irish Conference was held there. William, with one of his comrades, on passing one of the Wesleyan chapels, was attracted by the singing, and induced to enter. The words which he then heard were the means of leading him to God; and, as the result, one of his first acts was to substitute Paine's infidel works, which he had long carried in his knapsack, a copy of the word of God.

During the thirty-seven years he resided in Penrith, he was uninterruptedly connected with the Wesleyan Society; and by his regular attendance on the means of

grace, as well as by his thankful and peaceable disposition, he adorned the profession he made. Of him it may indeed be said, "He dwelt in the courts of the Lord's house." "I look," was his expression, "for the means of grace as naturally as I do for my meals." He had a constitutional diffidence to overcome in speaking of his religious experience; but this was never permitted to keep him away from the class-meeting. One who had listened to the simple utterances he was wont to give of his Christian experience for thirty years, testifies that, while never marked by any extraordinary degree of joy, there was the expression of a uniform, humble trust in Christ, and the effect, "quietness and assurance."

About six weeks before his death, on being urged at a band-meeting to testify of the grace of God, he complied, and thus expressed himself: "As I pass along the

road, the people often say, 'What a poor old man that is!' But," said he, "they are mistaken: I am rich, and am heir to a very large estate; which I expect, before long, to take possession of."

During his last affliction, on being visited by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, he said, "I am looking and longing for a deeper drink of that river which maketh glad the

city of God;" and added, "It has been flowing for eighteen hundred years, and has reached even me." He then gratefully adverted to the kindness of some Christian friends in endeavouring to provide for his comfort, and compared his position with that of his Saviour. He died at Penrith, January 31st, 1817.

INCIDENTS OF PASTORAL VISITATION.

THE TWO SISTERS.

ON the 1st of September, 1811, (says a living writer,) I preached a sermon in my own pulpit, from 2 Cor. ii. 14, 15: "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish." I went in the following week on a visit to my old friend Captain Q—, at W—; and, on the Sabbath evening, I delivered the same discourse in the chapel of which the late Dr. C— was resident Minister. I noticed, more than once during my visit, the marked attention which the young ladies paid me, especially when I was in conversation; and I had, more than once, to parry their urgent entreaty to give them a copy of the sermon,—an entreaty that was enforced by the solicitations of their mother. At length I very reluctantly consented, but fixed no time. About six months after this, when in another pulpit, and in another place, I saw Mrs. Q—, and, after service, went to the pew in which she was seated, to inquire after her welfare, and that of her interesting family.

"You have not, Sir, sent the sermon we so much desired."

"No, Madam."

"You cannot imagine what an amount of disappointment you have occasioned. For weeks we expected it every time the coach arrived; and often have my daughters gone to the office, hoping to receive the parcel." I expressed regret. I felt some surprise that there should be such an eager desire for a sermon, which I deemed not worth transcribing.

"Perhaps, Sir," Mrs. Q— added, "when I tell you the effect of that sermon on two of my daughters, you will not be astonished by what I have stated. My eldest daughter heard the sermon when you delivered it in your own pulpit; and it proved the means of her conversion to God. My younger daughter heard it at W—; and the same result took place in her experience. We now have the unspeakable happiness of

looking on our beloved daughters as fellow-heirs of the grace of life; and they, with the Captain and myself, are very anxious to possess the discourse which God has employed to produce such grand results. We should prize it, Sir, as much as an Israelite would prize the rod of Moses."

"Say no more, Madam. Forgive me. The sermon shall be copied, and sent within a week." It was sent, with a letter of congratulation and advice.

What a singular coincidence! The sermon, delivered from two pulpits, situated nearly fifty miles apart, is heard first by one sister; and, on the following Sabbath, is heard by the other; and is employed by the Divine Spirit as the instrument by which both are renewed, made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and brought into contact and fellowship with the powers of the world to come; neither of them knowing of the effect which it produced on the other, till they disclose to their honoured parents the reason why they so anxiously wished to have a copy of it.

THE SIMULTANEOUS CONVERSION.

WHEN residing where I commenced my ministerial labours, (says the same Minister who relates the above incident,) I had in my congregation a newly-married couple of very intelligent and interesting young people. Neither of them were pious, but both were adorned with many personal graces. Shortly after Mrs. W., then, had given birth to her first-born, I paid a lengthened visit. I deemed this a fitting opportunity to press upon them the importance of personal piety; and, after tea, I proposed reading and family prayer. I saw it gave pleasure.

"My dear Sir, you are now a father. Your child is born to live for ever. Think of this. It will devolve on you to train up this child in the fear of the Lord; but, unless you yourself are brought into fellowship with Him, the duty will be but imperfectly discharged. Allow me, then, to ask you one question: Do you ever feelingly

and earnestly pray for the salvation of your own soul?"

My friend was deeply affected: his eye was fixed on me, but he was silent; and, in a moment, by a sudden spring, of which I was unconscious until I saw the movement, his beloved wife, on exclaiming, "My dear John," throw her arms round his neck, and there was an audible weeping. I was literally taken by surprise; nor could I refrain from sympathising with my friends, who were for some few minutes too powerfully overcome by excess of feeling to give any explanation of the cause of it.

"I never, Sir," he replied, when he was sufficiently composed to speak, "had one feeling thought about the salvation of my soul, till last Sabbath three weeks, when you preached from Genesis ii. 9."

"Was it in the morning?" asked his wife.

"Yes," I replied.

"And about what time, Sir, did you commence the sermon?"

"About half-past eleven."

She was silent for some time; evidently striving against the strong tide of feeling; which had set in.

"It was exactly at that hour," she at length said, "and on that morning, when solemn thoughts, which have often sprung up in my mind within the last twelve months, came upon me with great force. They were too painful and oppressive to be borne; but I knew not from what source to obtain relief. My Hymn-book was lying on my dressing-table. I opened it, and began reading a hymn, and I thought I never read one so beautiful. but when I came to the following verses, I fell on my knees at the throne of grace; and, for the first time in my life, committed my soul to the compassionate love of my Saviour.—

'O, would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!

He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

'Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

'No; He is full of grace:
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.'

It was indeed a touching sight to behold the husband and his wife emerging together out of the mere forms of religion; and, under a keen sense of guilt and unworthiness, coming to Jesus Christ to be saved. From the first impressions of Divine truth on their hearts, till the hour when my interrogations led to the grand discovery that they had both left the dark prison-house of spiritual ignorance and alienation from God, they had been praying for each other's conversion; dreading lest the other should be left to perish: but now, under very strongly excited feelings, they exchanged mutual congratulations on account of what the Lord had so unexpectedly done for them.

We knelt together at the throne of grace, and offered up our united thanksgiving for this marvellous manifestation of the loving-kindness of God our Saviour; and, as their Minister, I solemnly dedicated them to His service, with their first-born, the living pledge of their mutual love. I then withdrew, musing, as the reader may naturally suppose, on the singular coincidence as to time, when the same spiritual effects were produced in both, in different places, and by a very different order of means. Within the space of a few months I had the gratification of seeing them under my pastoral charge: Mr. W. became an office-bearer of the church; and both lived to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

ORIENTAL SCENES.

FORTRESS OF AKABAH.

[It is a pleasure to quote the very latest traveller we have met with. The following paper was written on the spot, so recently as March 22d, 1850.—See "Peregrinations in Palestine," by the Rev. John Anderson, of Helensburgh.]

AKABAH:

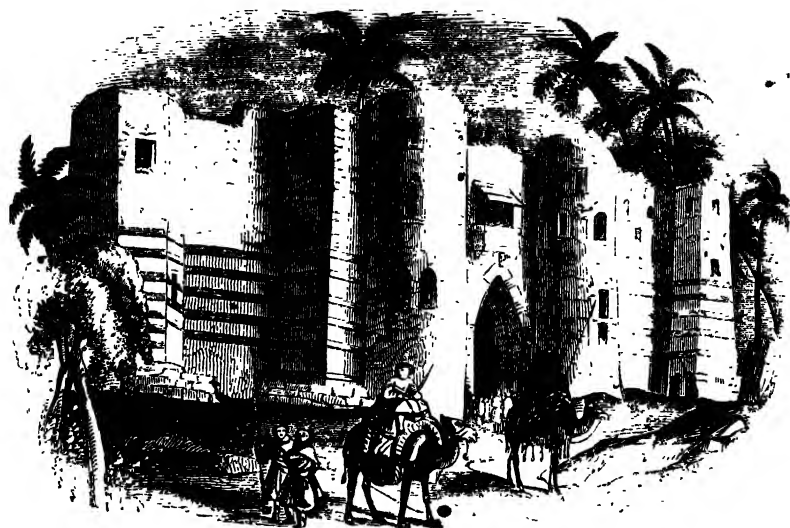
ANCIENTLY BLOTH, OR EZION-GEBER; AND SOMETIMES CALLED "THE PORT OF GOLD."

EZION-GEBER, the famous "Port of Gold," where Solomon and Hezekiah built the ships with which they traded to Ophir, has completely perished, leaving not even a wreck

behind. It is, now the site of a Turkish fort, and a small Arab village. We parted here with our Sheikh, Musa, and his men, who had conducted us hither from Cairo; and having sent, some days before, a messenger to Sheikh Hussein, that formidable Chief, one of the modern Dukes of Edom, came here to meet us; and with him we made arrangements for the rest of our journey; namely, to Petra and Hebron.

AKABAH.

It was a day of beauty when first I joyful saw
The Red Sea roll its waves on the shores of
Akabah;



And long will I remember how, with a child's delight,
The bold dark hills of Edom burst looming
on my sight :

And I, as forth I went along the shore so fair,
From its green billows snatch'd the shells
bright gleaming there.

As o'er that shining bay my raptur'd glance
was cast,

My thoughts were far away, in regions of
the past ;

When there the ships of Solomon their flags
unroll'd,

And Akabah was Ezion-Geber, the famous
"Port of Gold."

The fleets of Tyre and Israel I saw ride
proudly here,

And heard the landsman's shout and the
sailor's merry cheer,

As the anchor was upheaved, and loose the
sails did flow,

And forth upon the waters for Ophir they
did go.

The past did also there another scene unfold,
When home the ships return'd with their
merchandise of gold ;

And, laden with the spoils of regions far away,
'Mid cheers and deafening shouts they roll'd
into the bay ;

And then the stirring scene, when all along
the shore,

Each carrack, heavy laden, displayed its
glittering store ;

And Judah's merchant-princes were gather'd
there to see

Gold, silver, precious stones, spices, and
ivory.

Princely, princely, Judah, was thy state
and splendour then,

And thy King was the greatest and wisest
among men !

But, O, the painful contrast, and, O, the
grief to say,

Thy greatness and thy glory have all now
pass'd away !

The Red Sea at Akabah is rolling to the land,
And graceful grows the palm along its silver
strand ;

But not a relic's left of the glorious days of
old,

When Israel's tall ships rode in the famous
"Port of Gold."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

PEEVISHNESS.

PEEVISHNESS frequently gives rise to discord. Peevishness we may regard as a family canker. It is not like an acute disease in plants, or like the devastations of the locust and caterpillar, that cause vegetation suddenly to disappear. It is a cor-

roding malady : it eats in, and it eats on, till the vital sap is wasted. Whether the evil be communicated by provocation and example, or whether it be natural and hereditary, we cannot tell ; but, strange to say, there are many houses in which there is not an individual free from this unfortunate disease.

Enter when you will, there is a dark frown on every one's countenance. There is not "a bright smile playing upon the cheek of beauty." That cheek has been prematurely furrowed with discontent, and the "complaint" is universally popular; not, it is true, the immortal poem that bears that name, but the everlasting detail of private drawbacks, wrongs, and injuries. At every period, even in the sunshine of summer, it appears as if the fogs of Holland had filled and overloaded the family atmosphere. Stiffness, sternness, disobligingness, constantly prevail. "One cannot do this or do that. Let another do it. He has more time than I have." Frankness, candour, and kindness have never nestled under the roof. Every scion seems to be a sensitive-plant, or smitten with the Egyptian plague, so that he shrinks if you touch him. Quaint wit, also, exhibits here her antics. Ingenuity is racked to find out a sharp retort, that may cut to the bone; and the witting delights, with a fiendish joy, in administering the silly infliction. Disorder retains her court, and celebrates her perpetual holiday here. Look at the interior of the building: everything is tossed up and down, and every one thinks herself haughty enough not to replace it. Look into the farm or counting-house: business is either at a stand-still or retrograding: no one will trouble himself to oil the wheels of industry, that, in the end, may contribute to another's advantage besides his own.

It has been a source of astonishment to me how such families continue to hang together. There are frequent turns out, it is true: some live away for a while; and some, in the paroxysm of rage, leave the place, and try their fortunes in a foreign country. Still, the heat generally subsides without much apparent conciliation; and matters proceed at the old gait, till another rut upsets the rickety wheel.

To think either of union or religion here would be absurd; as well look for it in a den of asps or jackals. The house is the miniature of the abode of darkness. Its original, its prototype, is the region of despair, where fallen angels and condemned spirits constantly indulge in scenes of mutual recrimination.

It has been often asked, Is this malady capable of cure? In answer, it is very hard to say, because the patients never seek for a physician. They are all so "wise in their own conceit," that a modest hint at the prevailing disease would be certain to provoke the rejoinder that "persons should always mind their own affairs." Often, however, there is some sense in one of the family. Let this become a Vesta-light to kindle a fire of unity. Constitutional peculiarity is hard to be overcome; it is like constitutional weakness, that requires time and tonics to strengthen it; but by a quiet, silent, forbearing process, much might be

done. Let all causes of provocation be removed. Let taunting language cease. Gather a lesson from the smiling flowers around you, and smile too. Let your smile be that of undisguised good-nature, and not the cutting smile of malice. Take upon you the task of family reformer. Do your work mildly, gently, insensibly. Let your applications and rebukes be general, and in small doses at a time. Remove every reasonable cause of reproach or fault-finding, and never recriminate. Patience will do more to effect a cure than direct applications. Be sure to persevere without growing discouraged; and if you succeed in rooting out the malady, remember you deserve more genuine applause than Alexander, when he had conquered a world.

Pinching poverty often originates discord. Poverty is a sore trial, which it requires a large stock of faith to bear with equanimity. Unfortunately, those who are covered with the pall of distress are generally ignorant; they have neglected means of grace, that are indispensable to enlighten and sustain the mind; and they have laid up no store of spiritual comfort against the evil day. Indeed, physical suffering is very hard to endure. And it is not their own wants, but the privations of those whom they hold dearer than life itself, that accumulate and deepen their affliction. Melancholy, in the first stage, ends in recrimination at the last. A loving couple have many struggles before they arrive at this conclusion. Love stifles reproaches. At length, by physical want, the feeling cools down; and the demon of indifference usurps its throne. From indifference there is only one light step to hatred. This, for a time, is a mere personal feeling, concealed equally from the family and the public. After a time, the bubbling caldron boils over. The ear of lisping childhood is profaned by parental controversy, and learns to admit occasions of hatred to the other children. In due season, the mask wears largely away; the public are let behind the scene, at least any of them who are busybodies, and who delight in gadding about from house to house. Now it is no secret that Alexander the carpenter, and his wife, once so loving, are at variance. Neighbours, some through sin, some through curiosity, and some to kindle the coal, put their fingers into the pie. The application, like poison or caustic, aggravates the disorder; while no charitable soul has either wit or compassion to cut up the roots of the malady by removing their physical wants, and thus to cause sunshine, joy, and gladness again to beam upon their once-happy dwelling.

To guard against poverty, strive to avoid its cause. Do not fritter any little stock you have in foolish vanity or in wanton luxury. Remember, if there be a bright day now, there will be a rainy day hereafter. Let not affection absorb your little.

competence. Above all, beware of gambling, drinking, prodigality. Be industrious, honest, and frugal. If, notwithstanding every effort, your resources fail you, and poverty stares you in the face, recollect there is a God above you, who sees you, and who moves the wheel of Providence. Consider His promises: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." (Psalm xxxiv. 6.) "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." (Verse 10.) "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." (Verse 17.) Do not fly either in God's face or your companion's, because you undergo the ordinary trials of man. What know you but the furnace of poverty is sent for your purification? At any rate, try to better your condition by every legitimate means in your power. Voluntary poverty is a dogma, solely, of an apostate Church. God's own rod is sufficient. Strive to have it removed by honest industry, by pains-taking, by frugality, and especially by prayer. And, meanwhile, live in love; and the Almighty will be certain to reward your fidelity.—*Rev. W. Oliver.*

LAMARTINE ON THE IRRELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because—the idea of God, which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable; and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races—this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are, and have been, a military people, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battle-field to battle-field, making conquests, and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not; but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of

other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven: our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying,—they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the Channel, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France!

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibs. Not a glance towards heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting,—"O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon-door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton, on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a life from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it: let me go to sleep!" Then to the executioner,— "You will show my head to the people: it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death, itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The Republic of those men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would

buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God

non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions!
—*Bien Publicque.*

POPERY.

WHAT HAS POPERY DONE?

You (Jesuits) claim the liberty to instruct. For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations,—Italy and Spain; illustrious among the illustrious: and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which no one can think, or even pronounce her name, without inexpressible filial grief; Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art; Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself! Yes, Italy has, of all the states of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read! Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilisation, from the Arabians her second civilisation, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world,—America; Spain has lost, thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation, Spain has lost that secret of her power which she received from the Romans, that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs, that world which God gave her. And in exchange for what you made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition!* The Inquisition! which certain men of a certain party are endeavouring to-day to re-establish, with a modest timidity for which I honour them. The Inquisition! which has burned upon the funeral pile five millions of men. *Read history.* The Inquisition! which exhumed the dead, in order to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel, and Arnault, Count of Forelquier. The Inquisition! which declares children heretics, even to the second generation. It is true, in order to console Spain for what you

have taken from her, that you have sur-named what you have given her Catholic. Ah! do you know you have drawn from one of the greatest of men that dolorous cry which accuses you,—“I would much rather that Spain should be great than that she should be Catholic?” See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy. You have extinguished it. That colossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other in ashes. See what you have done for these two great nations!—*Victor Hugo.*

POPISH MISSIONS.

THE great Propaganda of the Romish Church has its seat, neither in Rome, nor anywhere in Italy, but in Lyons, in France. The state of its funds for 1818, and also for 1819, has been recently made public. In 1818, the funds, including a balance from the previous year of £17,465, amounted to £130,166; and in 1819, with a balance of £21,371, they amounted to £142,580. Of these funds, France contributes by far the largest share; £70,237 in the one year, and £72,905 in the other: while all Italy, in 1819, contributed only a little short of £8,000; of which sum, the Roman States gave no more than £2,861. In 1848, on account of the disturbances, they yielded nothing. The British isles, in 1848, contributed £4,476; and in 1849, £4,267.

In regard to the disbursement of these funds, some comparative idea of the fields of their Missions may be gathered from the following items:—In 1849, their Missions in Asia have had expended on them upwards of £42,000; those in America, £36,621; those in Europe, £21,892; those in Africa, £11,147; and those in Oceania, £16,710.

POETRY.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to
come;

Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
with it; and, were he free to

Would make his fate his choice; whom
peace, the fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one,
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search—

Of objects more illustrious in her view ;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the
world.

She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them
not ;

He seeks not hers, for he has proved them
vain.

He cannot skim the ground like summer-birds
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore, in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts
from earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

'WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL
TRUST IN THEE.'—PSALM LVI. 3.

When all within is grief and fear,
When every earthly ill is near,
When down my cheek steals many a tear,
By faith I'll cling to Thee !

To Thee I'll fly in sorrow's hour,
When crush'd is every earthly flower ;
For Thou wilt give my soul the power
By faith to cling to Thee !

When anguish is too deep for speech,
My faintest sigh Thine ear can reach ;
For Thou my inmost soul canst teach
To lean by faith on Thee !

When anxious thoughts disturb my rest,
When e'en in prayer I am distressed,
O, Thou canst calm the throbbing breast,
By giving faith in Thee !

Ah, yes ! to Thee belongs all power,
And Thou canst brighten sorrow's hour,
And bring forth many a lovely flower,
By giving faith in Thee !

O, give me then, by power Divine,
A heart that is entirely Thine !
In Thy own image may I shine,
By faith which lives in Thee !

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE TEIL-TREE.

This is the *Tilia Europaea*; the linden or
lime tree. All the species of the *Tilia* are very

handsome. The leaves are heart-shaped ;
the flowers nectareous and sweetly fragrant.

The common lime-tree abounds in the

middle and north of Europe. In the neighbouring continental countries, as well as in Great Britain, it is a choice ornament of parks and avenues. Its white and close-grained wood is applied to many uses. Many of our finest carvings are of this material. The fibres of the bark serve for the manufacture of ropes and mats. An infusion of its flowers is used on the Continent as an antispasmodic and expectorant. But the pasture it affords for bees gives to the teil-tree a pre-eminent value.

Many specimens of the linden are celebrated for their great age and magnificent size. The main street of Berlin is called, *Unter den Linden*, from the trees which are planted on each side.

In various instances this tree, like the oak, has been regarded with special veneration. Under its ample shadow many half-civilised tribes have held their councils.

It is now generally admitted that the beautiful imagery of Isai. vi. 13 refers to the terebinth, rather than to the teil-tree.

TABLE-TALK.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

THE Rev. James Hervey, writing to one of his friends in Bideford, and alluding to a religious society which he had formed there, and which had flourished long after his departure, says:—

"I am glad to find that you, and —, and —, often meet together, and, like the people mentioned by the Prophet, speak one to another of the things of God. O let us exhort one another to faith, love, and good works; and so much the more, as we see the day of eternal judgment approaching. Let me not be forgotten in your little society, when the Lord Jesus is in the midst of you, speaking peace to your consciences, showing you His hands and His side."

"BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT."

REFERENCE was made in the presence of Queen Dowager Adelaide, during one of the last years of her life, to the passage,—
"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your

Father who is in heaven is perfect." One of her circle said, that "it was a task full of difficulties. it urged a state impossible to be attained." The Queen looked up, and said, quietly, "Can that assertion be maintained? It is hardly a safe supposition, that the great and good Father above would enjoin any command upon His poor, erring children, which it was impossible they should fulfil. Would not such a conclusion derogate from the sincerity of God?"

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.

"I DIE in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state....

"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown to me, and in full reliance upon the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

ANECDOTES.

THE DEAF MOTHER.

THE following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1790, aged seventy-six.—"Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753 by signs: she lived with her husband, Murrath, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She, like all persons of the lowest order in her country—indeed, in most countries—was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of 'dumbies.' Eagerly, therefore, did she watch her mistress. The

Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, raised it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but—on the floor; where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself." She exhibited, on many occasions, proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

BURN'T 21ST MARCH, 1556.

THOMAS, ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, on the 2d of July, 1489. His ancestors were respectable: they had for many generations resided in that county. On reaching his fourteenth year, he entered as a student at Jesus College, Cambridge. After about seven years' residence he was elected to a Fellowship. In his twenty-third year he vacated his Fellowship, on his marriage. Respecting the choice he made, one of his biographers observes: "Some Popish writers have indus-
triously represented [her] as a woman of low condition; and were we even to admit the accuracy of their representations, it is not easy to perceive that he would thus be curtailed of any portion of his moral dignity." Of himself, his enemies reported that "he was but an hostler, and therefore without all good learning." Such a mode of degrading real worth has never been uncommon: it was employed against Him who was despised and rejected of men. He was spoken of as "the son of the carpenter."

In about a year after his marriage, his wife died; on which event he was, by an unusual exercise of favour, restored to his Fellowship. He now again applied himself to study, and made great acquisitions. Ever reading with pen in hand, he gradually accumulated a stock of rich materials for the arduous controversies he was destined to maintain in behalf of truth against error. He diligently discharged the duties of Reader or Lecturer at Magdalene College.

In 1524, Wolsey having founded a College at Oxford, a Fellowship in it was offered to Cranmer; but this he declined. About this time he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and was, by his own College, appointed Lecturer in that department. Two years afterwards, being nominated one of the Public Examiners in divinity, he spread terror among the candidates for degrees in theology, by the unexpected demand he made of them for some knowledge of the sacred Scriptures. By this course the Bible became known, and thus he began to sow the seeds of the Reformation.

On the breaking out of an epidemic, Cranmer retired from Oxford to the parish of Waltham-Abbey, in the county of Essex, along with two pupils named Cressy, at whose father's house he took up his abode. While here, King Henry VIII. made an excursion into the neighbourhood; and Cranmer, being at Waltham, met two of the King's attendants, Drs. Gardiner and Fox, who afterwards became respectively Bishops of Winchester, and Hereford. The conversation turned on the King's divorce from Catharine of Arragon. This Princess had

been the widow of the King's brother Arthur; and, now that His Majesty was smitten with the charms of Anne Boleyn, he desired to get rid of his wife, on the plea that his conscience was troubled. The Pope was applied to for a dispensation. He ventured to refuse, not wishing to offend the Queen's nephew, Charles V. Cranmer advised the King's friends to induce him to try the question out of the word of God, and thereupon to proceed to a final sentence, and to take, at the same time, other steps to get the matter settled independently of the Pope. Fox mentioning this to his royal master, Cranmer was immediately summoned to court. At the first interview with the King, he was urged to lay aside all other matters, and to lend his mind to the accomplishing of the divorce according to the method he had suggested; and, in the meantime, to take up his residence with the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn.

The first mark of the royal favour received by Cranmer was his appointment to the archdeaconry of Taunton, one of the royal chaplaincies, and a parochial benefice.

Unwilling to come to an open rupture with the Pope, Henry sent Cranmer on a special mission; who, on this occasion, saw "many things contrary to God's honour." In 1531 he was commissioned as sole Ambassador to the Emperor, which kept him for several months in Germany, where he met with and married Anne, the niece of the wife of Osiander, the distinguished Pastor of Nuremberg. As he was now in Priest's orders, this step plainly showed the influence of Protestant light upon his mind, in his disregard of the dogma of Rome concerning the celibacy of the Clergy. While Cranmer was in Germany, Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had patronised Erasmus, died. To this see the King determined to elevate Cranmer. There were great difficulties, however, in the way. Cranmer felt that he could not take the oath of allegiance to the Pope, always administered at the consecration of an Archbishop, and which seemed altogether at variance with loyalty to the Sovereign; and he assured Henry that he could only receive the archbishopric from himself. The King was not to be shaken in his determination, and he consulted several casuists. They assured him that Cranmer might take the oath to the Pope with a protest that he meant nothing by it. Yielding to the judgment of the casuists, and the wishes of his Sovereign, Cranmer took the obnoxious oath, and then read his protest, in the most public manner, three times. He was fully persuaded that the authority exercised in England by the Bishop of Rome was a mere usurpation. The morality of

this proceeding has been awkwardly excused by his friends, and justly condemned by his foes. One truly observes, that "an honest man has but one way of taking an oath."

One of the earliest exercises of Cranmer's archiepiscopal power was to pronounce the sentence of Catharine's divorce, on the ground of that marriage being contrary to the word of God. In January, 1534, Henry was married to Anne Boleyn. The Archbishop felt himself often painfully circumstanced by the patronage of a Monarch whose will was law, and whose brutality never met with a defender.

After the lapse of some time, Cranmer made use of his high position to bring about a reformation of religion. The monasteries having become dens of corruption, in which every species of crime was committed, he urged their suppression. Visitors were appointed to make inquiry into their state. Their reports were laid before Parliament. As the result, an Act for their suppression was passed; while another Act gave their revenues to the King, and his successors.

The next effort of Cranmer was to urge the Convocation to petition the King for leave to make a translation of the Bible, to be set up in all the churches, for the use of the people. Gardiner and the Popish party opposed this, as a dangerous innovation, inimical to the interests of the King and of the Church. But the King, urged on by the Queen, gave orders for setting about the work forthwith. The printing of the translation was begun in Paris. The Clergy there, however, stopped the press, and seized and burnt as many copies as they could lay hold of. The workmen and forms were brought over to England; where, under one Grafton, the work was completed, in 1537.

Cranmer was anxious to have the confiscated ecclesiastical property appropriated to the advancement of learning and religion; but this gave a blow to his influence with the King. Still, while Henry lived, he continued to befriend him, and he shielded him from the dangers to which he was exposed from his Popish adversaries.

When the King died, in 1547, Cranmer was placed at the head of a Regency, consisting of sixteen, most of whom were inclined to promote the Reformation. During

the short reign of Edward, he vigorously pursued his objects, and, with the aid of Ridley, his Chaplain, and other able Divines, he succeeded in giving to the Church of England nearly the form it bears at the present day. In preparing the Articles and Book of Common Prayer, Cranmer had a principal hand; and the Homilies on Salvation, Faith, and Good Works, were the productions of his pen.

On the accession of Mary, a storm burst forth, which threatened to extinguish the Reformation, and rivet the chains of Papal superstition once more on the people of England. Among the victims of that bloody reign was Cranmer. He was first committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason; and afterwards, along with Ridley and Latimer, was condemned to be burnt as an heretic. During the imprisonment to which he was subjected, he was exposed to every kind of insult; solicited to recant by every inducement that could be presented to shake his faith; and, wearied out, at length was led to sign a recantation, which he afterwards bitterly lamented.

On the 21st of March, 1556, he was taken from prison to St. Mary's church, Oxford, and placed on an elevated platform in front of the pulpit, which was occupied by Dr. Cole, the Provost of Eton, who preached on the occasion. Cranmer listened to the discourse, knelt down, and prayed with deep emotion. He then rose, and gave an exhortation to the audience which crowded the church. He concluded by avowing his deep remorse and repentance for having been so weak as to deny those doctrines which were in accordance with the word of God; and, holding forth the hand which had signed his recantation, he declared that it should be the first member of his body that should perish. This filled his persecutors with fury, as they expected to hear him avow his faith in the errors of Popery. Like Stephen of old, he was dragged forth amidst the execrations of his murderers, and bound to the stake. He suffered with calmness, and resolutely held the hand that had signed the obnoxious document in the flame, till it was entirely consumed.

PETER SAMUEL.

* TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Dyer, Mrs.,	Dubuque,	Iowa, United States,	21	April 3d, 1850.
Fairhand, Mr. Henry,	Longton,	Longton,	25	May 12th, 1850.
Lacey, John Braithwaite,	Dumfries,	Dumfries,	17	Dec. 26th, 1849.
Mulholland, Mrs. Mary,	Hydepark,	Ballyclare,	25	Nov. 17th, 1850.
Sargant, Mr. John,		Longton,	71	Feb. 10th, 1850.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1851.

SARAH MARTIN, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

As the religion of the Bible progresses, the condition of mankind at large improves. A great revolution is being produced in moral sentiment. Goodness becomes admired. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome, as civilisation advanced, there were changes effected. But to the last, and at the best, it was *power* and not *goodness* before which these people did homage. Virtue with them, as one observes, was first "*manliness*, (*ἀρετή*), that is, '*martiality*,' from "*Ἄρης*, '*Mars*,' the god of war; *virtus*, that is, '*manliness*,' from *vir*, '*a man*,') and then it was *endurance*, and then it was *magnanimity*:" it was never *goodness*, or *charity*, or *love*. For aspects of virtue such as these, the world had to wait for the revelation of Him of whom it is emphatically said, "God is love." And now, as He becomes known, and His religion becomes influential, men are charmed into love with the simple exhibition of goodness; so that even the life and labours of the pious poor come to be lauded in circles where once they were unnoticed, or, if referred to at all, were only mentioned to be ridiculed. In our own land, for instance, during the last few years, there has been introduced into the leading periodical literature of the day, an improved tone of opinion, which cannot fail to comfort the Christian mind, amidst the inquietness occasioned by the war of opinion now raging around.

It is but a year or two ago since the "Edinburgh Review" devoted an article to the humble but remarkable woman whose name stands at the head of this article. There was nothing to attract the attention of any one to Sarah Martin but the charities of the Gospel, which found in her life and labours a remarkable embodiment. Her whole strength, and worth, and glory lay in this, that she was a God-loving, God-fearing, well-living, and good-doing individual. She was not an educated person. She possessed no great powers of mind. She had neither rank nor fortune with which to gild over her efforts. She was a poor, ill-educated, solitary girl, who gave herself, body, soul, and spirit, to alleviate the crime and misery around her; and who spent her life in efforts to reclaim the abandoned to virtue, industry, and piety. And now, so high is the value set upon examples of moral worth such as she exhibited, that the very journal which in former days attempted to write down Missions, and condemn Methodism, steps forward to pronounce this pious woman's eulogy, and to claim for her a foremost rank among the benefactors and benefactresses of her country. The reviewer seems captivated with his subject; and he does his best to set her forth as an example for the admiration and imitation of others. This he avows he has done, from a conviction that "it is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the

masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry,—the most benevolent of mankind."

The story of Sarah Martin is soon told. She was a native of Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, and was born in June, 1791. She was brought up by her grandmother, having, at an early age, been deprived of both her parents. She received the scanty education afforded by the village school, and also, apparently, some religious instruction in a Sabbath-school. At fourteen years of age she went to learn dress-making, and in a year after engaged in the regular prosecution of that branch of occupation. Living at Caister with her grandmother, she worked at Yarmouth; to and from which place she was in the habit of walking daily. Her road led her frequently past the Yarmouth jail; a dark, frowning, grotesque building, of which the gloomy exterior but faintly indicated the nameless horrors that reigned within; a hideous receptacle of filth, disease, brutality, and crime. Sarah's eye often rested on the gloomy mansion as she journeyed past it; but it was not to congratulate herself on her happy ignorance of the miseries that were shut up from human view by these black walls: on the contrary, it was to sigh and wish that by some means she might be permitted to penetrate that abode of gloom, and speak words of healing to the wretched inmates. "I felt a strong desire," she says, writing of a date as far back as 1810, when she was but nineteen years of age, "to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them: for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated; and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." At first, doubtless, this desire passed through her mind, as little better than a vagrant wish which there seemed no hope of her ever being able to gratify; but it had risen up from the deep places of her soul, and it would ever and anon come back upon her, and at length it took entire possession of her, and would not be denied. In 1819 she at length served herself to the execution of her long-cherished purpose. A woman had been committed to Yarmouth jail for appalling cruelty to her own child. The case was one to work on a mind like that of Sarah Martin. She determined to see the unnatural mother, and to try upon her embroiled nature the effect of that Gospel-specific in the power of which she had long cherished an unhesitating faith. She resolved to try the experiment alone. No one was her counsellor. She took with her no companion. "God led me," says she, "and I consulted none but Him." Repulsed, at first, by the jailer, she retired only to repeat her application with greater urgency. This time she was successful, and with a bounding heart at length found herself admitted. She hastened to the cell of the cruel mother, who gazed with surprise at the sight of such a visiter. "I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit; her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c.: she burst into tears, and thanked me." Sarah had with her that Book "which," in her own words, "ever tells of mercy;" and she read to the culprit, from the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke, the case of the transgressor who, though justly condemned by the law of man, found favour and forgiveness from the Saviour.

This experiment determined Sarah Martin's future course. From that time the visiting of the prisoners became a regular part of her occupation. At first she contented herself with reading to them; but gradually her sphere of benevolent exertion widened, and she began to teach them to read for themselves, and then to write. For this purpose she had to give up, regularly, one whole day in the week from dress-making,—a sacrifice of a sixth part of her limited income, which she cheerfully made for the object on which her heart was set.

Her next attempt was to introduce among the prisoners the religious observance of the Lord's day; and, that she might confirm them in the habit, she joined their morning worship as a hearer, whilst one of the criminals read to the rest. Having gained thus much, she set next about the introduction of employment among the prisoners, teaching the women to sew and make dresses, and the men to manufacture various articles of male apparel.

In this walk of quiet, unostentatious benevolence she continued for several years. At length a new sphere opened before her: she became a *preacher* to the prisoners. At first she read only printed sermons; then she wrote and read addresses of her own; and ultimately she was enabled to speak to the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the holy Scriptures.

"Judging," says the reviewer, "from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to her prison auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points: 1. The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery 'doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue,' and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth, of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. 2. Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seemed to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly; but, if approached or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it was not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy because He is immutably good; and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. 3. Her third point was to lead her auditors to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of His own sinless happy nature to all who come to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by His own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they should be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head; a way of escape was pointed out; and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe, that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful."

In 1826 her grandmother died, and left her an annual income of between

ten and twelve pounds. With this she removed from Caister to Yarmouth; and from that time devoted herself with increasing energy to her philanthropic labours. Hitherto the only assistance she had enjoyed had been from a benevolent lady, who gave her what was an equivalent to the produce of one day's dress-making in the week, that she might have some slight relaxation amidst her toil. A few subscriptions to provide Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, formed the whole addition that was made to her stock of pecuniary resources. At length, her occupation as a dress-maker began to fail her: perhaps, she had not been able to keep up with the changes continually making in her art; or she might, possibly, have been deemed by some persons too romantic to attend to her work; or, probably, she could not always make her time suit that of her customers. At any rate, she lost their custom. Her few and simple wants, however, were provided for. In 1841, after she had laboured for upwards of twenty years, the Corporation of Yarmouth, in testimony of their sense of her services, made her a grant of £12 per annum for life.

After she entirely gave up her business, her time was wholly devoted to efforts of faith and love. Beside her labours at the jail, where she usually spent from six to seven hours daily, she used to teach a school at the workhouse, and afterwards a school for factory-girls. She also spent much time in visiting the sick poor, both in the workhouse and through the town generally.

At length her public work was done. She came to die. Her sufferings during her last illness were protracted and severe; but she bore them with meekness and great fortitude. Nor was her mind inactive. Shut up from her accustomed walks of practical exertion, she indulged a talent for poetical composition, which had long lain latent in her breast. Of the poems she composed at this time, several have been published, which, in the judgment of the reviewer, "evidence the existence in her mind of the action of an unquestionable vein of real poetry." They evince also the holy calm, and even joy, with which she bore her sufferings, and the ever-brightening hope with which she anticipated her departure. Hear how she spoke from that bed of pain:—

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From Eternity's own light."

In such strains Sarah Martin sang until her change came; and, when her nurse whispered that her time for going was nigh, the poor racked and wearied sufferer clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and laid her down, and fell asleep in Jesus. She died on the 15th of October, 1843; and was buried in the churchyard at Caister, by the side of her grandmother. A tombstone marks the spot where she lies, bearing a simple inscription written by herself: it tells of her age and death, but says not one word of her works of faith and labours of love. Her record is on high.

And now, reader, what lesson have you learnt from such a life? You may be lowly born; you may live in humble life; you may have little learning; you may possess little money; you may seem to have few opportunities. So it was with Sarah Martin. But have you, like her, obtained the pearl of great price? Then, like her, you may find something to do for Him who hath loved you and given Himself for you, and on behalf of the lost He came to seek and save. It is not likely that in God's providence a path will be opened up to you exactly such as that in which Sarah Martin had to walk; but, depend upon it, there are openings even for you. The great lesson taught in many

ways to the young disciple of Him whose meat and drink it was to do His Father's will, is, first, Be good; and then, secondly, Do good; and, if there be in you a right state of heart and an earnest purpose, combined with faith and prayer, an open door of usefulness will be set before you. It may not be a very wide one; a very distinguished one: it may not be one calculated to gratify the cravings of vanity, or that love of notoriety which is found in some: it may be found within the precincts of your own house, or a neighbour's cottage; or it may present to your view and efforts but a single solitary sinner, whom a lifetime of holy example, and Gospel teaching, and earnest prayer, must be devoted to bring into the way of peace. But wherever and whatever it may be, God's providence will point it out to you, and the Spirit's grace will enable you to obey the call; and, at length, if faithful unto death, a loving Saviour will say to you, what you may never say of yourself, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Would you so live, and love, and work, and at length be rewarded? Then listen to that which was the secret of Sarah Martin's singular devotedness, and the potent charm which worked such steadfastness: "The Bible was the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference-book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts." In a word, under the Spirit's teaching, and by the guidance of such instrumentality as He employed, Bible-truth taught her what she ~~was~~ needed: it brought her to Jesus; and there, when, like Mary, she sat at the Master's feet, that Bible taught her what to do, and how to do it. She made the word of God "the man of her counsel."

HOW TO TREAT PERSONAL ENEMIES.

Two classes of men (says Vinet) may give us ground for wrath and contention. The first are the enemies of our persons, or those who, from interest, envy, or revenge, are opposed to our happiness; and, more generally, all who have done us wrong, or of whose feelings towards us we think we have reason to complain. The others are our enemies from the opposition of their views and opinions to ours, or of their conduct to our principles. Both these classes are for us temptations to wrath and contention. The Gospel requires that both should be occasions of prayer.

With regard to the first class, I mean our personal enemies, it might be enough to say that God does not recognise them as our enemies. God does not enter into our passions, nor espouse our resentments. He sanctions and approves all the relations which He has Himself established,—those of father and child, husband and wife, sovereign and subject; but the impious relation of enemy to enemy is altogether our work, or rather that of the devil: God can know it only to condemn it. Apart from these special relations, men, individually, are in His eyes but men; viewed in relation to each other, but brethren. He has no ears for our presumptuous distinctions, when we say, or seem to say, "This man is my friend, I will pray for him: that other is my enemy, he shall have no part in my prayers." In those you call enemies, God sees only your brethren; and you have no right to see in them anything else. Has He not said, by the mouth of His Apostle, (1 Tim. ii. 1,) that we must make "supplications for all men?" and think you that He has excepted your enemies? Think you not, if the Apostle had more fully expanded his thought,

and enumerated all the classes of persons for whom you ought to pray, he would have given your enemies one of the first places in the catalogue? Has he not tacitly done so by recommending to the intercession of the early Christians the very persons whom they had the strongest grounds to dread, the strongest reasons to hate? Finally, and this assuredly is sufficient, and worth more than all arguments, has not Jesus Christ Himself enjoined you to pray for those "who despitefully use you and persecute you?" and has He not Himself set you the example? Yet you would make distinctions: you would go on in the ordinary path; forgetting that it is *the extraordinary* which rules in the kingdom of God. You would pray for your friends alone; but such a prayer cannot be accepted, unless it be accompanied by one for your enemies. Were you to persist in excluding them from your prayers, rest assured that God would not accept even those which you address to Him on behalf of persons whom you love.. Your supplications would be repulsed; the smoke of your burnt-offering would not ascend; your prayers would fail to reach that paternal heart which opens itself to the prayers of all. Nay, in such a spirit, would prayer be possible? Could the fervent aspirations of which the poet speaks, those aspirations which

"God Himself respects,
Which move in heaven eternal love,"

ascend from a heart hardened and contracted by hatred? No; love alone can hold communion with love: there is no fellowship between enmity and love. Abide in love: thus only will you be able to pray.

But farther, my brethren, we must not only pray for our enemies, *although* they are our enemies; we must also pray for them *because* they are our enemies. No sooner do we place them on the same footing with the rest of mankind, than a fresh distinction arises, a new right is created in their favour. They are mingled for a moment with the mass of our fellow-creatures, only to be immediately singled out again as a privileged class, possessing an especial title to our prayers. An enemy! Is, then, an enemy as nothing to the Christian? Is he at liberty to confound him with the rest of the world, and does he owe him nothing more than to a stranger? What is our enemy, but a man, poor and needy like other men, distinguished from them only by this, that we are better acquainted with his need than with that of any other? Far from judging too favourably of his condition, in all probability we exaggerate its danger. The evil he has done us, and that which he meditates, both aggravate his faults in our eyes. And does not this entitle him, with whose spiritual destitution we are so well acquainted, to be one of the first whom we should recommend to the love of our heavenly Father? The more he has injured us, the more he should appear to us an object of compassion; and the greater, therefore, is the interest he should excite in our hearts, the larger the place he should occupy in our prayers. Consider it well, and you will see that this is no subtle distinction, but the very truth. You allow that the Christian can hate no one; and how, after such an admission, can you fail to see that an enemy is but a brother, whose need has been more fully discovered to him, and who, for that very reason, has an especial right to his help?

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS,

No. XX.

THE SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

"Ye have not, because ye ask not," was a complaint preferred against some of the members of the primitive church; and it may still be brought

against many who profess faith in Christ. Indeed it must be confessed that there is a considerable amount of practical infidelity in the professing church in reference to the power of prayer. It would startle many to give expression to the sceptical sentiment that prayer is absurd, that it is an attempt to make the Sovereign of the Universe change His mind, who, nevertheless, by their thinkings, and their practical conduct, countenance opinions very much akin to these. They conclude that prayer on certain subjects is unnecessary; that it would be beneath the greatness of God to notice certain requests, especially in reference to guidance and assistance in the temporal concerns of life. So far as such persons are concerned, it might never have been written, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths;" or, "Casting all your care upon Him." Were it possible for man to have a care lighter and more insignificant than a hair of the head, that care might be deemed unworthy of the Divine regard; but if all the hairs of the head are numbered by our heavenly Father, it must be admitted that nothing which concerns us is too mean for Him to observe, or too insignificant for us to spread out before Him at His throne of grace. The most trifling incidents of life often lead to the most important events. The well once visited for water by the woman of Samaria brought her to a saving knowledge of Christ. Direction in the concerns of life is required for our safety, our comfort, and the maintenance of the Christian character. Into no pursuits should we enter where God cannot be taken with us. While numbers have suffered and greatly erred for not going to God, or taking counsel of Him, many have found it to be of unspeakable advantage, with the servant of Abraham, to cry, "O Lord God, I pray Thee send me good speed this day." Many special answers to prayer have confirmed this conclusion. Two shall be related.

Through the unfaithful conduct of one in whom confidence had been placed, a Christian community was thrown into considerable perplexity, which was likely to involve a long and expensive legal process. It was in the power of an individual, living at a considerable distance, by giving his name to a certain deed, to extricate them from their difficulty, and he only had that power. It was therefore concluded that the Pastor and a Christian friend should visit him without delay, lest the unfaithful contentious person should see him first; for he had great influence over him. Both of them rose early the following morning, and, unknown to each other, made their intended visit the subject of special prayer, that God would interpose and give them favour in the sight of the individual who had it in his power to serve the cause of God. Having thus committed themselves and their project into the hands of God, they set forth on their journey. They arrived about mid-day, and found the gentleman at home. He gave them a kind reception. They placed the object of their visit before him in language as strong and persuasive as they could command. But in vain. He firmly refused, stating as a reason for so doing, "I never allow myself to act in such affairs without consulting a friend who resides at such a place," naming a town situate twenty miles from his own dwelling. The request was repeated again and again, but disregarded. They were preparing to return when a pressing and polite invitation was given to them to stay and dine: to this they consented. During the dinner, to their surprise and joy, the very friend the gentleman had referred to rode up to the door. Having alighted and entered the parlour, he observed, "I know not why I am come here: I had no intention of doing so; nay, I had got five miles beyond on my way to such a city, where I had business to transact; but I could go no further, it was so strongly impressed on my mind I must come here." The Minister and his friend understood the why and the wherefore: they believed that God had sent

him. The business was named, met with his approbation, the document was signed, and the purposes of the contentious one, who shortly after followed them, were defeated. They returned, confessing and praising the hand of God. The infidel, and even the formal professor, may sneer at this relation, or say, it was a very lucky circumstance; but the true Christian will acknowledge a directing, controlling, and superintending Providence.

Another answer to prayer, in which one of the same parties was concerned, was at least equally special and remarkable.

A pious female was taken ill. For a considerable time the nature of her complaint was unknown. It finally, however, developed itself, and was pronounced to be one certain in its results, and most painful in its progress; subjecting the patient to the most distressing bodily suffering. On hearing the opinion of the medical attendants, the anxious husband retired to his closet, and on his knees fervently besought the Father of mercies, in tender compassion, to exempt his wife from those sufferings which to human discernment seemed inevitable. Prayer was heard and answered. Not a single pang of pain was known through that lengthened affliction, though others in the same neighbourhood were dying of the same disease, and enduring the most agonizing distress. Of one of these sufferers, there is reason to fear that she hastened her own death, in order to escape the agony to which she was subjected. Oftentimes the medical attendants would say to the afflicted one, who had been the subject of such earnest prayer, "What, no pain!" and they received for reply, "None whatever: I have perfect bodily ease, so that sometimes I ask myself, Can I really be out of health?" This not only excited their surprise, but was to them an unaccountable mystery.

These are facts not to be forgotten. They seem to encourage to prayer in every season of need; and they glorify God, by adding to the untold number of cases in which that gracious promise has been fulfilled,—“Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” (Psalm l. 15.)

Chelsea.

N.

IS IT RIGHT?

THIS is a question which, it seems to me, is not asked with sufficient frequency and seriousness. By this question, however, should every course of conduct and case of conscience be tested.

Is it right? “Well, I do not think any special harm can result from it.” That is more than you can decide. None but God can foresee consequences. Though it may seem to be but a slight deviation from the rigid law of rectitude, it must do harm to yourself, and may result in injury to others. A little wrong is an “offending in one point.” “Little foxes destroy the vines.”

Is it right? “Why, everybody does so.” “Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.” We are not responsible nor accountable in masses, but as individuals. We never lose our personality in a crowd; and every wrong done in association with others is as distinctly marked as though it were done in solitude, and must be answered for alone.

Is it right? “It is popular. I shall be commended and praised for it.” But human praise cannot change the inherent character of the action. There is no alchymy in words and smiles to transmute the dross of wrong into the gold of right. Better have the approval of thine own heart than the empty praise of crowds.

Is it right? “It seems expedient.” Well, the right will always be found the expedient in the end. But some persons think that strict right may, in some cases, be sacrificed to a present expediency. Expediency in such a

case is but apology for wrong. It means, Let us do a little evil that good may come. But evil never yet begat good. Good is never the progeny of such evil. It is a universal law, that every seed produces fruit of its own kind; and though God may sometimes, in His wise providence, crush the evil seed that human expediency has planted, and deposit, invisibly to us, good seed in its place, yet the damnation is no less just of those who say, "Let us do evil that good may come."

Is it right? "It is human nature." But human nature is all wrong; and grace is given us for its subduing and sanctification. He who follows the impulses of his carnal nature, is supplying aliment to strengthen "the old man with his deeds." It is a sad proof of our degeneracy, that the right almost always implies self-denial, self-crucifixion.

Is it right? "It is pleasant." Sin makes itself palatable to our depraved nature. But when right and enjoyment present themselves as claimants for our choice, and we must give up the one to gain the other, which shall be sacrificed? Woe to us if we trample upon right in our scramble after pleasure!

Is it right? "If it is not, I cannot help it." Well, nothing is wrong that is forced. If you are literally compelled to do wrong, if it is against the consent of your will, utterly repugnant to your choice, it is no wrong to you. But this you know to be untrue. If you do wrong, it is because you choose to do it; and, all things considered, prefer it.

WISE STEWARDS.

IN reading the biography of the most eminently pious and useful in different ages, we have often been struck with the fact, that almost all of them devoted a regular proportion of their income to pious and charitable uses. We will mention a few whose names are familiar, whose writings are venerated, and whose memory is precious. Among those who made a *tenth* the fixed proportion of their almsgiving, were Lord Chief Justice Hale, the Rev. Dr. Hammond, and the Rev. Dr. Annesley. Baxter informs us, that he long adhered to this, until, for himself, he found it too little; and he observes, "I think, however, that it is as likely a proportion as can be prescribed; and that devoting a tenth part ordinarily to God is a matter that we have more than human direction for." Doddridge was another instance of this kind. "I make a solemn dedication of one-tenth of my estate, salary, and income, to charitable uses; and I also devote to such uses an eighth of everything I receive by way of gift or present." Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe says, "I consecrate half of my yearly income to charitable uses; yea, all that I have beyond the bare conveniences and necessities of life, shall surely be the Lord's." Such, too, was the constant practice of the Hon. Robert Boyle, of the Rev. Mr. Brand, and of the Rev. Thomas Gouge. Of the latter, Archbishop Tillotson says, in his funeral sermon, "All things considered, there have not been, since the primitive times of Christianity, many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, that 'he went about doing good.'" The list might be extended to those who have lived since, and to many of our own age; but these examples are sufficient. If Christians generally were to act thus, to fix some due proportion, and keep a separate fund for charitable purposes, with how much more wisdom, prudence, and cheerfulness would they perform this Christian duty! How often would they lift up their hearts to God, in devout thanksgiving, for affording them opportunities of enjoying this privilege, and of showing to themselves and others that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

THEOLOGY.

A WELL WITHOUT WATER.

"The mouth of the righteous is a well of life."—Prov. x. 11.

"These are wells without water."—2 Pet. ii. 17.

A HYPOCRITE is like a well without water. One who maintains the profession, and also lives under the power, of the truth, is a well of water: one who has neither the profession nor the power is not a well at all: one who has the profession, but not the power, is a well, but there is no water in it. Of these three, the last is the worst. A pretence is made, and an appearance kept up. Others, relying on him, are deceived, and perish. They die in their iniquity, but their blood will be required at the hypocrite's hands. The disappointment is very pungent, when travellers, after an exhausting march, and with great expectation, towards the heat of the day come to a well and find it dry. (See Jer. xiv. 1—4.) In some cases, the existence of the well, and the knowledge of its existence, may occasion the death of the traveller. Because of that well, he took this path rather than another; because of it, he supplied himself with a smaller quantity of water in his vessels than otherwise he would have done; because of it, he so timed his journey as to reach that spot as the sun was getting hot, whereas he might have arranged his march so as to have halted earlier, or proceeded further to another and better-provided resting-place. The existence of the well causes the traveller to depend on it; and the emptiness of the well becomes the death of the traveller who depends.

It is thus with counterfeit Christians. They are not simply useless: they are destroyers. We need not here attempt the difficult task of distinguishing unfaithful, defective Christians, from those who are hypocrites from the beginning. It is the most difficult of all things to distinguish them, and that because their conduct and its effects are so very much alike. The very circumstance that makes it difficult to determine to which class one belongs, renders it, for our present object, less necessary to make the attempt. The conduct, and its consequences, of a

stumbling, backsliding Christian, are so like that of a false Judas, that, for our present design, we need not take the trouble of drawing the line between them. But speaking of the dire effects on a neighbourhood of a profession of Christianity, where the *practice* is that of the world, we class the two together. The same rebuke that is applied to raise hypocrites from their spiritual death, is needed to awaken backsliding Christians out of their spiritual slumber. Of both, and both alike, it may be said, they "are wells without water." The idea is expressed in a similar form in Jude 12, "clouds without water." When one sees a field lying parched and barren, he might be induced to have it watered; but if he sees a dark cloud hovering over it, he may go away and leave it, not returning for a long time to examine its condition, because he thinks it has enjoyed an abundant rain. But if that has been a cloud without water, it has turned out to be not only useless, but destructive, inasmuch as its appearance and promise have prevented another from watering the field.

The Christian church, Christian congregations, Christian Ministers, Christian men and women, would need to see well to it that they are not deceiving and destroying their neighbours. Their profession constitutes them wells: and if these wells be waterless; if these churches, congregations, ministers, men and women, be graceless; if they be of the earth, earthy, destitute of the Spirit of the Lord in their walk and conversation; then are they deceiving the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, soothing them with a fond dream that they have enough to eat and drink, whereas, when they awake, they shall discover that their souls are empty. Let every member of the church strive to be faithful. "Well done," will be the greeting of every faithful servant, whether the talents entrusted to his charge were great or small.

Besides the practical lessons interwoven with the preceding illustration, there are two suggested naturally by the subject, that find a most appropriate place at the conclusion.

1. Some wells are not empty, and yet are as useless as if they were. They are

filled with bitter water. A professing Christian, with knowledge, and correct principles, and talent, and zeal, and boldness, but of an angry, biting, censorious, malicious, proud, selfish spirit, is a well, indeed, and a well of water, too; but the well might have been dry, for any good it does in the world. The flow of zeal from such a spirit is like a hot, scalding stream, scorching every green thing that it touches. The situation of the city may be pleasant, but the water is naught, and then the surrounding ground will be barren. Whether it be an individual, or a congregation, or a church, overspreading the land, when it is imbued with such a bitterness, nothing will heal it but the word and Spirit of the Lord. Whoever may be the Elisha employed as the messenger, when the renewing does take place, the history of it will be, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." (2 Kings ii. 19—21.) Let him that thinketh he standeth so high as to be a judge and a reformer of others, beware lest he fall himself to a lower level than they. Let Christians imitate the gentleness, as well as the faithfulness, of Christ.

2. Some wells are not empty, and yet are as useless as if they were. They are filled, or nearly filled, with stagnant water. The water is stagnant and filthy, because none has found its way in for a long time by the secret channels, and none has run out at the brim. If the well do not continue to receive fresh supplies by its hidden veins, and people still frequent it for drink or irrigation, the well itself soon becomes a filthy puddle. It is thus with a professing Christian, especially if he has a high place, and if he be much resorted to. When such an one permits those secret channels between his empty soul and a precious Christ to be blocked up; if the secret *getting* be stopped, in the hurry of continually giving to those who come, by and by the supply will become impure; and if restraining grace prevent not, the man will soon become a disgrace to the holy name by which he is called, and give a sad shock to the faith of humbler disciples.

Secret, earnest, constant, greedy getting of the fulness that is hid in Christ, is the only sure way of being blessed yourself, and becoming a blessing to others. It is only if "the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones," that "thou

shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." (Isai. lviii. 11.)—*Rev. W. Arnold.*

THE COMMON LOT.

"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and that generation."—Exod. i. 6.

Is there no moral in the shadow which this summary and gigantic burial of a whole generation in one single brief text casts upon all these things; on the joys and sorrows, the cares, the toils, the pleasures of time, as the gates of eternity open to shut in from our view, with a single sweep, the millions that once used them, as we are using them now? What are they all, with the tears or smiles they cause, to these millions to whom but now they seemed to be everything? What will they all be to us, when of each one of us, as of Joseph, the simple record shall be, that he died, and all his brethren, and all that generation?

This burial of a whole generation! the individual, the family, and the entire mass of life, mingled in one common tomb! surely it is a solemn thought. It appeals to our natural sensibility: does it not appeal also to our spiritual apprehension? For natural sensibility is but little trustworthy. Easily moved by such musings, it is as easily composed; violent emotion and frivolous apathy being the extremes between which it vacillates and vibrates. To carry and command its sympathies for the moment is an insignificant and unworthy triumph. But faith finds matter of deeper and more lasting impression here. Death is the great divider. It severs families, and cuts friendships asunder; breaking closest ties, and causing the most compact associations to fall in pieces. Coming as it does upon the race of men one by one; singling out individually, one after another, its successive prey; it resolves each hill or mountain into its constituent grains, taking separate account of every one of them as separately it draws them into its own insatiable jaws. But death is the great uniter too. Separating for a time, it brings all together at last. The churchyard opens its graves to part dearest brethren and friends; but soon it opens them again, to mix their kindred ashes in one common dust.

Is the union, however, that death occasions, real, substantial, enduring?

"Joseph died, and all his brethren, and that generation." Death passed upon them all, for they all had sinned. It is

the common lot, the general history, the universal characteristic.

And there is another common lot, another general history, another universal characteristic: "after death the judgment." Joseph rises again, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And they all stand before the judgment-seat. There is union then. The small and the great are there; the servant and his master, all are brought together. But for what? And for how long? "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

What a solemn contrast have we here! Death unites after separation: the judgment unites in order to separation. Death, closing the drama of time, lets the ample curtain fall upon its whole scenery and all its actors. The judgment, opening the drama of eternity, discloses scenery and actors once more entire. All die; all are judged: the two events happen alike to all.

And both are near; for the time is short. The Lord is at hand.

But before death, before the judgment, is the Gospel freely preached to all; and a voice is heard, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man open unto me, I will come in unto him and sup with him, and he with me." Let this feast of love be begun in heart after heart, as one by one sinners die with Christ unto sin, and live with Him unto God. And when individuals, families, generations, are separated, and united, to be separated again, may it be our privilege to meet at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, beyond which there is no parting any more for ever.—*Dr. Candlish.*

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

Original and selected, from the Note-Book of a Student.

I.—THE BEING OF A GOD.

FIRST, *This doctrine diffuses light and order over the whole system of creation.*

The Atheist can account for nothing; his creed is embarrassed with inextricable difficulties. He ascribes eternity to beings who must have had a beginning; he speaks of contrivances which had no contriver; he sees many bodies in motion, which observe a constant and regular course, but denies that there is a first

Mover. To him the universe is a riddle and a mystery. The being of God explains the phenomena of nature. As soon as He is recognised, we have power which could call the things which are out of nothing; wisdom, capable of arranging and governing them; and goodness, the source of the beauty which charms our eyes, and of the happiness which is felt through all the ranks of animated beings. It is difficult to conceive of an Atheist as experiencing pleasure from the contemplation of objects in which he perceives no marks of intelligence and benevolence, nothing on which an enlightened and feeling mind would delight to dwell. But, to the religious man, nature is a mirror, which reflects the glory of its Maker. It is animated by His presence; it brightens under His smile; it speaks of Him to all nations, and proclaims Him to be wise and good.

Secondly, *This doctrine sets before us a Being, the contemplation of whom is calculated to rouse the noblest energies of the mind, the best affections of the heart.*

The Atheist sees no being in the universe better than himself; and hence selfishness becomes the distinguishing feature in his character. He lives to himself, and regards his own interests as of paramount importance; and nothing but the dread of reaction and retribution restrains him from making inroads upon the happiness of others. To the moral discipline of the mind; to acts of self-denial and disinterested beneficence; to the abhorrence of crime for its own sake; to the maintenance of purity, even when there is no danger of detection, and no fear of any painful result, there is no motive in the system of the Atheist. But the idea of God holds out to view an assemblage of perfections which command love and reverence, and creates the desire of approximating to Him who is the standard of infinite excellence. Whence all the sentiments and emotions of a real piety? Whence the various exercises of virtue, in the mortification of unhallowed passion, the patient endurance of trial, and the practice of that which is right? Whence—but from God? Religion is the parent of every good quality in man: the glory of his nature consists in the impress which it bears of the image of his Maker.

Lastly, *This doctrine brings consolation.*

In the hour of extremity, the Atheist has no resource but reluctant and sullen submission to necessity. He has nothing to reconcile him to the ills of a present life.

His ultimate prospect is annihilation or unconsciousness. He lives like a beast, and like a beast he shall die. But the man savingly taught by the Holy Ghost, in whatever condition in this changeable world he may be placed, looks up confidently and lovingly to God, as the Father of his spirit, his Friend, his Guardian, the Home of his soul. To God's merciful disposal he resigns himself: he takes afflictions as from a Father's hand, and is thankful for them, because they are instruments of good; and he feels persuaded, in the most forlorn circumstances, amidst the decays and failure of bodily health, that He will one day bestow upon him another state of being, where sin, and suffering, and sorrow shall all be done away; and infinitely more than all this—when all that is meant by eternal life shall be bestowed.

FAITH'S RESULTS.

I. *It gives believers a real union with Christ.*—Concerning which we must know that, as the union of the soul to the body is the cause of life natural, so the union of Christ to the soul is the cause of life spiritual. Christ being to the soul like armour, He then only defends it when He is close united to it. And that such a nearness to Him will afford such protection from Him, is evident from the nature of those things by which this union between Him and believers is expressed. In John xv. 1, 2, Christ compares Himself to the vine, and believers to the branches; and in Col. i. 18, He is compared to the head, and believers to the members: where we see that, so long as the branch continues united to the vine, it receives both life and sap from it, whereby it is enabled to fructify and to flourish; and so long as the members preserve their conjunction with the head, they derive from thence spirit and motion; whereby they are enabled to preserve themselves: but let there be a separation between either of these, and then presently the branch withers and dries, and the members putrefy and rot, and at length pass into a total corruption. And just so it is with Christ and believers: "through Him strengthening them, they can do all things." (Phil. iv. 13.) And, on the other side, "without Him they can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) It is from His fulness that life and strength flow in upon every part of His mystical body. And, as our union to Him is the great conduit

by which all this is conveyed to us, so faith is the cause of this union. Faith ties the conjugal knot, and is that uniting principle that, like a great nerve or string, fastens us to our spiritual Head, and so makes us partake of all its enlivening and supporting influences.

Aristotle observes, that union is never perfect between complete natures of a different kind; but now, it is faith alone that denominates and makes us new creatures, and consequently gives us a spiritual cognation with Christ, without which it is no more possible for us to be united to Him, than for the dead to incorporate with the living, for darkness to hold communion with light, or hell with heaven.

In short, the result of all is this: want of a true and lively faith in Christ speaks want of union to Him; and want of union to Him speaks want of influence from Him, without which no sin can be really opposed, much less overcome. It is from Christ, and from Christ alone, that there must issue forth strength for the subduing our corruptions; from Him alone that there must come a healing virtue for the stanching this bloody issue of sin; or, in spite of all our efforts, it will prove incurable. It is from Him that there must come a continual supply of assisting grace, to support and to bear us up in a course of evangelical obedience; and without this, miserable experience will convince us that we are not able to stand.

II. Faith helps believers in the conquest of their spiritual enemies, *by engaging the assistance of the Spirit in their behalf.*—Without His special influence, it is impossible for the soul to do anything in the way of duty effectually, or to oppose any sin with success; for still we find all ascribed to this. *It is through the Spirit that the deeds of the flesh are to be mortified;* (Rom. viii. 13;) and *it is the Spirit that worketh in us.* (Phil. ii. 13.) Nothing but the Spirit of God, living, reigning, and conquering in the heart, can repulse and beat back our great spiritual adversary. The opposition that is from without must be resisted, and kept out, by some living, mighty principle residing within us; but if the heart of man had, of itself, anything to secure it against the assaults of sin and the tempter, Christ would have saved Himself the labour both of purchasing and of sending the Spirit. He well knew our weakness, our exceeding great and deplorable weakness; how unable, naturally,

we are but to see the false and alluring fruit of sin, and not to desire it; to desire it, and not to taste it: how ready we always are to admit of a temptation, though offered by the devil; to eat the apple, though presented by a serpent. And there are some temptations so strong, contrived with so much subtlety, tendered with such peculiar advantage to the acceptance of a corrupt heart, that nothing but the hand of Omnipotence can keep them off; nothing but the Spirit of God can hinder them from fastening upon, and prevailing over, the soul. From whence it is evident, that the heart must be borne up and acted upon by the Spirit of God, or of necessity fall away. Every man naturally moves that way that the temptation moves; and if he goes a contrary way, he must needs do it, not as he is led by himself, but by another. As in the motion of the celestial orbs, when we see the inferior ones snatched about with a motion contrary to their own proper motion, we collect thence that they are moved by a superior. This is most certain,—that it is not in the power of man that goes to order his goings, but he must have a conduct. It is not in the power of man to foil the tempter; but it is God that must bruise Satan under our feet. It is not in the tender herb to keep itself from withering, and being blasted; but in the careful hand that covers and protects it. When God bade the children of Israel go and possess Canaan, He told them that He would send His angel before them, and drive out their enemies. In like manner we go forth against a temptation; but Christ must send His Spirit before us to subdue it, or we shall certainly fall and perish by it. And as it is the Spirit that must do all this for us, so it is faith alone that realises His assistance, as an effect and consequence of that interest that it first gives us in Christ. It is faith that makes the soul, as well as the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost.

III. Faith helps the believer in the conquest of his spiritual adversaries, by giving him both a title to, and a power effectually to apply, God's promises. We all stand engaged in a spiritual warfare, and strength we have none but what we fetch from God. God conveys none but through Christ: whatsoever Christ gives is by the Spirit, and the Spirit works by the promises, putting those weapons into our hands; and faith is, properly, that spiritual hand into which they are put. Every promise is, indeed, a spring of

living water; but it is water in a well; and faith is the bucket that must fetch it up, both for our use and comfort. There is enough in every promise, if apprehended by a living faith, to enable any intelligent nature to defy and look all the powers of hell in the face. That one promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," (Rev. ii. 10,) is enough to render the strongest assault of the devil vain and ineffectual, and the most alluring temptation flat and insipid, if so be that faith takes in the truth of it by a firm persuasion..... Hence we see, that it is faith that will set us above our enemies, by setting us above our own weaknesses. It is this that will make us "more than conquerors;" and that, by carrying us out of ourselves, and pitching us upon Christ. For, in all spiritual conflicts, it will be found that he who stands upon no other legs but his own, will certainly fall: there being no sure station for poor sinners but in Him who is the Rock of ages, and the great Saviour of mankind; and who is able to save to the uttermost all them that by faith rely upon Him.—*South.*

THE DOWNWARD COURSE OF SIN.

1. MEN enter and initiate themselves in vicious practices by *smaller sins*. Heinous sins are too alarming for the conscience of a young sinner; and therefore he only ventures upon such, as are smaller at first. Every particular kind of vice creeps in in this gradual manner.

2. Having once begun in the way of sin, he ventures upon something *greater and more daring*. His courage grows with his experience. Now, sins of a deeper dye do not look so frightful as before. Custom makes everything familiar. No person who once breaks over the limits of a clear conscience, knows where he shall stop.

3. Open sins soon throw a man into the hands of *ungodly companions*. Open sins determine his character, and give him a place with the ungodly. He shuns the society of good men, because their presence is a restraint, and their example a reproof, to him. There are none with whom he can associate but the ungodly.

4. In the next stage, the sinner begins to feel the force of *habit and inveterate custom*: he becomes rooted and settled in an evil way. Those who have been long

habituated to any sin, how hopeless is their reform! One single act of sin seems nothing; but one after another imperceptibly strengthens the dispositions, and enslaves the unhappy criminal almost beyond the hope of recovery.

5. The next stage in a sinner's course is *to lose the sense of shame, and to sin boldly and openly*. So long as shame remains, it is a great drawback. But it is an evidence of an uncommon height of impiety, when natural shame is gone.

6. Another stage in the sinner's progress is to harden himself so far as to *sin without remorse of conscience*. The frequent repetitions of sin stupefy the conscience. They, as it were, weary it out, and drive it to despair. It ceases all its reproofs, and, like a frequently discouraged friend, suffers the infatuated sinner to take his course. And hence,

7. Hardened sinners often come to *boast and glory in their wickedness*. It is something to be beyond shame; but it is still more to glory in wickedness, and esteem it honourable. Glorious ambition indeed!

8. Not content with their being wicked themselves, they *use all their arts and influence to make others wicked also*. They are zealous in sinning, and industrious in the promotion of the infernal cause. They extinguish the fear of God in others, and laugh down their own conscientious scruples. And now,

9. To close the scene, those who have thus hardened themselves, are *given up of God to judicial blindness of mind, and hardness of heart*. They are marked out as vessels of wrath fitted to destruction. This is the consequence of their obstinacy. They are devoted to the judgment they deserve.

Reader! view it with terror.—*Dr. Witherspoon.*

SATAN'S TEMPTATIONS.

THERE is no deeper distress of mind on earth than is sometimes felt by men who are sorely tempted with thoughts of unbelief, despair, blasphemy, or enormous wickedness. A few words to such may be reasonable.

1. Resist the devil, and he shall flee from you.

2. Do not expect to outwit and out-reason him; but, like Christ, quote the word of God against him. The metal of that sword is too high, and its edge too keen, for him.

3. Lay firm hold on the promises made to the tempted, and encourage yourselves in the Lord your God. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able to bear." These are but specimens of many sweet promises made to the tempted. There is another, sweeter, if possible, than both these. It was made to one of God's tempted people, who greatly desired that the messenger of Satan might buffet him no more. It is in these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Is not this enough?

4. Be much on your guard in times of high religious privilege and enjoyment. Pirates let empty vessels pass without molestation, but attack those well freighted.

5. Be on your guard in the day of sadness, whatever makes it so. Satan loves to terrify those already affrighted.

6. When a Christian is about some notable enterprise for God's glory, then will Satan lie like a serpent in the way, or as an adder in the path, to bite the horse's heels, that the rider may fall backward.

7. Beware of attempting to comprehend things beyond your reach, to understand things unintelligible, or to know things not revealed. "There are three lands of straits, wherein Satan aims to entrap the believer: nice questions, obscure scriptures, and dark providences."

8. All temptations are laid in self-righteousness and self-excellency. These must be torn from thee, how unwilling soever thou art. These hinder Christ from coming in.

9. Your adversary is "the lion of the evening." He may assault you even when dying a Christian death. He has thus assaulted many. When John Knox was dying, he had a fearful conflict; but gained a great victory, by the words, "What I am, I am by the grace of God." And, "What hast thou which thou hast not received?"

10. Our great refuge at all times, but especially in times of temptation, is the throne of grace, and the blood of Christ. Christ is our life. Nothing but the blood of Christ can quench the fire of God's wrath, the fire of lust, or the fiery darts of Satan. That blood can be obtained at the throne of grace, and nowhere else.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CATCHING THE WHALE.

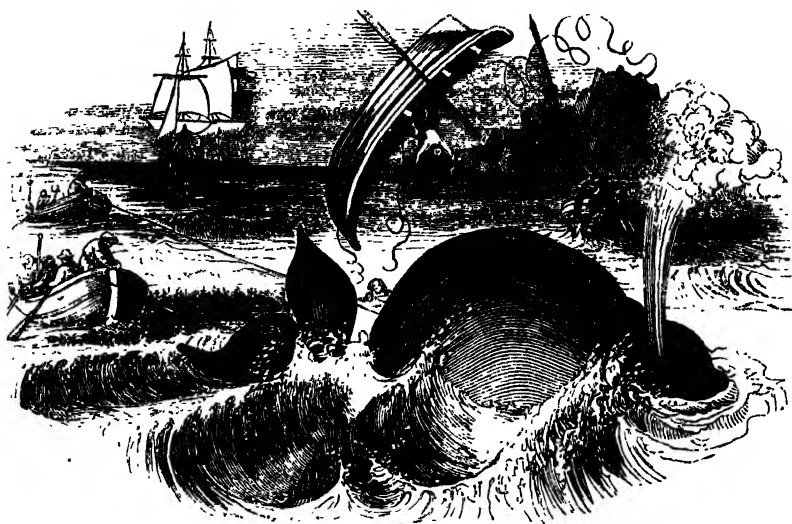
THE instruments of general use in the capture of the whale (says Captain Scoresby) are the harpoon and the lance. The harpoon is an instrument of iron, of about three feet in length. It consists of three conjoined parts, called the "socket," "shank," and "mouth," the latter of which includes the barbs or "withers." This instrument, if we except a small addition to the barbs and some enlargement of dimensions, maintains the same form in which it was originally used in the fishery two centuries ago. At that time, the mouth, or barbed extremity, was of a triangular shape, united at the shank in the middle of one of the sides, and this being scooped out on each side of the shank, formed two simple flat barbs. In the course of last century, an improvement was made by adding another small barb, resembling the beard of a fish-hook, within each of the former withers, in a reverse position. The two principal withers in the present improved harpoon measure about eight inches in length and six in breadth; the shank is eighteen inches to two feet in length, and four-tenths of an inch in diameter; and the socket, which is hollow, swells from the size of the shank to near two inches diameter, and is about six inches in length. Now, when the harpoon is forced by a blow into the fat of the whale, and the line is held tight, the principal withers seize the strong ligamentous fibres of the blubber, and prevent it from being withdrawn; and, in the event of its being pulled out so far as to remain entangled by one wither only, which is frequently the case, then the little reversed barb, or "stop-wither," as it is called, collecting a number of the same reticulated sinewy fibres, which are very numerous near the skin, prevents the harpoon from being shaken out by the ordinary motions of the whale. The point and exterior edges of the barbs of the harpoon are sharpened to a rough edge by means of a file. This part of the harpoon is not formed of steel, as it is frequently represented, but of common soft iron, so that when blunted it can be readily sharpened by a file, or even by scraping it with a knife.

The most important part in the construction of this instrument is the shank. As this part is liable to be forcibly and suddenly extended, twisted, and bent, it requires to be made of the softest and most pliable iron. That kind which is of the most approved tenacity is made of old horse-shoe nails, or stubs, which are formed into small rods, and two or three of these welded together, so that should a flaw happen to occur in any one of the rods, the strength of

the whole might still be depended on. Some manufacturers enclose a quantity of stub-iron in a cylinder of best foreign iron, and form the shank of the harpoon out of a single rod. A test, sometimes used for trying the sufficiency of a harpoon, is to wind its shank round a bolt of inch-iron, in the form of a close spiral, then to unwind it again, and put it into a straight form. If it bears this without injury in the cold state, it is considered as excellent. The breaking of a harpoon is of no less importance than the value of a whale, which is sometimes estimated at more than £1,000 sterling. This consideration has induced many ingenious persons to turn their attention towards improving the construction and security of this instrument; but, though various alterations have been suggested, such as forming the shank of wire, adding one or two lateral barbs, &c., &c., they have all given place to the simplicity of the ancient harpoon.

Next in importance to the harpoon is the lance; which is a spear of iron of the length of six feet. It consists of a hollow socket, six inches long, swelling from half an inch, the size of the shank, to near two inches in diameter, into which is fitted a four-foot stock, or handle, of fir; a shank, five feet long, and half an inch in diameter; and a mouth of steel, which is made very thin, and exceedingly sharp, seven or eight inches in length, and two, or two and a half, in breadth.

Whenever a whale lies on the surface of the water, unconscious of the approach of its enemies, the hardy fisher rows directly upon it; and, an instant before the boat touches it, buries his harpoon in its back; but if, while the boat is at a little distance, the whale should indicate its intention of diving, by lifting its head above its common level, and then plunging it under water, and raising its body till it appears like a large segment of a sphere, the harpoon is thrown from the hand, or fired from a gun, the former of which methods, when skilfully practised, is efficient at the distance of eight or ten yards, and the latter at the distance of thirty yards, or upwards. The wounded whale, in the surprise and agony of the moment, makes a convulsive effort to escape. Then is the moment of danger. The boat is subject to the most violent blows from its head or its fins, but particularly from its ponderous tail, which sometimes sweeps the air with such tremendous fury, that both boat and men are exposed to one common destruction. The first effort of a "fast-fish," or whale that has been struck, is to escape from the boat by sinking under water. After this, it pursues its course



directly downward, or re-appears at a little distance, and swims with great celerity near the surface of the water towards any neighbouring ice among which it may obtain an imaginary shelter; or it returns instantly to the surface, and gives evidence of its agony by the most convulsive throes, in which its fins and tail are alternately displayed in the air and dashed into the water with tremendous violence. The former behaviour, however, that is, to dive towards the bottom of the sea, is so frequent in comparison of any other, that it may be considered as the general conduct of a "fast-fish." A whale, struck near the edge of any large sheet of ice, and passing underneath it, will sometimes run the whole of the line out of one boat in the space of eight or ten minutes of time. To retard, therefore, as much as possible, the flight of the whale, and to secure the lines, it is usual for the harpooner to cast one, two, or more turns of the line round a kind of post, called a *bollard*, which is fixed within ten or twelve inches of the stern of the boat for the purpose. Such is the friction of the line when running round the bollard, that it frequently envelops the harpooner in smoke; and if the wood were not frequently wetted, would probably set fire to the boat.

When fish have been struck by myself, I have, on different occasions, estimated their rate of descent. For the first three hundred fathoms, the average velocity was usually after the rate of eight or ten miles per hour. In one instance, the third line of one hundred and twenty fathoms was run out in sixty-one seconds; that is, at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles per hour. The average stay under water of a wounded whale, which steadily descends after being

struck, according to the most usual conduct of the animal, is about thirty minutes. The longest stay I ever observed was fifty-six minutes; but in shallow water I have been informed it has sometimes been known to remain an hour and a half at the bottom after being struck, and yet has returned to the surface alive. The greater the velocity, the more considerable the distance to which it descends, and the longer the time it remains under water, so much greater in proportion is the extent of exhaustion, and the consequent facility of accomplishing its capture. Immediately that it re-appears, the assisting boats make for the place with their utmost speed, and as they reach it, each harpooner plunges his harpoon into its back, to the amount of three, four, or more, according to the size of the whale and the nature of the situation. Most frequently, however, it descends for a few minutes after receiving the second harpoon, and obliges the other boats to await its return to the surface before any attack can be made. It is afterwards actively plied with lances, which are thrust into its body, aiming at its vitals. At length, when exhausted by numerous wounds and the loss of blood, which flows from the huge animal in copious streams, it indicates the approach of its dissolution by discharging from its "blow-holes" a mixture of blood along with the air and mucus which it usually expires, and finally jets of blood. The sea to a great extent around is dyed with its blood, and the ice-boats and men are sometimes drenched with the same. Its track is likewise marked by a broad pellicle of oil, which exudes from his wounds, and appears on the surface of the sea. Its final capture is sometimes preceded by a

convulsive and energetic struggle, in which its tail, reared, whirled, and violently jerked in the air, resounds to the distance of miles. In dying, it turns on its back, or on its side, which joyful circumstance is announced by the capturers with the striking of their flags, accompanied with three lively huzzas.

The remarkable exhaustion observed on the first appearance of a wounded whale at the surface, after a descent of 700 or 800 fathoms perpendicular, does not depend on the nature of the wound it has received, for a hundred superficial wounds received from harpoons could not have the effect of a single lance penetrating the vitals; but is the effect of the almost incredible pressure to which the animal must have been exposed. The surface of the body of a large whale may be considered as comprising an area of 1,540 square feet. This, under the common weight of the atmosphere alone, must sustain a pressure of 3,104,640 lbs., or 1,386 tons. But at the depth of 800 fathoms, where there is a column of water equal in weight to about 151 atmospheres, the pressure on the animal must be equal to 211,200 tons. This is a degree of pressure of which we can have but an imperfect conception. It may assist our comprehension, however, to be informed, that it exceeds in weight sixty of the largest ships of the British navy, when manned, provisioned, and fitted for a six months' cruise.

With respect to the length of time requisite for capturing a whale, it may be remarked that this greatly depends on the activity of the harpooners, the favourableness of situation and weather, and on the peculiar conduct of the whale attacked. I have myself witnessed the capture of a large whale in twenty-eight minutes; and have also been engaged with another fish, which was lost, after it had been entangled about sixteen hours. Under the most favourable circumstances, the average length of time occupied in the capture of a whale may be

stated as not exceeding an hour; and the general average, including all sizes of fish and all circumstances of capture, may probably be two or three hours. The mode described in the preceding pages of conducting the fishery of whales under favourable circumstances, may be considered as the general plan pursued by the fishers of all parts of Britain, as well as of those of other nations who resort to Spitzbergen.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE OF THE WHALE.

I HAVE heard of a whale with a cub, when driven into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over with it in the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then, as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat drew near, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward, showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was no sooner done than the poor animal darted away with her anxious dam, taking out a hundred fathoms of line. It was but a little time, however, before, being checked, and the barb lacerating its vitals, it turned on its back, and, displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct, more powerful than reason, never quitted the body till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides. Then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight, but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently in her last moments more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—*Adventures in the Southern Ocean.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL AND FAMILY GODLINESS.

A Letter from Joseph Allein to his Flock at Taunton, 1666.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED,

My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved. This is that which I have been praying, and studying, and preaching for these many years; and this is the end of my venturing, and suffering, and writing at this present time. God that knoweth all things, He knoweth that this is my wish: O, that I could but come at their souls! and that this is the prize and

the gain that I run for, that I might win souls. I seek not other gifts: give me your hearts, let me but part between your sins and you; suffer me but to save you; give me leave to carry you over to Jesus Christ, and I will not ask you any more. I will serve you gladly, I will suffer for you thankfully, so I may but save you. Do not wonder why I follow you so pressing, why I call upon you so frequently; let not my importunity be grievous to you: all this is but to save you. Christ did not bethink His blood, and shall I bethink my breath, or ink, too dear in order to your salvation? What pity is it, that any of you should mis-

carry at last, under the power of ignorance, or by a profane negligence, or a formal and lifeless profession of strict godliness!

Beloved, I am afraid of you lest, as to many of you, I have run in vain. I cannot but most thankfully acknowledge that, considering the paucity of those that are saved, there are not a few of you who are the joy of your Ministers, and the glory of Christ. But it cannot be dissembled, that far the greater number give little ground to hope that they are in a state of salvation. And must not this be a pinching thought to a compassionate teacher, to think that he cannot for his heart persuade men, but that the most part of them will wilfully throw away themselves? Is it not a woful sight to behold the devils driving a great part of our miserable flocks, as they did once the herd of swine, the keepers themselves amazed, looking on? I say, driving them violently down the hill, till they be choked in the water, and drowned irrecoverably in the gulf of endless perdition? Ah, miserable spectacle! What through the wilful blindness of some, what through the looseness and sensuality of others, what through the halving, and cold, and customary religion of others, how great a number of our poor flocks is Satan like to carry utterly away from us, after all that hath been done to save them!

Yet I cannot but call after them. Harken unto me, O ye children! How long will ye love vanity, and follow after lies, and trust in lying words? As the Lord liveth, you are lost, except you turn: wherefore, turn yourselves and live. Ah, how mercy wooeth you! how it waiteth to be gracious to you! Hear, O sinners, hear. See you not how the merciful Saviour of the world stretches forth His hands all the day long, and spreadeth forth His wings, and calleth you as a hen doth her chickens? Hear you not the soundings of His bowels? He hath no need of you; yet how do His compassions melt over perishing sinners! His heart is turned within Him; and shall not this turn your hearts? His repentings are kindled together; and shall not this lead you to repentance? Behold, He standeth at the door, and knocketh. O man, wilt thou keep Jesus at the door, and lodge Barabbas in thy bosom? and prefer thy cruel lusts before thy compassionate Lord? O, His melting love to sinners! He calleth after them; (Isai. lv. 1;) He weepeth over them; (Luke xix. 41, 42;) He crieth to them, (Prov. i. 21-23,) "How long, ye simple ones, will you love simplicity?" Will you not be made clean? When shall it once be? Why will you die? "Turn you at my reproof. Behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you." Sinner, art thou not yet melted? O, come in at His loving calls; come out from thy sins. Touch the sceptre of grace, and live. Why shouldst thou be dashed in pieces by His iron rod? Kiss the Son: why shouldst thou perish in

the way? Set up Jesus as thy King, lest He count thee for His enemy, because thou wouldest not that He should reign over thee, and so thou be called forth and slain before Him. O, how dreadful will this case be, to perish under the pitiful eye of His mercy, and to die by the hand of a Saviour! O double hell, to have thy Redeemer become thine executioner! and the hand that was so long stretched forth to save thee, to be now stretched forth to slay thee! and the merciful heart of Christ Himself hardened against thee, so as that He should call thee forth, and with His own hand hew thee in pieces, as Samuel did Agag before the Lord!

But I have been too, too long in prefacing to what I intended forthwith to have fallen upon: indeed I am apt to run out in matters that do so nearly touch upon your greatest concerns.

Beloved, I despair of ever bringing you to salvation, without sanctification; or possessing you with happiness, without persuading you to holiness. God knows I have not the least hope ever to see one of your faces in heaven, except you be converted, and sanctified, and exercise yourselves unto godliness. This is that I drive at. I beseech you to study further *personal godliness* and *family godliness*.

1. *Personal godliness*.—Let it be your first care to set up Christ in your hearts. See that you make all your worldly interests to stoop to Him, that you may be entirely and unreservedly devoted unto Him. If you wilfully, and deliberately, and ordinarily harbour any sin, you are undone. See that you unfeignedly take the laws of Christ as the rule of your words, thoughts, and actions; and subject your whole man, members, and mind, faithfully to Him. If you have a true respect to all God's commandments, you are sound at heart. O, study to get the image and impress of Christ upon you within. Begin with your hearts, else you build without a foundation. Labour to get a saving change within, or else all external performances will be to no purpose. And then study to show forth the power of godliness in the life. Let piety be your first and great business. It is the highest point of justice to give God His due. Beware that none of you be a prayerless person; for that is a most certain discovery of a Christless, and a graceless person, of one that is a very stranger to the fear of God. Suffer not your Bibles to gather dust. See that you converse daily with the word. That man can never lay claim to blessedness whose delight is not in the law of the Lord. Let meditation and self-examination be your daily exercise; else the Papists, yea, the Pagans, will condemn us. That the short questions which I have given you as a help to self-examination may be daily perused by you, is the matter of my passionate request unto you. If ever you come to any growth in holiness, without the constant

use of this practice, I am grossly deceived. And therefore I beseech, you, even charge, you by the Lord, that you would daily examine yourselves by these questions, till you have found a better help to this duty.

But piety, without charity, is but the half of Christianity, or rather, impious hypocrisy: we may not divide the tables. See, therefore, that you do justly, and love mercy, and let equity and charity run like an even thread throughout all your dealings. Be you temperate in all things, and let chastity and sobriety be your undivided companions. Let truth and purity, seriousness and modesty, heavenliness and gravity, be the constant ornaments of your speech. Let patience and humility, simplicity and sincerity, shine out in all parts of your conversation. See that you forget and forgive wrongs, and requite them with kindness as you would be found children of the Most High. Be merciful in your

censures, and put the most favourable construction upon your brethren's carriage that their actions will reasonably bear. Be slow in promising, punctual in fulfilling. Let meekness and innocency, affableness, yieldingness, and courtesy, commend your conversations to all men. Let none of your relations want that love and loyalty, that reverence and duty, that tenderness, care, and vigilancy, which their several places and capacities call for. This is throughout godliness. I charge you before the Most High God, that none of you be found a swearer or liar, a lover of evil company or a scoffer, or malicious, or covetous, or a drunkard, or a glutton, unrighteous in his dealing, unclean in his living, or a quarreller, or a backbiter, or a railer; for I denounce unto you from the living God, that destruction and damnation is the end of all such. (Prov. xiii. 20; James v. 12; Rev. xxi. 8; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; Gal. v. 19—21.)

(To be continued.)

THE MONITOR.

THE RESULTS OF UNPRINCIPLED COMPROMISE AND CONCESSION.

JEHOSHAPHAT, when he consented to an alliance with the King of Israel, (says Dr. Candlish,) no doubt contemplated the possibility of doing him some good. He thought that his influence and example would operate as a check on the violence of his ally. He intended to interpose, at fitting seasons and opportunities, his advice, his remonstrances, his authority; and flattered himself that, under his control, the measures of the headstrong Prince would assume a character at least milder and more moderate than was their wont.

Such was his hope. How, in point of fact, was it realised? Do we find the presence of the Jewish King at all restraining the impetuosity of Ahab's counsels? No; but his presence gives to these counsels a weight and plausibility, which, without his countenance and consent, they never would have had. Do we find Jehoshaphat boldly resisting and opposing the ungodliness of his new friend? Ah, no! his voice of rebuke is feeble and unheeded. Hear how he answers Ahab's impious avowal of the hatred which he bore to the true Prophet of the Lord. Is it in the tone of manly and honest indignation which it deserved? No; but with a puny, pitiful, girlish gentleness of expostulation, "Let not the King say so." And when the Prophet is insolently buffeted by one of Ahab's minions, and consigned to unmerited imprisonment by the chafed Monarch himself, what has this godly King to say against such atrocities? What? not a word? No! for not a word from him will now be regarded. He has lost his high

prerogative of reproof. He has descended from his footing of unquestioned and uncompromised integrity, and involved himself irretrievably in the very course he should be rebuking. In a word, do we find this pious Prince exerting any salutary influence at all over Ahab's manners, or principles, or pursuits? No; but we see him a tool, a dupe, and well nigh a victim, in the hands of one too crafty and too wily for him to manage.

And so it must ever be. The very first step a good man takes from the eminence on which he stands apart, as the friend of God and the unflinching enemy of all ungodliness in the world, he compromises his authority, his influence, his right and power of high remonstrance and unsparing testimony against the corrupt lusts and the angry passions of men. He gives up the point of principle; and, as to any resistance that he may make in details, men see not what there is left to fight for. If you make concessions, to the weak, the wicked, or the worldly, and enter into their plans, and sit down with them in their indulgences, you renounce the advantage which the consciousness of untarnished honour and unimpeached consistency, and that alone, can give you over them; you put yourself on their level; you are at their mercy; you are one of themselves; and it must be with an ill grace and a feeble effect, that you venture timidly to stand forth either as God's witness or as their reprover. Whatever you gain by conciliation, you lose far more by forfeiting the respect and reverence which firm integrity commands. You may consent to mix with them familiarly on terms of friendship and

companionship; you may thus gain their easy and indolent good-will; but you gain something very like their contempt too; and a sort of feeble paralysis comes over you in the very attempt to be faithful. Your voice of censure loses all its commanding energy; your look of disapprobation loses all its keenness; your presence is no longer felt to be a restraint on folly; your severity cannot awe, your tenderness cannot touch; you can but feebly "hint a doubt, and hesitate dislike." To assume a high tone and take high ground now, would but excite ridicule by its absurdity, or anger by its impertinence. Your right to testify, your influence to persuade, your power of rebuke, are all gone.

Is not this the natural, the necessary, result of such a conciliatory course? If you condescend to flatter men in their vanities, will they listen to you when you gravely reprove their sins? No; they will laugh you to scorn. If you countenance them

in the beginning of their excess, will they patiently bear your authoritative denunciation of its end? No; they will contemptuously reject it as a fond folly, or indignantly resent it as an insult. If you go with them one mile, may they not almost expect you to go two? At least, you have no right to take it very much amiss if they go the two miles themselves.

Settle it, then, in your minds, as a fixed principle, that if you would preserve unimpaired your privilege of testifying for God, and would not be disqualified for discharging a very sacred trust, and performing a very sacred duty, you must beware of a single step in the way of such conciliation as *Jehoshaphat's*. If you would have your influence, your example, your character and conduct, to be of any weight in the world on the side of divine truth and holiness, be very careful, by the grace of God, to keep yourselves unspotted from the world.

OUR SERVANTS.

AMY.

A SERVANT'S TEMPTATIONS.

AMY was the child of poor but honest parents, who had trained her well, and given her the best advantages which their situation admitted, in the village where her father was employed as a farm-labourer, and was a thriving man, until a long and severe illness reduced him to poverty. His subsequent death dispersed his little family. Amy was much beloved in the circle of her lowly home, as an artless and obliging girl, and was soon well recommended to the service of a lady, who, finding "London servants so bad," resolved to try some from the country: she had married a man possessed of considerable property, and was the mistress of a large establishment. To poor Amy the situation offered every temptation, and cordially was she congratulated by her village friends: her mother alone expressed something like anxious foreboding, "lest Amy should grow proud and forget her station;" but their circumstances admitted of no choice; and giving her child the best advice in her power, especially entreating her never to forget her religious duties, nor "the Sabbath-day," she parted from her with that aching heart which is perhaps inseparable from the maternal character, when for the first time the tie of a child's dependence on herself is loosened, if not forever broken. But she was too soon called from such earthly cares; and the orphan Amy was left with no other dowry save her own principles and industry. She entered her new home with the buoyant hopes of six-

teen; all around her was splendour and luxury; and even her wages as an under-housemaid far exceeded the expectations to which she had been trained. Her mistress had herself engaged her, during an accidental visit; and there was so much kindness in the lady's manner, that the mother of Amy felt comforted in believing that her child would be under her authority and guidance. But that lady possessed little or no influence over the dependents of her own power.

All authority was consigned to the housekeeper and other upper servants; and it is a remarkable fact, that from the first hour of her engagement, to that of her leaving the situation, a period of nearly three years, Amy never but once again saw the mistress by whom she had been hired. The poor girl soon found all was not gold that glittered; that in entering service she had entered a world of wickedness, surrounded by examples such as she had been taught to shun. The account of her first Sabbath there was peculiarly touching, and it was related to me by her own lips on a dying bed. Accustomed at home to regard it as a "day set apart," she, as was her wont, dressed herself in all her best to be in readiness for church, having with great alacrity got through all that she considered was her due portion of work. Meeting the housekeeper, she was asked why she was dressed out at that time of day; and having simply answered that it was time to go to church, the housekeeper exclaimed, "Bless the girl! why, your betters cannot get to church, much less you, who are

wanted high and low! Don't you know, child, we have more to do here on Sundays than on any other day of the week? So, like a good girl, go, take off these nice clothes again, and do all you can to help us both up stairs and down."

This was not spoken unkindly; far from it: but Amy thought of her mother and her home, and she wept bitterly. Some weeks elapsed, and she made no effort to do what seemed contrary to the general rule of her master's house, but rather became more reconciled to its ungodliness. A letter, however, from her mother, reminded her of duties she was neglecting; and she determined to seek an interview with her mistress, to obtain from her permission to go to church at least once in every Sabbath. Her mistress listened with smiles to her request, but merely replied, "You are a good girl for wishing to go to church, so I cannot be angry with you: but you must ask leave of Mrs. Harding; for perhaps you cannot always be spared; and you know work must not be neglected. When we go to the country, you will, I dare say, have more time; but, Amy, you must not be a little Methodist, or think yourself better than other people." This, too, was said without anger or unkindness: her mistress passed on, and she saw her no more.

From that hour may be dated the ruin of a girl well brought up, and naturally of a docile temper; who, under better guidance, might have been a blessing to herself and others. She rarely went to church; she never read her Bible; nor did the Gospel reach her ears from any individual with whom she was associated. She saw vice countenanced, and religion set at naught, not only among her fellows, but also in the higher ranks of her master's household.

It would neither be profitable nor pleasing to describe circumstantially the scenes of deceit, dishonesty, and disorder, to which Amy was exposed among her fellow-servants; or the routine of company, balls, theatres,

&c., which engaged her master's family and guests. Her simple attire gave place to that which was inconsistent with her station; such as her wages, liberal as they might be, were by no means adequate to afford. This led to pilfering, in which she became more and more bold; and at length, discovered by the housekeeper in the very act of a serious theft, she was turned out of doors with only an hour's warning, friendless and dishonoured; without a home, without character, without resource!

Where could she go? Not to her mother, for she was in heaven; not to her friends, for she had disgraced them; and in that hour of dreadful destitution, she was enticed into paths of yet deeper guilt and wretchedness! These, at length, acting upon a sensitive mind, she became deranged; and when I saw her, she was in a state of in-offensive idioey, confined within the sick ward of her own parish workhouse. She was at all times so gentle and tractable, that she was an object of far greater pity than reproach: she spoke little, but seemed very patient and grateful to all who showed her kindness. She frequently became delirious, and then it was a piteous thing to hear her call for the mistress, "who had taken her away from her own dear mother;" imploring leave to go home again; beseeching her mistress "not to let her perish where all was death around her, both of body and of soul."

She was visited by a Minister who had known her parents, and who, for their sakes, as well as from a higher motive, was kind and liberal in administering both to her temporal wants and spiritual consolation. At length poor Amy died; we humbly believe, a sincere penitent; manifesting simple and entire dependence on Him who had not forsaken this child of "righteous parents," and of "many prayers," though others had drawn her aside from His blessed fold.—*From the Female Prisoners of Australia.*

POPERY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPERY.

POPERY IN ROME.—The paragraph which follows, illustrates the idolatry of the Romanists. It tends also to explain the fact, that, where the religion of the Popo thoroughly prevails, the Virgin Mary is far more an object of worship than Christ. We quote from "Notes of a Residence at Rome in 1846, by a Protestant Clergyman:" Rev. A. Vicary, B.A.

"Leaving the square of Lucca, which contains the cathedral, built with alternate pieces of black and white marble, I entered a long and narrow street; and when I had

traversed it for about half a mile, I suddenly came upon the ancient and massive church of San Martino. The church was undergoing some repairs, so I did not see it to the advantage that I could have wished. It contains some pictures by the old masters, several altars, as usual, and a few monuments. But the object that struck me most, and deeply interested my attention, was a fresco painting on the west end, and on the outside. It so completely represents the effect and intention of the Roman Catholic religion, that I cannot forbear detailing it minutely here. The Virgin is represented inflicting corpore!

punishment upon the youthful Jesus. She holds a rod in her hand; with the other she holds the garments of the child. She is in the act of inflicting punishment. The child is in alarm, and its eyes are eagerly directed to St. Anna, the mother of the Virgin, in the background, entreating her intercession to escape the cruel ordeal. The look of the Virgin is not that of affection, but has the stern and harsh appearance which we might imagine a schoolmistress to have when engaged in a similar occupation. Under the picture is written, in very legible characters, '*Jude matris rege filium*,' that is, 'By the authority of the mother rule the Son.' This picture is better executed than those which are generally to be found at the corners of the streets, or on the outside of the churches. It is the most remarkable, and in its subject one of the most daring, that I have seen; and contains within its compass much of the spirit that is infused into the Roman Catholic Church."

POPERY THE ENEMY OF THE BIBLE.—The following is an extract from a letter of Pope Pius IX. to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy:—

"NAPLES, FAUBOURG PORTICI,
"December 8th, 1849.

"Among the various insidious measures of which the malicious enemies of the Church and of society endeavour to avail themselves for seducing the people, one may be specified as more especially prominent, which they find eminently adapted to their wicked designs; namely, the recent improvements in the art of printing.... At the instigation and with the aid of Bible Societies, which have been denounced again and again by the Holy See, they have the hardihood to carry on the distribution of the sacred Scriptures, translated, contrary to the rules of the Church, in the vulgar tongue, and most wretchedly perverted; and with a wicked and almost incredible effrontery, they scruple not, under the cloak of religion, to recommend them to the careful perusal of the faithful."

POPERY IN NEW-ZEALAND.—From the efforts of the Romish Priests, (says a Protestant Missionary,) the need of continual superintendence is urgent. To the natives of Tutapahore they gave a bell, as an inducement to join them; but the natives cast it into the sea, plainly telling the Priests that they would have nothing to do with them. At Te Kaha similar efforts have been made to gain over the father of the Native Teacher, the principal Chief: although they have not succeeded, the natives are aware of the danger, and entreat that they may be more frequently visited.

At Opotiki there is one, and sometimes there are two, Roman Catholic Priests living,

who claim a small number of followers. From this place they travel into the interior, and along the coast, carrying the blighting influence of their tenets wherever they go.

THE GOSPEL AND POPERY IN FREEJEL.—Says the Rev. John Watsford, a Wesleyan Missionary, writing from Lakemba,—

"July 23d, 1849.—The King of Lakemba is still a heathen, as are also a few of his people; but the number is becoming very small, and we hope soon to see the day when every knee in this place shall bow to Jesus."

The Rev. Mr. Lyth, writing from Lakemba at a later date, says:—

"Oct. 19th, 1849.—We praise God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard this day. Tuinayau, the King, has made a public profession of Christianity, and with him five others, including the *only remaining Priest*, and others of his near friends. There has been great joy in the city, and in the whole island."

Writing from the same place, another Wesleyan Missionary (Mr. Malvern) says:—

"March 23d, 1850.—During the past few months, we have had much to try us in our work; but, on the other hand, a great deal to cheer and encourage us; abundant evidence that we do not labour in vain. The Romish Priests, busy, indefatigable, and bitter enemies of the true Gospel, have caused us much anxiety and trouble; but the Lord has conformed them, and brought them lower in the estimation of the people than ever.

"Our hearts were gladdened in the midst of our fears, by Tuinayau's (the King of this and many adjacent islands) embracing the profession of Christianity, an event which our brethren before us, as well as ourselves, had long desired to see: but we had thought it almost useless to entertain any hope of him. What may we not expect at the hand of the Lord? But the other day, this was so confirmed in his Heathenism, that it seemed next to an impossibility to move him; and we had frequently said, that we thought Tuinayau, after all the trouble and prayers bestowed upon him, would die in his sins. Now he delights to hear the word of God read to him, attends the chapel every Sabbath morning, and pays great attention to the preaching: he has family worship regularly conducted in his house, morning and evening.

"The Papists tried every manœuvre to gain the King; but in vain. *They are now using every means in their power to win him over to them, or turn him to Heathenism.* 'The Lord rebuke' them! Glory be to His name, He has done so! Every attempt they make to propagate their system turns against them. Because they cannot succeed, they have tried what effect intimidation would have; but it is all fruitless. They have told the people, that a French man-of-war

will soon be here, and then they shall be punished for rejecting the Romish religion; and that the whole of their books, including the Bible, (their great enemy,) shall be collected together and burned. They, however, generally find us at hand, to correct any unfavourable impression they may make; and, by the blessing of God, everything they say and do is rendered futile."

POPERY IN GAMBIA, WEST AFRICA.—The "man of sin" has made such an attack upon this colony, as astonishes us and everybody else that I hear speak of the matter. Since the abolition of the system of slavery in the French colonies, (and of course at Goree,) with which Popery seemed to be associated, we have had an inundation of Priests, and a Roman Catholic Bishop. Sometimes there have been six Priests and lay brothers, besides the Bishop, at a time. A few weeks since, three Sisters of Charity arrived with their images, and are now offering their services to everybody. It is reported that two English Sisters of Mercy or Charity will come by and by. Some weeks since they commenced building a

large chapel, I suppose about sixty feet by thirty-five. They have allowed them for this, from the Propaganda, £1,000. They could not hold property here, being foreigners; but they have got two Roman Catholics here to be trustees. They are going on rapidly with the building, though very few attend their present place of idolatry, where they have set up a chalk image of the Virgin, and a brazen one of Jesus Christ, and they teach the people to bow to them. They have been distributing amongst the people an abridgment of Christian doctrine, from Dr. Butler's larger Catechism, in which they give *nine* commandments of the decalogue, for the ten commandments of God. Many of the Joliffs were slaves in Goree; and if baptized at all, it was by Roman Catholics; and these poor ignorant people will be easily led astray by them. Now we want to counteract these efforts by spreading scriptural truth. This we are doing to the best of our ability; and even our school-boys can see *why* they have left the second commandment out of "the Commandments."—*Rev. H. Badger, Gambia*

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. GEORGE BRUMMITT.

HE was born at Tunstall, in the year 1790. His parents were in very humble circumstances, but his mother had a mind superior to her situation. Although she was not a professor of religion, she paid strict attention to her son's morals; and to this early training he was greatly indebted for the formation of his future character. In the year 1796 a Wesleyan Sabbath-school was opened at Tunstall, and George Brummitt was the first boy that presented himself for admission. His attachment to the interests of that school increased with his years, and only ceased when he ceased to breathe. At an early age he was put to work in the pottery, but that did not abate his thirst for knowledge; for most of his evenings were spent at school, where he acquired the art of reading and writing, which he considered not knowledge, but the keys by which knowledge is attained. By dint of application he became acquainted to some extent with the higher branches of the mathematics, general philosophy, architecture, chemistry, astronomy, and navigation. But with all his love for literary pursuits, the Bible was with him the "book of books." From that sacred source of divine knowledge, he learned to know himself a lost sinner; and, directed by the faithful ministry, under which he regularly sat, he sought and found redemption through faith in the atoning blood. Having found this invaluable blessing, he now saw it both his

duty and privilege to unite himself with the Wesleyan branch of the church of Christ, which he did in the year 1811.

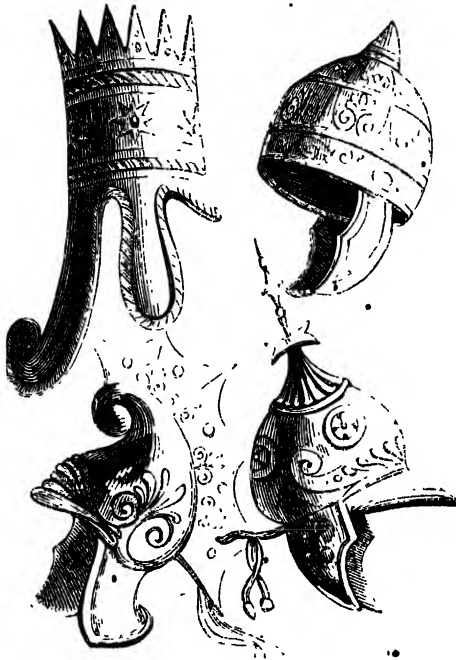
Mr. Brummitt diligently sought the improvement of his senior scholars; and his great usefulness to them will never be known until revealed in the light of eternity. For many years he regularly devoted one evening in the week to the instruction of young men, both in theology and general literature. In the church he held the offices of Class-Leader, and successively those of Circuit, Society, Trustee, and Chapel Steward. Esteemed by the church, he was also looked up to throughout the town and neighbourhood in which he lived. Few men in private life ever attained to a greater share of public confidence; and this was manifested by the numerous cases of arbitration which he was called on to decide, and the temporal affairs of many widows and orphans which were left in his hands, none of whom had cause to regret that such a trust was reposed in him. His own affairs were often chequered with adversities; but he so lived the Gospel that the soundness of his moral principles was never called in question. His general health was delicate, and for several of the later years of his life, he suffered much from asthma, which prevented him from taking so active a part as he otherwise would have done in the public means of grace. He was, however, always alive to the interests and prosperity of the work of God. His last affliction was

short; but, like the faithful servant, he was found watching. During his affliction I had frequent opportunities of inquiring into the state of his mind; when his general reply was, "I find all is right within." He had followed no cunningly-devised fable. He

had fixed his eye of faith on the Sun of Righteousness, under the light of whose beams, he passed without fear through the valley of death, April 13th, 1847, into his Father's house above.

J. B. HOLROYD.

ANTIQUITIES.



HELMETS.

THE helmet seems to have been at first a martial cap, lined with a thick padding of wool. The Greeks often made their helmets of the skins of beasts; and hence we find them designated, especially in Homer, by terms drawn from the names of animals. The skins were sometimes overlaid with plates of brass.

After the primitive leather caps were superseded by more durable helmets, it was long the practice to surmount the latter with the shaggy skin of some wild beast, the teeth of which were exhibited in terrific prominence. These devices were succeeded by the elegant crest.

It deserves noting, that this piece of

armour was often adapted by the ancients to protect both the head and the face. The modern helmet is worn by some of the cavalry to defend the head against the broad-sword.

"As ornaments over the shield or coat of arms, helmets are still used in heraldry. The full-faced helmet, with six bars, all of gold, damasked, is for the Sovereign and Princes of the blood; the full-faced helmet of steel, for Marquesses and Dukes. Earls, Viscounts, and Barons have a profile or side-standing helmet of steel, ornamented with bars. The full-faced helmet of steel, with the visor or bevor open, is for Baronets and Knights; the profile helmet, steel, with the visor closed, for an Esquire."

POETRY.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air;
No dread of summer's bright and fervid day!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief;
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts, are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless holy song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep.
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower,
Or wither'd bud, celestial gardens know.
No scorching blast or fierce-descending
shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread.
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded
heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern
control.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES OF THE REV. ROBERT SHIRRA.

IN Kirkcaldy, a town in Fife, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, this eminently pious but very eccentric Minister laboured for many years, in the Scottish Secession Church there. A memoir of Mr. Shirra has been recently published by the present Incumbent of the church in which he so long ministered, from which we make the following extracts:—

"Jan. 15th, 1762. I have," says Mr. Shirra, in his journal, "received the heavy tidings of the death of my brother in the ministry, the Rev. Mr. McEwen, author of 'The Types.' He was an accurate Preacher, and moderate in his sentiments respecting the differences among professing Christians. He was married on the 4th, and died on the 13th, of the month. How very sudden the transition from the house of mirth to the house of mourning! What is time but a bundle of changes hung up between two eternities?"

"The language of the English Bible was to a great extent at once the medium and vehicle of Mr. Shirra's every-day reflections. In illustration of this, many stories might be told. Walking one day with a lady along the principal street of Kirkcaldy, he passed a fine house which was being erected. The lady called his attention to it, saying, 'That is a fine house, Mr. Shirra, that Mr.

F—— is building.' 'O, ay,' replied Mr. Shirra; 'but there's a house prepared for you and me a thousand times better than that; the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Visiting an aged female member of his congregation, on one occasion, Mr. Shirra lifted a shawl that had fallen from her shoulders, and carefully adjusted it. When she was apologising for putting him to trouble, Mr. Shirra said, 'Whisht, woman: we should aye be respectful and kind to you, *for ye are a King's dochter.*' To a good woman who was labouring under great spiritual depression, and writing very bitter things against herself, he said, 'The oath of God stands between you and damnation; for He has sworn that He will never damn the soul that has fled to Christ for refuge.' The person was immediately relieved, and enabled, with humility and gratitude, to rejoice in God.

"He had considerable facility in laying hold of passing events, and in applying them so as to impress the imagination and feelings of his audience. Preaching one day at Kinghorn in the open air, in a place which commanded a view of the Firth of Forth, his eye was attracted by a large fleet of vessels sailing down the Firth under the protection of some ships of war. He immediately directed the attention of his hearers to the ships, and said, 'You see these vessels

sailing down the Firth: in an hour or two they will be past the May, and out into the German Ocean. You and I, my hearers, are like them. We are sailing rapidly down the Firth of time, and we shall be in the ocean of eternity ere long. Some of these ships, with their rich cargoes, will probably reach the ports for which they are bound in safety; and some of them will perhaps founder, and be wrecked, when God *commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves*. Ah, we are like them again! Some of us will reach the port of heaven, our souls being guarded by the power and grace of Christ; a far better protection than these frigates: and some, it is to be feared, shall be wrecked, and sink into the bottomless pit of hell.' Though there is nothing very remarkable in the ideas which are here expressed, yet, in the circumstances, the words could scarcely fail to be listened to with attention, and to be long remembered.

The following anecdotes are illustrative of the general eccentricity of his character and ministrations, which cannot certainly be commended, and ought never to be imitated.

"One Sabbath, the Precentor intimated in the church at Kirkcaldy, just as Mr. Shirra was about to commence the morning prayer, that the prayers of the people were solicited in behalf of David —, a member of the congregation. Mr. Shirra, who had not been informed of the illness of the person named, looked over the side of the pulpit, and deliberately said to the Precentor, 'Henry, is David ill?' Having been answered in the affirmative, he immediately said, 'Weel, weel, let us pray for him;' and forthwith began his address to God, in the words of the first verse of the hundred and thirty-second Psalm, 'Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions.'

"Having had occasion one day to quote the saying of the Psalmist, 'I said in my haste, All men are liars,' he remarked, 'It would seem, David, that in saying this you were hasty or ill-advised, and you seem to think your saying it calls for an apology: had you lived in our day, you might have said it at your leisure, and made no apology about it.' Quoting, on another occasion, these words from the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, 'I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart,' he said, 'Well, David, what is your first resolution? *I will run*. Run away, David: who hinders you? What is your next? *I will run the way of Thy commandments*. Better run yet, David: what is your next? *I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart*. No thanks to you, David: we could all run as well as you, with such help.' At another time, Mr. Shirra, having had occasion to quote Philippians iv. 11, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,' said, 'Ay, Paul, ye have learned

well, ye have got far on; but let us be thankful we're at the schule.'"

"While Mr. Shirra said strange things in the illustration and enforcement of divine truth, at all periods of his ministry, these were much more numerous towards the close of it. Many of these we could mention," judiciously adds his biographer, "but we forbear. They are to be ascribed in a great degree to the failure of his intellectual powers; and the publication of them would answer no good end.

"PAUL JONES.—There are few who have not heard the story which is told of Mr. Shirra, respecting the threatened destruction of the shipping in the port of Leith by the American pirate, Paul Jones, in the year 1779. The story has been variously related. It has been said, that when the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy were in a state of great excitement and consternation at the sight of the freebooter's squadron, Mr. Shirra took an old arm-chair, and sat down in it on the sands, declaring that if God did not listen to his prayer, and send a strong westerly wind to drive the pirate's vessels out of the Firth, he would sit there and be drowned. This version of the story is clumsy and offensive, and, we are glad to say, absolutely false. It was made, and circulated, and believed, by those who did not know Mr. Shirra.

"By others it has been related, that on the morning when Paul Jones was attempting to sail to Leith from the little island of Inchkeith, on the east of which his vessels had been riding at anchor during the preceding night, Mr. Shirra went to the shore of Kirkcaldy, and kneeling on the sands, in the midst of a great and terror-stricken multitude, poured out an earnest prayer for deliverance. It is added, that while he was thus engaged, the wind, which was blowing from the west, increased to a violent gale; in consequence of which, Paul Jones and those under his authority were obliged to sail eastward, and, ere long, were driven out to sea.

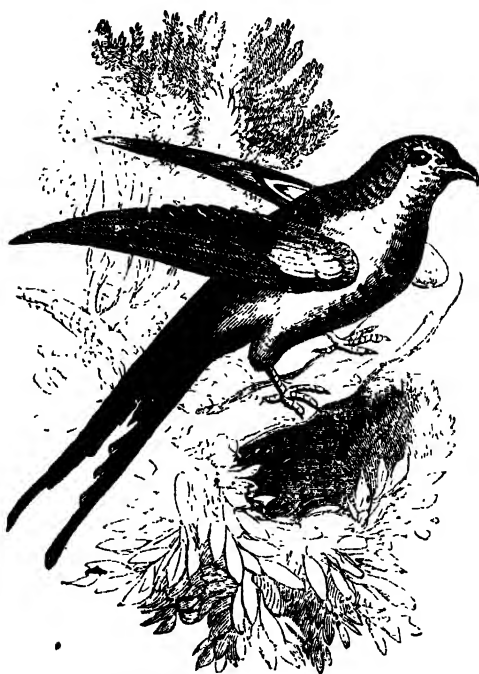
"This edition of the story, though more in accordance with Mr. Shirra's known character and habits, is no better authenticated than that which we have given above. The anecdote, as we have it from unquestionable authority, is deprived of much of the air of romance which the imagination of story-tellers has cast around it. It is as follows:—On the morning after the ships had anchored under cover of Inchkeith, Mr. Shirra went into the house of one of the members of his congregation, who lived upon the shore, and inquired what vessels these were that were beating up the Firth. The person addressed said, that he had heard from some of his neighbours that they were American privateers. On hearing this, Mr. Shirra looked up to heaven, and said, 'Lord, if they are enemies, put thou a hook in their nose and a bridle in their jaws, and take them back to where they came

from.' In going along the shore, a little afterwards, Mr. Shirra said to a friend, 'The Lord wi' His wind could easily blow them out of the Firth.' The result is well known. The wind being contrary, and increasing to a gale, the pirate found it impracticable to effect his object, and retired. No one rejoiced more heartily than Mr. Shirra, who was warmly attached to his country, and King.

"Mr. Shirra, at the close of a long life,

gave utterance to these striking words: 'All the riches of the redeemed in glory are mine; all the promises in this blessed book' (laying his hand on the Bible) 'are mine. It is sixty years since God said to me, *I am thy God*; and all the devils in hell have not been able to shake my faith in so precious a promise. On this I have lived; and on this I confidently depend, when now taking the Jordan of death. I die in the full assurance of faith.'"

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE SWALLOW OF PALESTINE.

PSALM LXXXIV. 3.

As birds are exposed in the East to the least possible molestation from man, those which are naturally disposed to live in or near towns, and to construct their nests among human habitations, do so with more confidence and freedom, and with less curious search for secret and inaccessible positions, than we should be disposed to imagine. Nevertheless, we are not to understand literally that the sparrow and swallow built their nests upon or against the altar itself, where they would have been continually disturbed by the officiating Priests; but the altar is here put as a part for the whole, so that the

precincts of the tabernacle are to be understood, within which, among the beams and rafters of the sacred enclosure, or of the offices within it, the sparrows and swallows were allowed to build their nests. David had probably particularly noticed them in his visits to the tabernacle; and now, banished and desolate, he longs for a privilege from which even the birds of smallest account were not excluded. Some, however, remove all consideration on this point by translating, "Even as the sparrow findeth her house, and the swallow her nest, where she hath laid her young; so would I find thine altars, O Lord of Hosts," &c.

The swallow.—The word here is *derur*, which

the old versions render by "turtle-dove," probably from the resemblance of the name to *tur*, the common name of that bird. The Hebrew interpreters believe it is the swallow, and are followed by our version. The word means "freedom, deliverance," and may be supposed to refer to the free manner in which the swallow flies. It is only mentioned again, at least by this name, in Prov.

xxvi. 2; and is there also associated with the *tzippor*, which our version there renders "bird," instead of "sparrow." In both texts the meaning agrees better with the swallow than the turtle-dove. It is not necessary to describe particularly the appearance and habits of so well-known a bird as this.—*Pictorial Bible*.

THE PROTESTANT.

PRETENDED MIRACLES BEFORE THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND; AND THEIR EXPOSURE.

A CERTAIN German merchant here, who is well acquainted with the English language, told me as a certain fact, that all the images, which used to work miracles by the artifices of the devil and his angels,—that is to say, the Monks, Friars, fish-eaters, and others of that stamp,—were conveyed on horseback to London, at the command of the Bishops: that a public sermon was preached from the pulpit of St. Paul's to the congregation assembled in Christ; after which a certain image brought away from Kent, and called in English "The Rood of Grace in Kent," was first exhibited. The Preacher (the Bishop of Rochester) explained all the trickery and imposture in the presence of the people. By means of some person pulling a cord, most artfully contrived and ingeniously inserted at the back, the image rolled about its eyes just like a living creature; and on the pulling of other cords, it gave a nod of assent or dissent, according to the occasion. It never restored health to any sick person, notwithstanding great numbers afflicted with divers diseases were carried to it, and laid prostrate before it, unless some one disguised himself of set purpose, and pretended to be sick; in

which case it would give a nod, as though promising the restoration of health, that it might by this means confirm its imposture. Then again, by some other contrivance, unknown to me, it opened and shut its mouth; and, to make an end of my story at once, after all its tricks had been exposed to the people, it was broken into small pieces; and it was a great delight to any one who could obtain a single fragment, either, as I suppose, to put in the fire in their own houses, or else to keep them by way of reproof to such kind of impostors. After this, Bishop Latimer, in the western part of St. Paul's, carried a small image in his hand, which he throw out of the church, though the inhabitants of the country whence it came, constantly affirmed that eight oxen would be unable to remove it from its place. There were, after this, exhibited many other tricks of the same kind, by which the simple were imposed upon by the Priests; so that the ignorant people now call them mere conjurors, and despise their contrivances, objecting the deceits they practised against them, as long as the tower of Babel was safe, which, being now undermined, is daily threatening an overthrow.—*From the Parker Society's Zurich Letters:—John Finch to Conrad Humperd. Written in 1538.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE ARE THE MOUTHS, BUT WHERE IS THE MEAT?

I REMEMBER (observes Bishop Hall) a great man coming into my house, at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth." It is easy to observe that none are so grapple and hard-fisted as the childless; whereas those who, for the maintenance of large families, are inured to frequent disbursements, find such ex-

perience of Divine Providence in the faithful management of their affairs, as that they lay out with more cheerfulness those they receive. Wherein their care must be abated when God takes it off from them to Himself; and, if they be not wanting to themselves, their faith gives them ease in casting their burden upon Him, who hath more power and more right to it, since our children are more His than our own. He that feedeth the young ravens, (Psalm cxlvii. 9,) can He fail the best of His creatures? Worthy Master Greenham tells us of a gentlewoman who, coming into the cottage of a poor neighbour, and seeing it furnished

with a store of children, could say, "Here are the mouths, but where is the meat?" But not long after she was paid in her own coin; for the poor woman coming to her after the burial of her last and now only child, inverted the question upon her: "Here is the meat, but where are the mouths?"

LOSS AND GAIN.

I REMEMBER (says the Rev. George Burder) reading of a woman whose house was on fire. She was very active in removing her goods, but forgot her child, who was sleeping in the cradle. At length she remembered

the babe, and ran with earnest desire to save it. But it was now too late! The flames forbade her entrance. Judge of her agony of mind when she exclaimed, "O, my child! my child!" Just so it will be with many a poor sinner, who was all his life "careful, and troubled about many things," while the "one thing needful" was forgotten. What will it then avail for a man to say, "I got a good place, or a good trade, but lost my soul! I got a large fortune, but lost my soul! I got many friends, but God is my enemy! I lived in pleasure, but now pain is my everlasting portion! I clothed my body gaily, but my soul is naked before God!"

THE REMEMBRANCER.

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land."

On Monday, the 5th of May next, the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society will be held, if the Lord will, in Exeter-Hall, London. In prospect of that important Meeting, it may not now be inopportune briefly to advert to a few of the interesting reminiscences connected with the history and development of that work which, through the instrumentality of this Society, it has pleased the great Head of the church to accomplish.

The indefatigable zeal which led the venerable Founder of Methodism and his coadjutors to spread the knowledge of the Gospel at home, early led them to take a direct share in the evangelization of the Heathen abroad. John Wesley himself had been a Missionary; and when he returned home again from America, he emphatically said, "The world is my parish." And the people the Lord gave to him were a Missionary people. Obtaining mercy of the Lord, they professed to be a forgiven people. Forgiven much, they loved much. They practically exemplified that expressive motto Mr. Wesley caused to be put on the sacramental tokens in Scotland, "Believe, love, and obey." And amongst the manifestations which their life of evangelical obedience produced, not the least striking was their compliance with that law of Christ,—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In the year 1763 several members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, having emigrated from England and Ireland, settled in various parts of North America; and a few years after, two Local Preachers began to speak for Christ,—the one in New-York, and the other in Frederick county, in Maryland.

Their preaching was owned of God; so that, in a very short time, many gave evidence of being turned from darkness to light. About the same time, an officer in the army, by name Mr. Webb, was preaching with great success in New-York and Philadelphia. Encouraged by the tokens of the Divine blessing, he wrote to Mr. Wesley, imploring him to send out Missionaries. In answer to his application, two Missionaries were sent, who, landing at Philadelphia, (1769,) found a Society of about one hundred members, who had been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour through the instrumentality of Mr. Webb and the other brethren. The Missionaries were received with open arms; and their ministry was attended by great numbers, who heard the word gladly. One of them afterwards went to New-York, where he preached to a congregation, it is said, of not less than five thousand souls. So encouraging were the prospects of the Mission, that, in 1771, two other Missionaries were sent from England; and in 1773, two more. These met with the same cordial reception as their predecessors; and by this time there were at the several American stations about a thousand persons united together in Christian fellowship, six or seven of whom had become Preachers. The Lord still continued to bless their labours, and in the course of about four years afterwards, the number of Preachers had increased to forty, and that of members to nearly seven thousand; besides some hundreds of the Negro race, who appear to have received the love of the truth, though, for some cause, they had not been joined to the Society.

The Societies under the care of these Missionaries seem to have enjoyed a continued season of revival. It might truly be said of them, that "the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord." "During a

Quarterly-Meeting," it is stated, "at a place called Maybery chapel, which lasted two days, the congregation being about four thousand, some hundreds were awakened, and it is hoped one hundred and fifty savingly converted. In July, 1777, there was a very remarkable awakening in the town of Petersburg, in Virginia, and parts contiguous thereto. In Amelia county, in the course of the summer, 800, in Sussex county, 1,600, in the county of Brunswick, 1,800, were converted to God, as appeared evident from their subsequent holy life." These good effects were not transient. Eighteen years afterwards, we find it stated that the number of Preachers employed was 400, besides many hundred Local Preachers; that the number of white persons in the Societies was 51,694; and of blacks, 13,811; amounting in all to 65,508, who walk in close fellowship, exclusive of the many thousands who are regular attendants on their ministry. Such was the origin, and such the early progress, of Methodism in North America. And now it is believed that, including the Church North and South, there are upwards of 1,200,000 members, and 6,000 Ministers, in the Episcopal portion alone. Connecting with this mighty result the small beginning of Methodism in America, in 1763, who can refrain from exclaiming, with joy and gratitude, "What hath God wrought!"

Other fields of labour besides America, however, soon attracted the attention of Mr. Wesley. At a very early period the West India islands were added to his stations of evangelistic labour; and on these also the Lord graciously gathered "a people for Himself." In 1760 Mr. Nathaniel Gilbert, Speaker of the House of Assembly in the island of Antigua, began to assemble a few persons in his own house on the Lord's day, for prayer and exhortation; and, finding that the Divine blessing accompanied his labours, he enlarged his sphere of action by commencing to preach to the Negroes. Amidst much reproach he persevered till the time of his death, when there were two hundred persons who had been gathered into Society through his instrumentality. These now seemed to be left uncared for; but the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls was, in a remarkable way, preparing an instrument of good for them.

About the year 1780, "John Baxter, a shipwright in the royal dock at Chatham, and a Local Preacher, went to this island to work for His Majesty in the English harbour; and, being constrained by the love of Christ soon after his arrival, he openly preached the Gospel, by which means he collected the scattered remains of Mr. Gilbert's labours. For seven or eight years, with surprising assiduity, he walked through the evening dews when his daily work was over, to instruct the classes in the plantations. The Sabbath he devoted entirely to this labour of love; and, enduring very great

opposition and persecution, he continued in it till he had raised a Society of at least a thousand persons."

And mark how God, in His gracious providence, wrought on behalf of that people. In the earlier part of the year 1787, four Missionaries sailed from England, with the intention of proceeding to Nova-Scotia. After being ten weeks at sea, the Captain of the vessel was forced, by stress of weather, to bear off for the West Indies. The Missionaries landed at Antigua, on Christmas-day; and we can easily conceive how their hearts would be filled with gratitude, when they witnessed the glorious results of the zealous labours of John Baxter; and how they would be constrained to recognise the hand of God in the storm which had driven them to this unsought shore. One of these Missionaries remained in the island, and, under his ministry, the number of the disciples multiplied greatly; between two and three thousand persons being united in Society. The other Missionaries proceeded to St. Vincent's, St. Kitt's, and St. Eustatius', in all of which the Lord gave prosperity to the word of His grace. From the last-mentioned island, however, they were shortly afterwards compelled to withdraw, in consequence of a violent persecution raised against them by the Government. In 1788 several other Missionaries were sent out to the West Indies, who proceeded to occupy Barbadoes, Nevis, Tortola, and, shortly afterwards, Jamaica, Grenada, and St. Domingo. In all of these islands, as well as in others which were afterwards occupied, the Spirit was poured out from on high, so that the word of God grew and increased, and the deserts began to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And this prosperity has continued to the present time in these portions of the great Missionary field of labour.

Up to 1813 the Wesleyan Missions were confined chiefly to British North America and the West Indies. In the December of that year, however, Dr. Coke, in his sixty-seventh year, after having crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, accompanied by a band of young Missionaries, embarked for India, for the purpose of establishing Missions in Ceylon and Java. Now commenced, strictly speaking, those Missions to the Heathen, which have progressed with such rapidity; that, at this time, the Wesleyan Missionaries are preaching the Gospel in no less than twenty different languages and dialects. It has been said of our Queen's dominions, that the sun never sets upon them; and it is equally true, of the posts occupied by this Missionary Society, that as the orb of day sets upon one, he rises upon another of these Missionary stations.

Until the period when the Mission to Ceylon was undertaken, the Methodist Missionary operations had been conducted under the general superintendence of Dr. Coke; and he mainly raised the funds for their

support, stooping "to the very drudgery of charity," and gratuitously "pleading the cause of a perishing world from door to door." The additional evangelistic enterprise now taken up by Dr. Coke, made new arrangements and exertions necessary. Various plans were suggested, but that which originated with the late Rev. George Morley and the Rev. Dr. Bunting, then stationed in Leeds, and sanctioned by several of the Ministers in that town and neighbourhood, was adopted by the ensuing Conference. By God's blessing upon that scheme, the Wesleyan Missionary Society has attained to its present glorious prosperity. In 1814 the income of the Missionary fund was below £7,000; there were seventy Missionaries, and the number of members under their care was 18,747. Now, there are, according to the returns published in 1850, 105,394 accredited church-members, besides 4,830 on trial for membership, under the care of four hundred and twenty-seven Missionaries; and the income is £111,685. 13s. 6d.

It would be a most interesting and instructive study to mark the providential circumstances connected with the introduction of the Gospel into each station now occupied by this Society, and to note how the blessing of the Most High has continued progressively to crown the labours of its agents. Our space, however, will not allow of us doing more than briefly to contrast the present numerical statistics of the Missions with what they were twenty years ago, about the time when the distinguished men now at the head of this department entered upon the management of its affairs.

On the continent of Europe, in 1830, there were 8 central or principal stations or Circuits, 11 Missionaries, 234 members, and 250 scholars: in 1850 there were 10 stations, 21 Missionaries, 1,556 members, and 1,779 scholars.

In Ceylon and Continental India, in 1830, there were 13 stations, 29 Missionaries, 1,000 members, 4,920 scholars: in 1850, there were 21 stations, 31 Missionaries, 1,913 members, and 6,085 scholars.

In Australasia and Polynesia, in 1830, there were 9 Circuits, 13 Missionaries, 341 members, and 1,024 scholars: in 1850, there were 51 Circuits, 65 Missionaries, 17,453 members, and 22,952 scholars.

In Africa, in 1830, there were 17 Circuits, 19 Missionaries, 867 members, and 1,032 scholars: in 1850, there were 51 Circuits, 55 Missionaries, 10,352 members, and 13,005 scholars.

In the West Indies, in 1830, there were 38 Circuits, 60 Missionaries, 32,858 members, and 10,796 scholars: in 1850, there were 50 Circuits, 85 Missionaries, 50,587 members, and 18,090 scholars.

In British North America, in 1830, there were 30 Circuits, 57 Missionaries, 5,966 members, and 1,218 scholars. In 1850, there were 117 Circuits, 131 Missionaries, 7,708 members, and 12,950 scholars.

While in 1830 the income was £50,017 18s. 8d., and the expenditure £51,299 18s. 3d., the income reported in 1850, reaches the sum of £111,685 13s. 6d., and the expenditure was £109,168 10s. 7d. To God be all the praise!

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bailey, Sarah Ann,	Crowdhill,	Southampton,	28	June 4th, 1850.
Chesters, Mary,	Norbury,	Whitechurch, Salop,	49	Dec. 10th, 1850.
Day, James Henry,	Pawlett,	Bridgewater,	17	Dec. 30th, 1850.
Day, Mrs. Mary,	Pawlett,	Bridgewater,	95	Oct. 25th, 1850.
Gledhill, Mrs. Martha,	Brighouse,	Cleckheaton,	73	March 20th, 1849.
Gledhill, Miss Martha T.,	Brighouse,	Cleckheaton,	30	July 8th, 1846.
Hayes, Elizabeth,	Dods-Green,	Whitechurch, Salop,	87	Nov. 14th, 1850.
Hope, Wilfred,	Darcy-Lever,	Bolton,	21	Oct. 5th, 1850.
King, Mrs. Ann,	Bridgewater,	Bridgewater,	43	Nov. 7th, 1850.
Mitcheson, Mr.,	Poley,	Longton,	55	Dec. 24th, 1850.
Peake, Sarah,	Whitechurch,	Whitechurch, Salop,	36	Dec. 23d, 1850.
Poolo, Mr. Joseph,	Whitechurch,	Whitechurch, Salop,	30	Dec. 17th, 1850.
Shaw, Maria,	Sound,	Whitechurch, Salop,	65	Jan. 8th, 1851.
Slocombe, Mr. John,	Bradney,	Bridgewater,	41	Jan. 13th, 1851.
Spurway, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Bridgewater,	Bridgewater,	95	Nov. 8th, 1850.
Stephenson, Mary Ann,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	17	Sept. 10th, 1850.
Stephenson, Jane,	Allendale-Town,	Allendale-Town,	21	Oct. 30th, 1850.
Swale, Mrs. Benjamin,	Martoncum-Grafton,	Ripon,	44	Oct. 6th, 1850.
Taylor, Mrs.,	Runcorn,	Runcorn,	40	Oct. 18th, 1850.
Williams, Mr.,	Frodsham,	Runcorn,	67	Feb. 5th, 1851.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

MAY, 1851.

"WHO HATH DESPISED THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS?"
(ZECH. IV. 10.)

It appears that the Prophets Haggai and Zechariah were born during the captivity. "The first care of Heaven," it is impressively said by one of the ancients, "is the church;" and for its benefit God raises up, even in the most unpromising circumstances, a suitable agency. Removing to Judaea in their youth, the men of God were destined to important service. According to the sure word of prophecy, spoken two hundred years before, royal Cyrus, the "shepherd" of God, had said "to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid." (Isai. xlv. 28.) Thousands of the exiles had availed themselves of the freedom offered, and had gone, under the conduct of Zerubbabel, to the land ever dear and hallowed in their esteem. According to Ezra's narrative, the second temple was founded with little delay. Trumpets and cymbals announced the glad occasion. The Priests, in sacred and beautiful robes, with the Levites, the sons of Asaph, chanted, in response to each other, the ancient song unto the Lord, "because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel;"—and the people shouted for joy. But this work, so zealously and patriotically begun, was soon suspended. The Samaritans, and other enemies of the Jews, harassed them with vexatious opposition. Sixteen years rolled away. With the loss of favourable opportunity, the newborn zeal of the builders languished; and, in course of time, it became needful to rouse them from their slumber. The ministry of Prophets was accordingly employed. The word of the Lord came by Haggai, saying, "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" (Hag. i. 4.) Zechariah was also commissioned to challenge the people, setting before them the vanity of life, and the brevity of all favouring seasons, in contrast to the unchanging word of God: "Your fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live for ever?" (Zech. i. 5.) One of these inspired men recounts the calamities which already descend on the loiterers for their guilty inactivity; and the *other* sketches various prophetic scenery, full of encouragement for all who will gird themselves for fresh duty; while *both* announce the coming of "THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS," whose visits shall assuredly confer on the second temple an excelling glory.

The imagery described in Zech. iv. 2, 3, is rich in instruction. "I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it, and his seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are upon the top thereof: and two olive-trees by it, one upon the right side of

the bowl, and the other upon the left side thereof." Let no plain reader think that he cannot understand this visionary scene. Many learned men seem to have erred by resolving to find a distinct meaning in every particular. It is doubtless better to look at the general truth which the whole contains. We are favoured, indeed, with an angelic interpreter of the symbols. But does *he* go into the minutenesses of certain human expositors? Hear him : "This is the word of the LORD unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain : and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it. Moreover 'the word of the LORD came unto me, saying, The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house ; his hands also shall finish it ; and thou shalt know that the LORD of Hosts hath sent me unto you.'" (Zech. iv. 6—9.) As God's power silently and mysteriously enriches the olive-trees for the feeding of the lamps, so His Spirit prospers the instrumentality employed in rebuilding the temple, and reviving the Jewish state. And, when the anxious Prophet again inquires more precisely respecting the olive-trees, it is remarkable that he has to ask twice ; and even then he learns, simply, that they represent the called and anointed agents "standing by the LORD," receiving succours from Him, and made strong in His might. Perhaps the first application of such a scripture is designedly obscure, in order that *all* whose hands hang down may share the encouragement which it conveys.

In the midst of this remarkable passage we read, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" "The plummet" is "in the hand of Zerubbabel ;" and all is under the guidance of all-wise Providence,—"*the eyes of the LORD, which run to and fro through the whole earth.*" But, in the just estimation of the universal church, the words are not to be limited to their first occasion. We, too, are called to build the city and the temple of our God. As in pursuing each effort of Christian zeal we draw animation from the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts ;" so, when oppressed by a sense of our weakness, and of the greatness of our work,—while the insignificant beginning is like the faintest beams of morning in the eastern sky,—we may still ask, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" And these words may be taken as containing a description of our own times ; as suggesting the sentiments with which the state of the church is to be regarded ; and as tending to impress on our forgetful minds sundry reflections of high practical value.

Eighteen hundred years ago, Christianity was set up by means of the ministry of Apostles. Many and signal were its early triumphs. Kings and mighty ones soon embraced it ; and, at the present day, it is the established religion of the greatest nations of the earth. Nor can it be denied that we now witness unexampled activity in the Christian church. Yet, in the light of various considerations, our own boasted age must be viewed as the day of feebleness, and, to unanointed eyes, of discouragement. The builders of the temple are comparatively few. A survey of the globe shows a small proportion of even nominal Christians. Rival systems maintain their long-continued sway. Vast realms of darkness are yet unpierced. The light itself has become darkness. Ask for the once flourishing churches of Africa and Asia ; and where are they? How many professing Christians, moreover, much nearer home, are like those among the Jews who were unwilling to toil at the sacred structure ! How little vital religion ! How little zeal for the LORD of Hosts ! What indifference to the claims and interests of His truth ! What ominous attempts to serve God and Mammon ! Nay, more : the

builders are at variance. They are divided by endless disputes about the scaffolding. It is, indeed, a "day of small things."

Like Zerubbabel and his compatriots, these builders nevertheless endure a most vigorous and malignant opposition. Sanballat and his fellows may be regarded as the types of all hell, and of the perverted energies of this world. Our foes are many, yet united in purpose. Ignorance and crime, infidelity and superstition, atheism and paganism, are all embattled, with strange unanimity, against the servants of Christ. The agency employed in raising His church is, to all appearance, utterly powerless; and that holy cause finds an enemy in every man that comes into the world. Captives, wasted by the sorrows of a protracted exile, were called, in the days of Zerubbabel, to build the temple and the wall of Jerusalem; and though Christian nations boast victorious fleets and armies, as well as varied genius and science, these are not the means of accomplishing a spiritual result. By "the foolishness of preaching," God is pleased to "save them that believe." "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," are enlisted in this service. The Minister at home, or the Missionary of the Cross abroad, may be commended by no gigantic stature, no natural prowess, no statesmanship, no tongue of eloquent wisdom. The world claims credit for sober judgment in pronouncing his hopes madness.

Such are the means applied for the conversion of a world; *and we expect none else*. Truly, ours is the day of feeble things. If we can find encouragement, it is by looking away from all that is apparent; by remembering that ancient believers "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible," "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

"I will lift up mine eyes," then, (says the lover of Sion,) "unto the hills." I will regard the cause of Christ on earth with warm interest, with assured hope, and with that eager anxiety which prompts me to do all I can in its behalf. Some may "despise the day of small things," and treat the subject with cool indifference. *I find nothing on earth so great and glorious*. Friendship and patriotism fade before a passion that shall survive the sinking of this "flesh and heart," and rise into immortal ardours when this dull scene is followed by the bright realities of heaven. Others may "despise the day of small things," by imagining that the project of Zerubbabel will never be realised, and that the resources of the enemy will never be exhausted. I will stay myself on the word of Him who cannot lie. From His own oracles I will draw illustration of the way in which His designs are wrought out. There I will trace His reasons for the use of a feeble instrumentality, and the secret of its wondrous success. If this work is dear to me, it is infinitely dearer to Him; and "no weapon that is formed against" Him "shall prosper." My hopes are sustained by all church-history, and by the experience of every believer. Remembering my own faint beginnings, I can despair no more. The mercy which did not pass by me, will pass by none. Let me think, moreover, of the infant church at Jerusalem; of the opening of the door to the Gentiles; and of the stupendous design of spreading the truth to the ends of the known world, which was well-nigh accomplished by the energies of twelve men! To come to later days, let me reflect how communities, now large and flourishing, have risen, as it were, from nothing; how the Protestant Reformation, and the rise of Methodism, exemplify (what John Milton has impressively called) "the irresistible might of weakness;" and how, in many a modern revival, "a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains" has yielded harvests that still "shake like Lebanon."

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Are not *they* in a serious degree implicated, who fail as to the practical duty of building the temple of the Lord? Let us be prompted to renew our toil, to pray in faith, to deny ourselves, and to cultivate the unity of love. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." (*Zech. iv. 7.*) But may we not rest satisfied with the assurance that this consummation *will* be gained? Far otherwise. Here is the matchless motive to activity. Zerubbabel did not rest in passive expectation. Daniel, when he "understood by books" the length of the captivity, "set" his "face unto the Lord God, to seek" the accomplishment of the sure prophecy "by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes." (*Dan. ix. 2, 3.*) I am weak; but there is a frame of mind which prepares the feeblest disciple to take part in building the temple of God. Let the humility that studies the magnitude of the work, and wonders that such an instrumentality is admitted at all, be combined with obedience to the call of the adorable Architect, and with trust in His changeless promises. Then I shall be ready to brave the scorn of the world, and the still more painful instances of failure and discouragement among the lovers of Sion. Let me resolve, in the strength of grace, never to rest until "the head-stone" shall be brought forth with "shoutings, Grace, grace unto it." The danger is now, as of old, lest difficulty and opposition cause the zeal of the builders to abate. *So far as I am responsible, shall the work cease? Shall Sanballat triumph? Shall hell rejoice? God forbid! Let me account nothing yet achieved; but let faith bring distant things nigh. The mountain shall become a plain, for* THE LORD HATH SPOKEN.

L.

THE TWO BEREAVEMENTS.

I HAD gone one day to visit a poor woman who had been rather ailing for some time; and, while sitting with her, I saw a small vessel glide smoothly past on the untroubled sea, to which her window looked. She immediately rose, and having opened the window made a signal, which was answered by some one on board.

Her husband, I knew, was a sailor; and I asked if this was his vessel. She said it was; that this was to be his last trip that season; at which she expressed much thankfulness, having had constant anxiety of late on account of the stormy weather to which he had been exposed.

"He bids fair," I said, "to have a pleasant voyage to-night, and I hope you may soon see him back safe and well." "God grant it!" she replied; "for I fear his being away far worse than I used to do; and I think it's partly fear about him that has made me ill."

Three days after I walked out in the same direction in which her cottage lay; and, on my way home, met a man walking very hurriedly, I should rather say, almost running, and evidently under some strong excitement; so much so, that I stopped to inquire what was wrong.

"Did you not hear," he said, "that Geordie ——— was drowned?" "No," I replied: "when and how did it happen?" "Indeed, I scarcely know," he said; "for when I met his brother, he just told me this was the case, and that he wished to carry the body home to be buried in his native place; and he asked me if I would bring this word to his wife, and, if possible, get her put on board the boat with them, which will pass down in about three hours: so I am wanting to get the Minister to see if he will tell this ill news to the poor creature."

I could not, of course, detain him; and I walked sadly on, reflecting on the bereaved wife's condition when this messenger of evil tidings should have reached her.

Soon after reaching home, I saw this man, with the Clergyman, passing hurriedly along; and, sooner than I could have supposed possible, both returned, accompanied by the desolate widow, who just reached the pier in time to accomplish the object they had in view.

The week following, I learned that she had returned, and went without delay to see her. On entering, I found her sitting up in bed, her eyes closed, and her body rocking back and forwards, with a painfully restless and disquieted motion. I inquired for her health. She said she was not ill, but very weary, which occasioned her being in bed. "And little wonder," she added; "for I have walked many a long mile since I saw you, with that bairn on my back; and that wasna easy, wi' the other burden I hae to carry."

I remarked, that I had been grieved to hear of the occasion of the journey, and feared she would be little able for it, after receiving such sad tidings. "O!" she said, "I was able for anything. I never kent that I was walking. But I can do naething now;" and again she began to move as before. I asked some questions about her children; to which she replied, "I canna care for them now: I can care for nothing: the heaven above me is as brass, and the earth beneath me as iron, and there is no rest or comfort for me anywhere." I said it was natural she should so feel stunned and overwhelmed by such a sudden bereavement; but that she must not yield too much to these feelings, and should seek grace to do what God yet required of her as a mother.

She made no answer, but by a deep groan; and then, clasping her hands, she threw herself about more wildly than ever. I felt at a loss what to say, and was about to leave, when she exclaimed, "O! if I kent that Geordie's soul was weel, I could bear it a'. I could easy bear it. What's grief or toil to me, if he were weel?"

This was too sacred a sorrow, I felt, for me to meddle with. I feared to say anything, lest I should wound her on the one hand, or deceive her on the other. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was all I could utter, while inwardly beseeching God to soothe her troubled mind. I came away.

Some time after, I visited her again. She was then going about her ordinary work; but her mind seemed still fully engrossed with this one awful and unremovable anxiety. I listened for a time to the outpourings of her grief, and then read to her some soothing passages of holy writ; but she seemed little able to attend to them. Before leaving, I asked her if she had made preparation for her confinement, which I saw was fast approaching. "No, no," she said: "I expect to need nothing but a coffin for mysel' and my babe. I have made no preparation."

I tried to point out to her the evil of so speaking and acting; but it was quite without effect. Everything was answered by some declaration about what she herself felt; from which she gathered, as a certain conclusion, that she could not survive the time of suffering to which she looked forward. Seeing this, I set to work myself to provide what was absolutely needful; but had not accomplished nearly what I intended, when I learned that she had been safely delivered of a fine boy, and that both were doing well. I lost no time in hurrying to her cottage, carrying with me what things I had got ready.

I had often witnessed strange and sudden revulsions of feeling; and in such minds as that of this poor woman they are especially to be expected. But I had never met with anything that could prepare me to anticipate what I now

witnessed. Her look, when I entered, was expressive not of calm satisfaction only; her face beamed with joy as she told me of the birth of her son, supposing I had not heard, and hastily raised herself to let me look at him. She was already the mother of four children; but all had been girls, and the birth of a son seemed to have turned the whole current of her feeling into a new channel. "She remembered no more her anguish, for joy that a man-child was born into the world."

Of all events which the varying condition of man presents, none seems so fitted to call forth solemn and affecting emotions as the birth of a posthumous child; and to me the absence in her mind of anything approaching to this seemed so strangely unnatural, that I was inclined to attribute to feverish excitement her present state of feeling, and therefore made a very short stay, entreating her attendant, on leaving, to let no one see her, and in any possible way to keep her quiet.

Day after day, however, I heard good accounts of her recovery; and at length, learning that she had been out, I thought there could be no risk in going once more to see her. I found her apparently well, and very active; all things tidy and orderly about her, and her sweet baby beautifully neat and clean. She spoke only of it; and at each successive visit, as I marked how wholly it had become the joy of her life, I felt urged sometimes to remind her that she held it by a very frail tenure. Alas! the poor creature liked not such warning! She would not see that this prized joy might link her soul to future bitter sorrow; and her ear was shut against every voice that entreated her to beware, lest she gave to the creature such homage of her heart as is only due to the Creator. My so speaking had made my visits distasteful to her, and she cared not to conceal this; but I still went occasionally, that I might add something to her little store.

Her boy had now reached his second birthday, and ran stoutly about. His infant troubles seemed nearly past, and he looked likely for health and long life; but this was not laid up for him. A severe cold brought on croup, of which, within two days, he died. Those who have seen this complaint need not to be told of the convulsed and fearful suffering in which it often terminates.

I saw it then for the first time, and cannot think yet, without anguish, of the scene which presented itself: the poor child writhing in agony, the mother wildly screaming, while she averted her face, that she might not behold the awful contortions of that lovely form she had so delighted to gaze upon. I believe even she gave thanks when these sufferings ceased; and I shall never forget the thankfulness I felt when the impression made by them was wholly removed, as I looked, the day after, at the lovely peaceful smile which sat on the lifeless infant's face, and seemed to say it had indeed entered into rest. I found her hanging over it bathed in tears, which I had never seen her shed before. Her first grief seemed to dry up and harden; this was melting and humbling her inmost soul.

She was bereaved; but her child, she doubted not, was blessed; and, while she wept, her grief was mingled with fear.

Many years after, when God had taught her to trace His hand, and acknowledge His fatherly tenderness, in all she had been called to pass through, she told me that the belief that her child had been received into His blessed presence first led her to desire that she too might find a place there.

I sat by her often in her last illness, and she spoke freely of all God's dealings with her; but I never heard her again allude to her anxieties regarding her husband's eternal condition. She had evidently found, in knowledge of God, rest from all distracting fears.

On one occasion, speaking of some worldly loss, she said, "I cannot mourn about it: the possession of that, and far more, could never make me happy without God; and since I have Him as the portion of my soul, its loss but little troubles me. Have what we may, we can only be happy in so far as we see God in it, and use it to His glory. How well David knew this," she added, looking up with a sweet smile, "when, though surrounded with all the grandeur of a King, he said, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake up with Thy likeness!'"

I believe these were the last words I ever heard her distinctly utter, though I saw her often again. Latterly she could speak little; but her meek, placid face told much that it was very cheering to know concerning one whom I had seen so sorely tossed and afflicted.

"BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD."

THERE is great danger that you may be. There cling to our natures elements of depravity, even after our introduction into the kingdom of Christ, by which this world may draw us into affinity with itself too close for eminent spirituality. So peculiar and intimate are our relations to the world, that a too complaisant disposition, a desire of pleasing, a fear of offending, a dread of ridicule, a shrinking from singularity, may influence us to a hurtful affiliation with its spirit and manners.

When I notice that a professed follower of Jesus Christ manifests a more absorbing desire for temporal than for spiritual prosperity, for the accumulation of wealth than for promoting the glory of God, and is more earnest to procure for his children a coffer of gold than a crown of life, I want affectionately to say to him, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I hear a professor of religion conversing with animation and interest about crops, markets, politics, news, and fashions, and then notice that he is silent and indifferent when religious subjects are themes of conversation, I want to remind him of the exhortation of Paul, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I observe a professor of religion seeking and enjoying the society of ungodly men more than that of the saints, more punctual and cheerful in his attendance at the social and convivial party than at the prayer-meeting and the sanctuary, I should like kindly to whisper in his ear, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I behold a professor of religion panting and grasping after the plaudits and honours of earth, eager to bind about his temples a fading wreath, climbing upon a crumbling pedestal of earthly fame, I want to direct his eye to the exhortation, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I see a female Christian professor decorated with the gaudy trappings of fashion, eager to catch the gaze and admiration of the vain and thoughtless, imitating the glitter of the dissolute, and exciting the envy of the poor, I want to thunder in her ear, so loudly as to startle and awaken her conscience, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

When I observe a mother, professing to be a Christian, sending her children to the ball-room, the fashionable assembly, and the festive party, among the profligate and the licentious, to perfect their education, and polish their manners, whilst I weep for her children, I want to repeat to the misguided parent the charge of Paul, "*Be not conformed to this world.*"

TALKING AND DOING.

WHEN Dr. Chalmers was executing his plan of establishing parochial schools in connexion with St. John's parish, in Glasgow, a site, which belonged to the College, was selected for the first school to be erected. Dr. Chalmers called on Dr. Taylor, the head of the College, in order to purchase this site. He expressed his hope of obtaining it on reasonable terms, in consequence of the novelty and importance of the undertaking.

"The undertaking," said Dr. Taylor, "is an important one; but it is not a new one. We have been talking for twenty years of establishing parochial schools in Glasgow."

"Yes," said Dr. Chalmers; "but how many more years do you intend to talk about it? Now, we are going to do the thing, and not to talk about it; and so you must even let the price be as moderate as possible, seeing we are going to take the labour of talking and projecting entirely off your hands."

There is a great difference between talking and doing, though all men do not seem to be aware of it. In the case above alluded to, more was accomplished by the latter in six months than by the former in twenty years.

There are many persons who would be greatly profited by exchanging talking for doing. For example, the student who talks of the attainments he is going to make, the Minister who talks of the good sermons he is going to prepare, the man who talks of the efforts for the conversion of others which he is going to put forth, the unconverted sinner who talks of one day repenting and trusting in Christ.



PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

As Henry Martyn was on his way to India, he was watchful, day and night, for opportunities of doing good to those on board the ship in which he sailed. He was especially attentive to the sick. One day, when the hatches were shut down in consequence of a gale, he went below to visit a sick sailor. As there was perfect darkness below, he was obliged to feel his way. He found the man swinging in his hammock, in darkness, and heat, and damp, without a creature to speak to him, and in a burning fever. "I gave him," says Martyn, "a few grapes which had been given to me, to allay his thirst. How great the pleasure of doing good even to the bodies of men!"

Martyn had large experience of the pleasure of doing good. His efforts to do good were unceasing; and they were made at the expense of self-sacrifice. They were thus of a kind to yield him the largest amount of pleasure.

Reader, have you had experience of the pleasure of doing good? especially of doing good to the souls of men? There is no pleasure like it. He who labours in simplicity and in godly sincerity to do good, has his reward in a calm and enduring pleasure, which no earthly prosperity, no wealth nor honours, can bestow.

How many seek for happiness from afar, when it can be had, in its purest form, by doing good to their neighbours! "To do good, and to communicate, forget not," if you would be happy, if you would enjoy the Saviour's smile.

The manner in which Mr. Martyn became possessed of the grapes which he gave to the sick man, is interesting and instructive.

The ship, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, sailed thence on the Sabbath. On that day, a boat came alongside with fruit; but, says

Martyn, "I did not think it right to buy any, though I longed to have some to carry to sea." On the day on which he visited the sick man, a passenger who came on board at the Cape, and to whom he had scarcely ever spoken, sent him a plate of fruit, by which he was greatly refreshed, and enabled to relieve the sick man.

It is somewhat remarkable, that this seasonable present came on the very day on which Martyn entered in his commonplace-book the following sentiment, taken from an author he was reading:—"If, from regard to God's Sabbath, I deny myself, He will more than make it up to me." In keeping God's statutes there is great reward.

OUR OWN CONSEQUENCE.

WE think of our own consequence; our talents; our attainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die. We think of the mourners who will gather around us with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, sad procession that will go with us to the tomb; forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable proportion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs, and press them forward, as if everything else should give way to them, and as if the world had no interests so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience.

Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it at all when we die; and the world at large will care nothing, and know nothing, about it. A very little circle of friends will be affected; as a little circle of water is agitated when a drop of rain falls into the ocean. At the centre of that small circle of friends, there will be some deep emotion, and some tears of genuine grief will be shed; at a very little distance, the emotion will be fainter and feebler; at a point but a little more remote there will be none; and soon, very soon, all the agitation there was will have died away, as when the little drops of rain fall into the ocean.

"The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will share
His favourite phantom."—BYRON.

A few friends will go and bury us; and then they will turn away to their own concerns, forgetful that we are sleeping in the grave. Affection will rear a stone, and plant a few flowers, over our grave: but the hand that reared the stone or planted the flowers will soon become unable to cut the letters deeper as they become obliterated, or to cultivate the flowers; and, in a brief period, the little hillock will be smoothed down, and the stone will fall, and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. No antiquarian will go to cut again those effaced words which told our name, and the time of our birth and of our death. Every vestige of our existence upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorials of us—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwellings—will cease to have the slightest value to any living being; nor will even momentary curiosity be excited to know who wore that hair, or whose countenance is delineated there.

"On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound familiar to their ears
Recall my vanish'd memory."—H. KIRKE WHITE.

THEOLOGY.

IMMEDIATELY EMBRACE AN OFFERED SAVIOUR.

An extract from a Sermon preached in Tolbooth church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Webster, July 16th, 1710. (Transcribed from the original MS. preserved in the Archives of the city of Edinburgh.)

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—1 Tim. i. 15.

We concluded, last day, with a word of exhortation: we now proceed to again reinforce the plain offer, begging you, in God's stead, in Christ's stead, to accept of this Christ incarnate. Embrace God that came to save. "I came not to destroy the world,"—that was not my errand,—but that the world by me might be saved. And when He comes, the angels proclaim the good news, and God's good-will toward men. Here an incarnate God is offered to you. What say ye? Will ye come and accept?—will ye come and receive? which is all the same thing. Godless sinner, graceless sinner, hopeless sinner, accept of my Lord, accept of salvation offered to you. Ignorant sinner, come, and He will give you wisdom: presumptuous sinner, lay aside your false faith, and get a faith of His working: despairing sinner, give over your harsh thoughts, your jealousies of God, your misconstructions of Him. Here is the plank after shipwreck. God the Father has but one Son, and He hath dropped Him out of heaven, a plank to drowning souls, when every billow was presenting a grave, and every grave a winding-sheet. Here is salvation offered. Come, weary sinner, accept of rest. Your duties will give you no rest. Ye may run an eternal round of praying, hearing, meditating, communicating, mourning, and whatever else ye can suppose; but, do what you will, there is no rest for the sole of the foot of your soul, in the way of rest, till ye first come to Christ, and accept of Him. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." If burdens upon burdens, hills upon hills, were upon your back, if ye will come and accept of Christ, that came to save, ye shall have rest. What say ye? Will ye accept of Him? Will ye do it? I press

your consciences. Will ye accept of Christ, or will ye say ye will have none of Him; ye will rather be damned than take Him; ye will rather die than take a remission out of His hands? Backsliding souls, that contradict the light, that contradict vows, contradict repeated engagements, have turned aside from God and His way, to vanities, to lusts, to idols; return, backsliding sinners, and accept of Him for a husband, and He will betroth you, that ye shall never, never go back again: "I will heal your backsliding." Black sinner, black like a devil, black as Ethiopian, black as hell itself, come and wash. Accept of Him. He is the true cleanser. He will wash you till ye be whiter than the drifted snow. Debtor that owest millions of talents of vengeance to provoked justice, accept of Him, and He is thy surety that thy debt is paid for ever. Ye owe not a farthing that any can exact of you. Disconsolate soul, that no man, no Minister, no, not even an angel from heaven, can comfort, come and receive Him; for He is the consolation of Israel. He is the God and Father of all consolation. Accept of Him, and ye shall never have a bad day again. Ye shall never have a sad day again, compared with what ye have now.

I would enforce this with some motives to urge you to accept of Christ.

1. I consider this is the design of all ordinances. Why do we preach, or why do you hear, but to bring you to accept of Christ? Will ye come to sermon, and not come to Christ? Will ye go to prayer, and not go to Christ? Will you go to a communion-table, (as some of you have been lately,) and not go to Christ? It is the design of all means to make you meet with Him and accept of Him. "These things were written," says the beloved disciple, "that ye might believe, and believing might have life through His name." If ye do not accept of Him, all the means of grace are to little purpose,—are to no purpose—to bad purpose.

2. Will ye come to Him, accept of Him? for He is beforehand with you: He is come to you. He came in the flesh a long journey from heaven. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." He came to the world to save sinners. He could have been happy in His own kingdom, upon His

own throne, encircled with His angels, and by the choirs of heaven; but He would not remain there, and see the sinner perish, without an effort being made to save him. He came down from heaven to save you. He still comes to you by His word, by His providence, by the sacrament, and by His Spirit. And now, since He has done all this beforehand, will ye not come forth and meet Him? Will ye not give Him a hearty reception?—But He is also coming to you by national judgments, by wrath and judgment. And will ye not meet Him in peace, before you see Him covered with the frowns of His indignation? Remember that, whenever you are in earnest to come to Him, He is prepared to receive you. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I will not cast him out upon his first approach. I will not objugate him. I will not chide him. Notwithstanding all the evils he has done to me, I will make him truly welcome. I will take him into my very heart, and will not cast him out. The word means, "I will never, no, never, cast him out." I will not cast him out of my bosom upon earth, nor out of my kingdom and glory in heaven.

3. Further, to enforce this great duty, consider what divines say of the ills of unbelief, or of rejecting Christ. Unbelief rejects Christ, refuses Him that came to save sinners. It does an injury to all the Persons of the Godhead. It flings dust upon the great contrivance of the Father; it does what it can to rob Christ of His purchase, and to make Him die in vain; it robs the Holy Ghost of a temple. Ye thus wrong all the Persons of the Godhead by your unbelief. Each one of them may say, "O, that wretch heard me, this day, offered to him; but he would have none of me." "O," says the Father, "he has wounded my heart." "O," says Christ, "he has trampled on my blood." "O," says the Holy Ghost, "he has despised my warning, and deforced my means and institutions." Thus ye do wrong all the Persons of the Godhead. Ye make the three glorious Persons your most terrible enemies, by not accepting Christ.—Then divines also compare rejecting Christ to the worst sins that ever were committed. I remember a divine (well known to some) who compares it to the four greatest sins that ever were committed, except that against the Holy Ghost, for which there is no forgiveness.

(1.) To Adam's sin, when he murdered a whole world. Truly Adam should have

been more cautious, when he had the whole stock of mankind in his hand. He should have been a very cautious merchant, and not played the bankrupt so soon. But he murdered the whole race of mankind in a moment. The serpent presented him with a cup of poison, and he, conceiving a little pleasure in it, drunk it out; and he and all his posterity fell down dead. This was a great and horrible sin. It was a sin against all the ten commandments; which, if I had time, I could demonstrate to you. But still the sin of Adam was not equal to yours, committed this day in the Tolbooth kirk. For all that Adam did, however aggravated, was only a sin against a Lord Creator, and bountiful Benefactor; but you sin against a Lord Redeemer, who buys you with His blood. God made a world with words; but Christ spent thirty-three years in redeeming the world. You offend against a Lord Redeemer. You affront a Lord Redeemer. You are stabbing His very heart while it is beating with love towards you. You are heaving down the throne of grace. Consider it, you that will not take Christ and acquiesce in His fulness and righteousness. You are worse than Adam, who murdered the whole world.

(2.) Your sin is worse than the sin of Sodom. Christ says, "Woe to thee, Chorazin! woe to thee, Bethsaida! if the mighty works of God had been done in Tyre, in Sodom and Gomorrah, that were done in you, they had repented long ago." "Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you." Yet, I say, even these inhabitants of Chorazin and Capernaum were less guilty than some of you. They committed an unnatural villainy; but you commit a devilish villainy. Ye take the body of Christ, and fling it among your feet, and trample His blood under foot. Sodom and Gomorrah, and even Chorazin and Capernaum, will have a much colder place in hell than the professors in the Tolbooth kirk will have, who would not receive the Lord Jesus Christ.

(3.) Again, the non-accepting of Him is as great a sin as making a compact with the devil. You will say, This is hard. Yea, but it is Scripture. When Saul is commanded to cut off Agag, his flocks and people, it was but a trifle, you would have thought, of which he was accused, when he preserved many of the beasts alive. You might have supposed that disobedience in such a case was almost a duty.

What a cruel thing did it appear to destroy so many people, and even so many innocent beasts! What had they done to call for such awful judgments upon them? But since it was the express command of God, and Saul had dared to disobey Him, the Prophet attacks him, saying, What is this you have done? He replies, I have done nothing but saved some of the flocks to be sacrifices to God. The Prophet continues, Will God regard your sacrifices rather than your obedience to His commands? Behold, your rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. You think nothing of obedience to the Divine command; but I tell you that those women who make a compact with the devil in witchcraft, do not commit a more heinous crime than you have done in not obeying God.—But now, if disobedience in such a small matter as the sparing of some beasts for sacrifice be reckoned as the sin of witchcraft, what must be the character of the disobedience of those who will not obey God in accepting Jesus Christ? Has not God said, "This is my commandment, That ye believe on my Son, whom I have sent into the world!" What rebellious traitors against heaven, who have made a compact with the devil, must you be who still refuse to obey the Divine command! Your rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. For Christ's sake, think upon it. O the dreadful wrath that hangs over you who will not accept of Christ! "He that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth in him." He is condemned already. The law has condemned him, the Gospel condemns him, and the vengeance of eternity lights upon him. The worst of vengeance, the weightiest vengeance, will overtake him for ever and ever.

(4.) The man who will not accept of Christ is more guilty than they who put Christ to death. The Jews murdered Him when He was in disguise, and they knew Him not. When His Godhead was veiled with human flesh, and clothed with all its sinless infirmities, they murdered Him, because they knew Him not. "For had they known Him," says the Apostle, "they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." I will not say he is speaking there of the Priests; for they did know; and, therefore, they were guilty of an unparalleled sin. But the poor people, being misled by the Priests, took Him not for the Messiah. "I know ye ignorantly did it," says Paul. But now, ye who hear me this day know that He is exalted. Ye know well that He is in His

glorified state, at the right hand of God. Will ye still refuse Him, and shut your hearts against the King of glory? Will not all your powers be opened and enlarged to give Him a triumphal entry into your souls? I say that your rejection of Him is a worse sin than that of the Jews who murdered Christ at Jerusalem. I warrant ye, some of you have said, when at the communion-table, "O, those corrupt wretches who murdered the Son of God!" But I tell you that you are doing the same thing every day. They committed this deed but once, while every day that you have an offer of Christ and yet refuse Him, you are guilty of the same wicked act. Every day that you reject Him, you crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame. I beseech you, for Christ's sake, be no longer chargeable with this hateful crime. O, cry unto Him that He may loose your bands, discover your lost estate, and, by His powerful grace, conquer and subdue your souls unto the faith and obedience of the Gospel. Many are ready to object; I say, many are very ready to object; for the heart is fruitful of objections against this duty, more almost than any other. If I were to bid you pray twice a day in your families, perhaps you would have some reluctance. But if you were convinced that you must do this or be damned, it is likely you would commence the work. If I were to bid you read the Bible, you would perhaps do it. If I were to bid you forbear drinking, swearing, and wantonness, or else you must be damned, you would perhaps comply with my request. But say what I can about accepting Christ, you will not receive Him. How strange it is that the enmity of the heart should be so powerful against the only Redeemer! "Well," say some of you, "why bid us do this strange and hard service, when you tell us that nothing less than a Divine power will enable us to do it? What! have I power?" Though you cannot, you are obliged to do it, because your inability is nothing more than a *will not*. In common affairs, a man may forfeit a power to perform a certain work, by his own misconduct; but this does not take away the right of his master to hold him liable for that work. A man may lend another a sum of money which is squandered by the borrower. He can cast him into prison, and keep him there, as a punishment for his inability to refund the money. And, to apply this to the case in hand, your inability to obey God is the

result of your own desperate love of sin, which will never take away His right to command you to obey, nor relieve you from the punishment due to your disobedience. But you are also to remember, that while you have completely disabled yourselves by sin from complying with God's message of salvation, yet He graciously promises you all the aid you require to do His will. You know Christ said to the man with the withered hand, "Put forth thy hand." Had this man been like some persons, he might have said, "Lord, why mock me? for thou knowest that my hand is completely withered and powerless. I cannot move it in the least." But the poor man aimed to do as he was commanded, and strength was given to him in making the attempt. So will God deal with you poor, withered, ruined sinners. Come with your withered hand, and say, "Lord, I have no right thoughts, just conceptions, spiritual desires; but do Thou enlighten, purify, and save me." Come with all your spiritual infirmities, with your heart hard as the devil's heart, and say, "Lord, make it soft, and susceptible of heavenly impressions." Come with your withered hands, and say, "Lord, I cannot accept of Thee, but I stretch them forth in the best way I am able." You do not know but Christ will convey the power you need at the time of putting forth your withered hand. Never give up trying to come to Him. A man drowning, when the rope is near to him, will always make an effort to lay hold of it till the very last. I say to you, Do what you can to accept of Christ; and it may be, that the set time to favour your endeavours will come when you least expect it. Perhaps you may have already appointed many days for believing and receiving Christ, but as yet you have not succeeded. You must commence over again, and continue your efforts, even though you should die at the foot of the cross, crying, "Lord, if I go to hell, I will make my grave under Thy mercy-seat, and there I shall be buried. Through Thy help I will pray as well as I can, will love Thee, and be exercised for Thee; will do justly, love mercy, walk humbly, and do everything for Thy glory. And I will remember all my own works as filthy rags, and trust alone in my blessed Saviour." I tell you, that to go to hell in this way, if you must, after all, go there, is better than to go there in the de^{ce} highway of sin and wickedness.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD BRINGING BACK THE WANDERER TO HIMSELF.

"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away."
—Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."
—M^{at}. xi. 28.

Why, O man, hast thou left Me?

Why hast thou turned from Him that loved thee?

Why hast thou again joined thyself to thy enemy?

Remember that for thy sake I became flesh.

Remember that for thy sake I was brought low.

Remember that for thy sake I became poor.

Remember that for thy sake I lived on the earth.

Remember that for thy sake I was persecuted.

Remember that for thy sake I bore evil-speaking, reproaches, angry words, dishonour, wounds, spitting, blows, mockings, and bitter sufferings.

Remember that for thy sake I was numbered among the transgressors.

Remember that for thy sake I suffered a cruel death.

Remember that for thy sake I was buried.

I came down from heaven to raise thee to heaven.

I was made low to exalt thee.

I was made poor to enrich thee.

I was dishonoured to bring glory upon thee.

I was wounded to heal thee. I died that thou mightest have life.

Thou didst sin, and I took thy sin upon Myself.

Thou wast guilty, and I bore thy punishment.

Thou wast a debtor, and I paid thy debt.

Thou wast condemned to death, and I died for thee.

Dost thou despise My love? Instead of love, thou givest Me hatred. Thou lovest sin, and not Me.

Thou labourest for thy passions, and not for Me.

Now what dost thou find in Me deserving of thy dislike?

Why dost thou not wish to come unto Me?

Dost thou desire good for thyself? Every good is with Me.

Dost thou desire happiness? Every blessing is with Me.

Dost thou desire dignity? Who is more noble than the Son of God?

Dost thou seek exaltation? Who is higher than the King of heaven?

Dost thou desire wealth? I have all riches.

Dost thou desire wisdom? I am wisdom.

Dost thou desire friendship? Who is more worthy of love, and more loving, than I? for I laid down My life for all.

Dost thou seek help? Who can help except Me?

Dost thou seek a physician? Who can heal except Me?

Dost thou seek joy? Who can give joy except Me?

Dost thou seek consolation in grief? Who can console except Me?

Dost thou seek rest? Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.

Dost thou seek peace? I am the peace of the soul.

Dost thou seek life? I am the fountain of life.

Dost thou seek light? I am "the light of the world."

Dost thou seek truth? I am the truth.

Dost thou seek the way? I am the way.

Dost thou seek a guide to heaven? I am the guide.

Why dost thou not wish to come unto Me?

Dost thou not dare to come? To whom is there an easier access?

Art thou fearful of asking? Whom coming unto Me with faith, have I refused? Do thy sins hinder thee? I died for sinners. Does the multitude of thy sins distress thee? In Me is abundant mercy.

See Matthew xi. 28—30. — *Bishop Tekon.*

trouble it should cost me. I seldom come out of the pulpit, but my conscience smiteth me, that I have been no more serious and fervent in such a case. It accuseth me not so much for want of ornaments and elegance, nor for letting fall an unhandsome word; but it asketh me, "How couldst thou speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless, sleepy manner? Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Art thou in earnest, or in jest? How canst thou tell people that sin is such a thing, and that so much misery is upon them, and before them, and be no more affected with it? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people, and should not thy tears interrupt thy words? Shouldst thou not cry aloud, and show them their transgressions, and entreat and beseech them, as for life and death?" Truly, this is the peal that conscience doth ring in my ears, and yet my drowsy soul will not be awakened. O, what a thing is a senseless, hardened heart! O Lord, save us from the plague of infidelity and hard-heartedness ourselves, or else how shall we be fit instruments of saving others from it? O, do that on our own souls, which Thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others!

The God of mercy pardon me, and awaken me, with the rest of His servants that have been thus sinfully negligent! I confess, to my shame, that I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asketh me, "What hast thou done for the saving of that soul, before it left the body?" There is one more gone to judgment: what didst thou to prepare him for that judgment? And yet I have been slothful and backward to help them that survive.—*Baxter.*

MINISTERIAL EARNESTNESS.

I know not what others think, but, for my own part, I am ashamed of my stupidity, and wonder at myself, that I deal not with my own and others' souls as one that looks for the great day of the Lord; and that I can have room for almost any other thoughts or words; and that such astonishing matters do not wholly absorb my mind. I marvel how I can preach of them slightly and coldly; and how I can let men alone in their sins; and that I do not go to them, and beseech them, for the Lord's sake, to repent, however they may take it, and whatever pains and

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Is there not something sweet, refreshing, and soothing in the very sound of these words? The very word "sleep," by itself, like many other words of our mother Saxon, has a character of its own, answering to the idea it expresses: it breathes of sweetness and quiet. And asleep in Jesus! This, to a Christian, completes and perfects the image; so that the phrase together expresses a state of blessedness, inferior only to that which it precedes and introduces,—the full vision and enjoyment of the presence of Jesus, after the resurrection, when the soul shall have rejoined its incorruptible and glorified body.

It is in the light of the resurrection only that death can properly be called a sleep.

"One great miracle in the new creation of God," says one of our late writers, "is this, that death is changed to sleep; and therefore, in the New Testament, we do not read of the *death* of the saints." "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." "The bodies of saints which slept, arose." "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell asleep." Even in the pelting of the bloody storm, the holy Stephen "fell asleep." "And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

O, happy state! O blessed indemnity from sin and sorrow, from care and repining, from want and woe! For them who sleep, the last trial has been borne, the last temptation resisted, the last foe conquered! there remains to them henceforth no change or fear of change, but a blessed, everlasting security. O, why do we not more earnestly *look for, and haste unto*, the day that will make us one of them?

THE REMOVAL OF IDOLS.

THE command to keep ourselves from idols has a much wider signification than is commonly attached to it. It forbids much more than the bowing down to graven images. There is a natural tendency of the heart towards idolatry. Where there is too much light in the understanding to permit the worship of material objects, a more refined idolatry is practised, to which the objects of our purest affections sometimes become subservient.

No sin has so frequently provoked the direct interposition of an avenging God; and, as God is unchangeable, it is reasonable to expect similar interpositions now. The days of miraculous intervention have indeed passed. God's usual method now is to remove the idol. On this subject the following excellent remarks of a pious writer of a former generation will not be read without profit:—

"When have we ever put the creature in God's place, given it that room in our soul which He ought to occupy, but God has either removed it, or embittered it,

or put an end to it? Many of our blessings we have lost by loving them too well. We have slain them by setting too great a value on them, and taking our rest in them. There is not a single earthly good that will bear man's hand, when man firmly grasps it. His touch withers and destroys everything. And, O, what a mercy for man that it is so! It is in this way that a forgotten God recalls our wandering affections to Himself. He lays waste the enthroned creature, that He may once again en throne Himself: He breaks the cistern, not that we may be left parched and fainting in the wilderness of life, but that we may go and satisfy our thirsting souls once again from the everlasting spring: He crushes the reed, but He substitutes for it a rock: He puts far away from us 'lover and friend,' with all the unutterable sweetness of their affection, and the tenderness of their love; but what does He substitute? Himself; the intense, unfathomable love of His own infinite mind, the presence of Christ, and the communion of heaven."

ILLUSTRATION OF TITUS i. 15.

"Unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

AN ungodly heart sucks poison out of the sweetest and holiest enjoyments. Even the grace of God is abused to their own perdition. They taint everything they touch. Their best services are "abomination to the Lord." Their "prayers are turned into sin." The word of God is to them the savour of death. The sacraments are poison and damnation. Christ is a stumbling-stone. Their table snares them; their "prosperity destroys them." Whatever we possess, till Christ be ours, cannot be enjoyed profitably: the guilt of the person must be removed before the comfort of the gift can be enjoyed. Out of Christ, all comforts are but like a funeral banquet; or the prison-provisions of him who is fed against his execution. The same promise which purifies a saint, by being perverted, pollutes a sinner. The same breath which warms one, cools the other; the one being near the other far from, Him that breathes. O sinner, till thou art saved by grace, thou art but a wanton under grace.—*Rev. W. Jenkyn, 1656.*

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

THE DELIVERANCE OUT OF TROUBLE.

W. S. was a master-manufacturer in the neighbourhood of a country town. His character for integrity stood very high in the public esteem. He was truly one of whom it might be said, his enemies could find nothing against him but what concerned the law of his God. In all benevolent societies he took the lead; of Sabbath-schools, and prayer-meetings, in the town and its vicinity, he was the zealous promoter. "Zealous in every good work" seemed the motto of W. S., and was his general character. While he was going on with untiring diligence in his Master's service, esteemed by all the friends of Jesus in the neighbourhood, and respected for his unimpeachable consistency even by those who disliked his religion, there happened one of those disastrous convulsions in trade which have produced so much distress in this commercial country. Failures became fearfully frequent: the banks, alarmed, refused pecuniary assistance, or doled it out sparingly and distrustfully to many never doubted before; the produce of the honest industry of years the losses of a week swept away; and so wide-spreading was the wreck, that I have heard a rich and pious commercial friend remark, that he was accustomed to thank God, when the usual time for delivering letters passed by, and he had received no intimation of fresh disasters. During that appalling crisis, a large commercial company, in the city of —, became embarrassed. It was known in the town where W. S. resided, that he had extensive dealings with the firm; hence his solvency became suspected, and, with all the shrinking of one who prized a good name at the prospect of bankruptcy, our friend had to anticipate its probability. One forenoon he visited Mr. R., his intimate acquaintance and fellow office-bearer in the church, and with a heavy heart announced, that the branch of the bank in the town had refused to discount a bill; and, as most of his funds were locked up by the state of the affairs of his correspondents in —, he saw no help for it, but that he must become insolvent. He added, that nothing affected him more than the injury religion might sustain by his failure; for those who sought occasion to scoff would not consider his embarrassments had arisen through the conduct of others, but would hint dishonesty, and exclaim, "All are hypocrites, and those who make the loudest profession are the worst." He took leave of his friend, observing, his only resource was in his God, who (he knew) was able to prevent the catastrophe he feared was inevitable. He had not been gone many minutes, when Mr. R., standing

at the door of his shop, was accosted by Dr. H., a medical gentleman, who had acquired a large fortune abroad, and had lately returned to reside in his native place. That man was an avowed deist. He would even sometimes intimate, by sarcastic objections, doubts of the existence of a God, and disbelief of a future state. He manifested violent hostility to religion, stigmatised all professors of religion as designing hypocrites or imbecile dupes, and delighted to hold up those who were decidedly godly as objects of public scorn and contempt. He was also a selfish, close-fisted, hard-hearted miser, who sternly repelled every application for assistance to the poor and needy. When that notorious scolder stopped to address Mr. R. in his usual jeering manner, he said, "You have an uncommonly long face to-day: your aspect is peculiarly sour and doleful. Has your vaunted religious consolation failed? Has your God been unpropitious? What is the matter with you?" By an impulse for which he could not very well account at the time, Mr. R. plainly told this enemy, who might have been expected to gloat over the information, that the cause of the mental distress visible in his countenance was, that the bank that forenoon had refused to discount Mr. S.'s bills, and his friend must therefore become bankrupt. "That must not be allowed," suddenly exclaimed Dr. H.: "with all his fuss about religion, all his wild and ill-directed zeal, S. is a sincere enthusiast, and strictly honest man: he must not be crushed in this manner." He hurried away, soon after called at Mr. S.'s house, and inquired if he were at home. Mrs. S. told him her husband, she supposed, had gone to a neighbouring town, to request the assistance of their relations. "When he returns," said the Doctor, "give him this letter, and my best wishes." But instead of applying to human friends, Mr. S. had determined first to apply to his heavenly Father for help in his emergency, and appeal to his all-sufficient, prayer-hearing God. He had procured the keys of the chapel, and locked himself in, to be excluded from all interruption; and there, alone with his God, he had been engaged about an hour in earnest supplication, wrestling with the Lord of providence, who had all hearts under His control, and innumerable resources at His command, to interpose for his relief, and prevent the Redeemer's cause from suffering through his calamity. After having tried the efficacy of believing prayer, he came home, and his wife gave him the letter from Dr. H. With surprise and apprehension, he opened the packet, and there was an order from the Doctor on his funds in the bank to the amount that Mr. S.

required, and had been refused. Along with this, there was a note, encouraging him to keep up his spirits, for the writer engaged to bring him securely through all his temporal difficulties. This timely yet most unexpected aid was amply sufficient to avert the threatened and dreadful catastrophe.

Was not the hand of an overruling Providence visible in this? Was not assistance from such a quarter somewhat like Elijah's being fed by ravens? Was not that well-authenticated fact a very striking demonstration of the efficacy of "the prayer of faith?"

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE HARPY EAGLE.

THIS bird, which is considered the most splendid of the eagle tribe, has short wings, robust legs, and more than ordinary curvature of the beak and talons. It is adapted to prey near the surface of the ground, on gallinaceous birds and on quadrupeds; and it can carry off a prey of great magnitude to its solitary retreat.

The usual length of the adult harpy, from beak to tail, is at least three feet and a half. A grey plumage, thick and downy, covers the head. The crest is composed of numerous broad feathers, and is capable of remarkable elevation when the bird is excited. In this case, the physiognomy of the harpy resembles that of certain owls. The under surface, from the breast backwards, is pure white.

The harpy is so bold, say some of our

zoologists, that it will attack the most ferocious beasts, and even man himself. Yet, it is added, it may be tamed and trained, though always inclined to be sullen and quarrelsome. In captivity, it is not very strikingly distinguished by its habits from other birds of the same tribe.

SAGACITY AND STRENGTH OF THE SPIDER.

THE intelligence and power evinced by the spider in securing its prey, have often attracted attention; but we have seldom heard of so remarkable a display of these faculties as we witnessed a short time since. A small-sized spider had made his web on the under side of a table. Early one morning, a cockroach was noticed on the

floor, directly under the web; and, on approaching to take it away, it was found that the spider had thrown a line around one of its legs, and, while the observer was looking at it, the spider came down, and *lassoed* the opposite leg of the cockroach. The spider then went up to his web, but instantly came down, and fastened a line to another leg, and continued for several minutes darting down and fastening lines to different parts of the body of his victim. The struggles of the cockroach (though a full-grown one) were unavailing to effect his escape; he could not break his bonds; and his efforts seemed only to entangle him the

more. As his struggles became more and more feeble, the spider throw his lines more thickly around him; and, when he had become nearly exhausted, the spider proceeded to raise him from the floor. This he did by *raising one end at a time*. He at first raised the head and forward part of his body, nearly half an inch; then raised the other end; and so continued to work, till the cockroach was elevated five or six inches from the floor. Thus "hung in chains," the victim was left to die. The spider was, as before remarked, a small one, and could not have been more than a *tenth* the weight of his prey.—*Albany Cultivator*.

OUR SERVANTS.

A SERVANT'S TREASURE.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

"A SERVANT'S treasure," says one of those or whom I write; "and pray what is that? and will you tell us how to gain it?" I will gladly inform you, if you will attend. No doubt, when the above words first caught your eye, you thought only of money, and the readiest way to get it. I wish you to save of that what you can. Do not indulge in useless expenses, which serve only to gratify your vanity and pride. The draper's shop-window, tastefully and enticingly set out, is almost an irresistible temptation to many servants. Its fashions and finery bewitch them. Their wages are scarcely earned, ere they are spent. Such persons will not often visit a savings'-bank. They will not have much in reserve for a time of sickness or peculiar need. They cannot help a parent in age or want. Ail is expended upon *themselves*. But there are servants who contrive to lay aside, while in service, an amount of savings that is very useful to them in time to come. And I have known some of these manage to dress as neatly, and to keep as good a stock of clothes, as those who were continually spending their last shilling on a bunch of artificial flowers, or a showy new ribbon.

This, however, is not the treasure I now refer to. I have my eye upon that which is within the reach of every domestic: I mean the treasure of an *irreproachable character*. It would be well if all servants were alive to the worth and importance of this. It is of very high value to every one of you. And I would have you to aim high. Do not be satisfied with a reputation which is just sufficient to pass you on from one situation to another. Many of your class have no anxiety beyond this. So long as it cannot be said of them that they are positively dishonest, untruthful, and altogether unworthy of being admitted into a respectable family, they are content. I

hope my readers have fixed before them a much higher standard of character. This question is of vital importance both to your employers and yourselves. A servant who violates the laws of truth, uprightness, and purity, is not only an enemy to her own peace, but also an active element of corruption in the family in which she resides, a blight upon domestic happiness, and an offence in the sight of God. You should endeavour so to act, in every respect, that your employer shall be constrained to speak well of you, not merely as a favour, but as a duty. And if you are already so happy as not only to be counted clever in your station, but also to have gained the confidence of your master and mistress, never betray it. However great the temptation, resist it, and by this means your treasure will be enriched, and your services daily increase in value. If, in any instance, the confidence placed in a servant is abused, mischief will follow, and especially in the case of a nursemaid. She exercises daily more influence, either for good or evil, over the children under her care. She is heard and observed by the ready ear and eye of those who hear all that is spoken, and see all that is done, in their presence, whether intended for them or not. An impure thought may be suggested, a sinful principle imbibed, or a pernicious habit formed, which may work to the future injury, and perhaps ruin, of her charge. If children are to love and practise truth, they must not be taught to deceive; and if their minds are to be pure, and their conversation chaste, amorous tales and immodest behaviour must be carefully avoided. A polluted nursery is a fearful calamity to a family. And what must be the feelings of a mother, when she discovers that her children's minds have been secretly corrupted, and her confidence abused? None but a mother can know how great the anguish of her heart, or the bitterness of her grief, while she mourns, *over the*

infused and fostered evil, which now so often displays itself. And if in any other department of service there be unfaithfulness, the sin will be followed with its necessary consequences. If masters, therefore, have a proper regard for their own interests, and those of their families, they will be careful on the subject of character, over regarding this as an essential qualification in those whom they take into their service. The purity, peace, and welfare of every family are by this vitally affected. David, of old, felt its importance, when he said, "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

This question also deeply affects your *own* respectability and comfort. Poor, miserably poor, is that servant who has never gained the treasure of a good character, or has outlived it. With what confusion is she covered when she is discovered to have been indulging in deception, falsehood, &c.! She may probably escape the punishment of the law; but what is her condition? I will suppose that she is suddenly dismissed from her place, perhaps without wages, and certainly without character. She returns to her parents' dwelling, where her unexpected arrival not only creates surprise in her father's house, but excites inquiry in the whole neighbourhood. All are eager to know why she has left her situation. To prevent disgrace, she probably lies to conceal her fault, and, as the easiest method of escape from her present difficulty, brings an evil report on the injured family in which she has been living. She thus adds to her first fault falsehood, and an unfounded calumny. But this is only a temporary expedient. The real state of the case soon becomes known. Or, in consequence of the remorse from which her weary mind has since suffered, she confesses her lie, and proclaims her folly and her sin to all around. Her reputation is gone, her treasure is lost, and with it, perhaps, her bread.

Or, a servant leaving a situation under such circumstances, probably does not dare to return to her paternal home. She has the image before her of the integrity and uprightness of her parents, and calls to recollection the cautions, advices, and warnings they used to give her. How can she meet them, and encounter their reproof and grief? They may be poor, but they have ever rejoiced in a stainless reputation, and they had hoped the same for their children. But the family is now dishonoured by the conduct of an unworthy child. What does she do in this case? She seeks out a lodging, which strangely contrasts with the cleanliness and comfort of the apartment she has left, and there takes up her miserable abode. The society with which she now mingles is not likely to improve her morals. On the contrary, they rapidly deteriorate; for temptations are multiplied, and those restraints removed which had hitherto operated beneficially. She cannot long support herself in

idleness. Her resources are soon exhausted. When this is the case, having lost all self-respect, and being obliged to do something for a livelihood, she plunges into vice, and from it is never recovered. Uncared for, and unpitied, she dies, and is buried, without a mourner to follow her to the tomb. And how is it that she has come to such an end? She cared not for *character*: she first trifled with it, then sacrificed it; and having lost her respectability, she lost the means of obtaining an honest and honourable living.

And do not suppose that this is an imaginary case; or that, if such cases ever occur, they are but very rare. Alas! that they should be so numerous. They do not, it is true, reach this fearful point at once. The first wrong step was followed by a second, and that by a third. This pollution was not acquired in a day. Their first contact with defilement was so slight, that it produced no apprehension of danger. The plug-ugly spot, on its first appearance, was so insignificant, that it caused no alarm. But O, how rapidly it spread, and speedily death ensued! Who, that knew the whole history of such a case, would have thought that consequences so disastrous would have followed from that *first trifling act*? It was *only a word*, but it was a *lying word*; it was *only a momentary act*, but it was a *deceitful act*; it was only a single *half-hour* too late, but it was a half-hour of *disobedience*, and destroyed all future confidence; it was only an *insolent reply*, but it was insolence that was not followed by any expression of sorrow or regret. In this lies its seriousness and significance: it was a violation of the covenant made when the engagement took place, and a transgression of the law of God. These things are sufficient to account for all the evil that ensued. Nothing is trifling that is wrong or sinful; sooner or later, if not repented of and forsaken, disaster and ruin will follow. The writer can call many instances to his recollection, of which the above is only a faithful representation, both of causes and consequences; and character once lost is not easily regained.

But how different is it with those who have obtained a character that will bear inspection, and a reputation that is not easily overturned! It may have cost them something to secure it; great care, self-denial, and toil. They have rejected many evil counsellors, resisted many and great temptations, and persevered in what was right, against the influence of a bad example. They have avoided evil ways and evil company, and kept straight on in the paths of truth and virtue. And what advantages do they possess! How great the peace of mind which they enjoy! And is not that a treasure? They fear not discovery; they are not tormented with remorse. They respect themselves, and are in turn respected. They know that they enjoy the confidence of those who are above them in station,

Their word is regarded. Their conduct is not suspected. Their integrity is transparent. Their conscientiousness, though not paraded, is evident. They are taught of God. They have aimed at pleasing Him. They have endeavoured to act consistently with His directions. They have proved the value of His precepts, as it respects this life. They have not been restless lovers of change. They have generally remained for a long time under the same roof, or with the same family. In the best situation which they have ever had, they did not find it free from cares and troubles. Nor do they ever expect to meet with one, in which they will find everything according to their mind. It has often struck them, that if they were the mistress, instead of the servant, they would not have everything in unison with their desire. Every one has something to put up with. There is a drawback connected with every situation and station in life. And when, in the

course of events, a change of place is found to be necessary or desirable, the master and servant part with mutual respect, while the servant's character readily secures another place of equal worth and respectability.

Many of the difficulties which domestic servants meet with in life arise from indifference to character, or their ignorance of its advantages. They should set before themselves a high standard of excellence. Whatever they gain, they should gain a good reputation. Then, while faithfully serving others, they would be effectually serving themselves.

Reader, have you thought seriously on this subject? Is your character all that it ought to be? May you not easily improve it? Labour to secure a name for all that is excellent, in your providential station. If your reputation has suffered, strive to recover what you have lost. Do not think the case is hopeless. You will yet succeed, if you are *resolved*.

LETTER-CARRIER.

DIRECTIONS FOR PERSONAL AND FAMILY GODLINESS.

A Letter from Joseph Allen to his Flock at Taunton, 1666.

(Continued from page 116.)

2. *Family godliness.*—He that hath set up Christ in his heart, will be sure to study to set Him up in his house. Let every family with you be a Christian church; every house, a house of prayer, every household, a household of faith. Let every householder say, with Joshua, "I and my house will serve the Lord;" and resolve, with David, (Psal. ci. 2,) "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." Let me press upon you a few duties, which I have been long harping upon, but, alas! (I speak it to your shame,) with many, too, too many of you, to little purpose in general.

First, Let religion be in your families, not as a matter by the by, to be minded at leisure, when the world will give you leave, but the standing business of the house. Let them have your prayers as duly as their meals. Is there any of your families but have time for their taking food? Wretched man! canst thou find time to eat in, and not time to pray in?

Secondly, Settle it upon your hearts that your souls are bound up in the souls of your family. They are committed unto you, and, if they be lost through your neglect, will be required at your hands. Sirs, if you do not, you shall know that the charge of souls is a heavy charge, and that the blood of souls is a heavy guilt. O man, hast thou a charge of souls to answer for, and dost thou not yet bestir thyself for them, that their blood

be not found in thy skirts? Wilt thou do no more for immortal souls, than thou wilt do for thy beasts that perish? What doest thou for thy children and servants? Thou providest meat and drink for them, agreeable to their natures; and doest thou not the same for thy beasts? Thou givest them medicines, and cherishest them when they are sick; and doest thou not so much for thy swine? More particularly,

(1.) Let the solemn reading of the word, (Isai. xxxiv. 16; John v. 39,) and singing of psalms, be your family exercises. (Psal. cxviii. 15.) See Christ singing with his family, namely, his disciples. (Matt. xxvi. 30, Luke ix. 18.)

(2.) Let every person in your families be duly called to an account of their profiting by the word heard or read, as they be about doing your own businesses. This is a duty of consequence unspeakable, and would be a means to bring those under your charge to remember and profit by what they receive. See Christ's example in calling his family to an account. (Matt. xvi. 11, 13, 15.)

(3.) Often take an account of the souls under your care, concerning their spiritual estate. Herein you must be followers of Christ. (Matt. xiii. 10, 36, 61; Mark iv. 10, 11.) Make inquiry into their conditions; insist much upon the sinfulness and misery of their natural estate, and upon the necessity of regeneration and conversion, in order to their salvation. Admonish them gravely of their sins; encourage beginnings. Follow them earnestly, and let them have no quiet for you, till you see in them a saving change.

This is a duty of high consequence, but, I am afraid, dreadfully neglected by some that are godly. Doth not conscience say, Thou art the man?

(4.) Look to the strict sanctifying of the Sabbath by all of your house. (Exod. xx. 10; Lev. xxiii. 3.) Many poor families have little time else. O improve both your Sabbath-days as diligently in labouring for knowledge, and doing your Maker's work, as you do the other days in doing your own work; and I doubt not but you may come to some proficiency.

(5.) Let the morning and evening sacrifice of solemn prayer be daily offered up in all your families. (Psal. cxii. 1, 2; Exod. xxx. 7, 8; Luke i. 9, 10.) Beware they be not found among the families that call not upon God's name; for why should there be wrath from the Lord upon your families? (Jer. x. 25.) O miserable families without God in the world, that are without family prayer! What! have you so many family-sins, family-wants, family-mercies; what, and yet no family-prayers? How do you pray with all prayer and supplication, if you do not with family-prayer? Say not, I have no time. What, hast thou all thy time on purpose to serve God, and save thy soul, and is this that for which thou canst find no time? Find but a heart, and I will find time. Pinch out of your meals and sleep, rather than want for prayer. Say not, My business will not give leave. This is thy greatest business; to save thyself, and the souls committed to thee. Besides, a whet will be no let. In a word, the blessing of all is to be got by prayer. (Jer. xxix. 11, 12; 2 Sam. vii. 29.) And what is thy business without God's blessing? Say not, I am not able. Use thy one talent, and God will increase it. (Matt. xxv. 24, &c.) Helps are to be had, till thou art better able. But if there be no other remedy, thou mayest join with thine abler neighbour. God hath special regard to joint prayer; (James v. 14—19; Acts xii. 5—12; 2 Cor. i. 11;) and therefore you must improve family advantages for the performing of it.

(6.) Put every one in your families upon private prayer. Observe whether they do perform it. Get them the help of a form, if they need it, till they are able to go without it. Direct them how to pray, by minding them of their sins, wants, and mercies, the materials of prayer. This was the practice of John, and of Jesus. (Luke xi. 1, 2.)

(7.) Set up catechising in your families, at least on Sabbath-day. It was my parting, dying request that you would set up and maintain this duty in your families. Have you done it all accordingly? Cannot your consciences witness, cannot your families witness, you have not? Well, I thought my parting words would have done something with you: I hoped the fervent request of a dying Minister would have prevailed for such a small matter with you. What,

to this day without solemn catechising in your houses? Ah, what a discouragement to your teacher is this! Brethren, shall I yet prevail with you? Will ye reject me now also? O, let me persuade you, before you take off your eyes from these lines, to resolve to set upon the constant exercise of this duty. Surely I have done and suffered more for you than this comes to: will you deny me? I beseech you, let me find, if ever God do bring me again to visit your houses, that the words of a suffering Minister have some power with you. I have sent you an help on purpose. What, shall all my persuasions be but speaking in the wind? and all my pains but labouring in the fire? Beloved, you have no dread of the Almighty's charge, that you should "teach these things diligently to your children, and talk of them as you sit in your houses," &c.; (Deut. vi. 6—9; iv. 9, 10; xi. 18—20,) and "train them up in the way they should go." (Prov. xxii. 6, the margin.) Hath God so commanded Abraham, that he should teach "his children and household," (Gen. xviii. 19,) and that he had so many "instructed servants," (Gen. xiv. 14, the margin,) and given such a promise to him thereupon, and will not you put in for a share, neither in the praise, nor the promise? Hath Christ honoured catechising with his presence, (Luke ii. 16,) and will not you own it with your practice? Say not, They are careless, and will not learn. What have you your authority for, if not to use it for God, and the good of their souls? You will call them up, and force them to do your work; and should you not at least be as zealous in putting them upon God's work? Say not, They are dull, and are not capable. If they be dull, God requires of you the more pains and patience: but so dull as they are, you will make them learn how to work; and can they not learn as well how to live? Are they capable of the mysteries of your trade, and are they not capable of the plain principles of religion? Well, as ever you would see the growth of religion, the cure of ignorance, the remedy of profaneness, the downfall of error, fulfil your joy in going through with this duty.

I have been too long already, and yet I am afraid my letter will be ended before my work be done. How loth am I to leave you, before I have prevailed with you to set to the work to which you are here directed! Will you pass your promise? will you give me your hands? O, that you would! you cannot do me a greater pleasure. Ask what you will of me: see if I will not do as much for you. O, that your families might be a joy to me, as that twice noble lady's to John, who professes he had no greater joy than to find her children walking in the truth! Beloved, why should you not give the hand one to another, and mutually engage each to other, for more vigorous and diligent endeavours in pro-

moting family godliness? I must tell you, God looks for more than ordinary from you in such a day as this. He expects that you should do, both in your hearts and in your houses, somewhat more than ever, under these His extraordinary dispensations. My most dearly beloved, mine own bowels in the Lord, will you satisfy the longings of a travailing Minister? Will you answer the calls of Divine Providence? Would you remove the incumbent, or prevent the impending, calamities? Would you plant nurseries for the church of God? Would you that God should build your houses, and bless your substance? Would you that your children should bless you? that your Father should bless you? O, then, set up piety in your families, as ever you would be blessed or be a blessing. Let your hearts and your houses be the temples of the living God, in which His worship (according to all the forementioned directions) may be with constancy reverently performed. Pardon my prolixity and importunity, in so earnestly pursuing of you: I am yet afraid I have done too soon, and shall end without my errand. The Lord God persuade you! To Him I turn; for I am well assured He can prevail with you.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED BY DR. CHALMERS TO HIS SISTER.

I.

THE SUBJECTS OF PRAYER.

"It will give me the utmost pleasure to understand that the agitations of uncertainty respecting this world's riches have led you to draw closer to the living God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. It is delightful to think, that whatsoever we ask in prayer, *believing*, we shall receive. The condition upon which you get it is, that you believe you shall get it. (Mark xi. 24.) Now, you will observe that this qualifying clause restricts the prayer to certain objects. You cannot pray, *believingly*, for riches; you cannot pray, *believingly*, for a continuance in your present situation; you cannot fasten on another situation, and pray, *believingly*, that God would translate you there: and why? Because you know

not if those things be agreeable to the will of God. This want of knowledge prevents an absolute belief; and hence, though you do pray for the things above specified, you may not get them. You may pray for them in the following terms: 'Lord, if it be thy will,' &c. But there are certain other objects which you have a full warrant to pray, *believingly*, for, and which, *believing*, you may pray absolutely for, and obtain them. You may rest assured that He will hear, if you ask according to His will. (1 John v. 14.) Now, there are many such objects made known to us in the Bible, and forming the promises which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. The Holy Spirit is one of these; (Gal. iii. 14; Luke xi. 13;) wisdom is another; (James i. 5;) the general object of salvation is a third. (1 Tim. ii. 4.) Now, what I would like to press upon all who are beset with anxieties about the future days they are to live in this world is, that daily bread is one of these objects. It is agreeable to the will of God that you ask for it; for it is the very petition which the Son of God taught His disciples. You have a full warrant for believing that you shall get it; and according to the faith of your prayer so will it be done unto you. This harmonises with the precept, 'Take no thought,' or, as it should have been rendered, 'Be not thoughtful,' be not anxious, about the things of to-morrow. I shall only add, that if the most anxious and unhappy men in the world were examined as to the ground of their disquietude, it would be found, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, that the provision of this day was not the ground of it. They carry forward their imaginations to a distant futurity; and fill it up with the spectres of melancholy and despair. What a world of unhappiness would be saved if the things of to-day were to occupy all our hearts; the duties, the employments, the services of the day! And as to the morrow, how delightful it is to think that we have the same warrant of God for believing that by committing its issue in quietness to Him, when the future day comes, the provision of that day will come along with it! Feel yourself to be in the hand of God, and you will not be afraid of evil tidings. (Psalm cxii. 7.)"

POETRY.

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

PROVERBS xxv. 4a

SICKNESS is a school-house,
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.

Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is Divine.

Wert thou thoughtless, led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?

world. Go with a faithful, humble, prepared, waiting heart, and you shall not come away without a blessing.—*Puritan Recorder*.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF WEEK-DAY PRAYER-MEETINGS.

THE late eminent philanthropist and wealthy banker, Joseph John Gurney, says, "I have reason to be thankful that I was

trained, *from very early years*, in the habit of uniting with my friends in public worship in the middle part of the week, as well as on the Sabbath-day. Thus to break away from the cares and pursuits of business, at a time when the world around us is full of them, I have found to be peculiarly salutary; and can now acknowledge, with truth, that the many hours so spent have formed one of the happiest as well as the most edifying portions of my life."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE MOSQUE OF DAVID.

MOUNT ZION is nearly excluded from the walls of the present city. That part which is within it is occupied by an Armenian convent, with its church and gardens.

On passing from the city, by the Zion gate, the first object that meets the eye

is a large, dingy-looking Turkish mosque, situated in the middle of Mount Zion, and called the Mosque of David, and believed to have been built over his tomb, which is still exhibited in the interior, and is held in the highest veneration by the Moslems as well as by the Jews. The Santons belonging to this mosque are the

most powerful in Jerusalem. Part of this building was anciently the church of the Cœnaculum, where it is said that our Saviour ate the Last Supper with His disciples.... To the right of this mosque, and between it and the city-gate, there is a small Armenian chapel, said to be built on the spot where once stood the palace of Caiaphas.

Dr. Richardson thus concludes his account of Mount Zion:—"At the time when I visited this sacred ground, one part of it supported a crop of barley; another was undergoing the labour of the plough, and the soil turned up consisted of stone and lime, mixed with earth, such as is usually met with in the foundations of ruined

cities. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the west side, and towards the east falls down in broad terraces on the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side, as it slopes down towards the brook Kidron. Each terrace is divided from the one above it by a low wall, built of the ruins of this celebrated spot. The terraces near the bottom of the hill are still used as gardens, and are watered from the pool of Siloam.... We have here another remarkable instance of the special fulfilment of prophecy: 'Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest.'" (Micah iii. 12.)—*Pictorial Bible.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH MINING.

WE have no historical evidence by which we are enabled to assign any date to the commencement of mining operations in the British islands. Tradition, however, refers it back into a period ere yet civilisation had dawned upon the forests of Britain; when her hills, now covered only with huge boulders of granite, were crowned with oaks, sacred to the rites of a Druidic priesthood. The Welsh Triads celebrate Caswallan, Man-awydan, and Ilew Llawgyfus, as three Chiefs distinguished by the possession of golden cars, the produce of Welsh mines; and some early historians state that the Romans were incited to the invasion of Britain by the reputed wealth, in gold and silver, of the ancient British Princes.

In Cornwall there are many remains of old mine-workings, in all probability Roman; the most striking examples being "The Land's-End Hole," at Tol-pedden-penwith, "The Pit," in Gwennap, and "The Devil's Frying-pan," at the Lizard-Point. The same peculiarity appears in all these: a very large spot being first cleared on the surface of the ground, the excavation is continued by a series of steps until the hollow has the character of an inverted cone, from the bottom of which, when the workings are near the cliff, a tunnel, or "adit," is cut to the sea-shore. From the situations and the general conditions of these excavations, there is every reason to believe they were worked for tin. The mine of Gogofau, in Caermarthenshire, is evidently a Roman work. Roman pottery, a bath, and ornaments, have been found near it; and a beautifully-wrought golden necklace also discovered, was in all probability made from the gold produced at this mine. That gold was found at Gogofau has received confirmation by the recent discovery of some of that metal in the quartz rock still adhering

to the side of the levels. The recent working of a gold-mine in Merionethshire is another proof of the existence of this precious metal in the Principality. We have also the additional evidence afforded by the words of Tacitus, in his "Life of Agricola," that "he got gold, and silver, and other metals from Britain as the reward of his victory."

Long before the Roman invasion we are informed that the Phœnicians traded to these islands for tin, and it is not improbable that the bronzes of the ancients contain the tin of Cornwall. Everything, as far as traditionary evidence, supported by existing facts, can be brought in proof, gives an early date to the discovery of this metal in Cornwall. The ancient name of the Scilly Islands was the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, although but little of that metal is now found in them. Athelstane, having defeated the Britons in a battle on a spot near the Land's-End, still known as *Dolfoit*, a Cornish word for "the Field of Blood," proceeded to Scilly, desiring to gain possession of them, on account of the tin they then produced. Many of the names by which certain spots are still designated in this great mineral district confirm the view which has been taken, that mines were worked principally by strangers, before the historic times. Sir John Peters, in his "Fordime Regales," published in 1670, says, "These works in Wales, with some others in Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, as far as tradition can assure us, were anciently wrought by the Romans, by the Dannonii in Devonshire and Cornwall, by the Belgæ in Somersetshire, and by the Dimetæ in Cardiganshire."

To trace the history of British mining would necessarily occupy much more space than we can afford to this subject. We may, however, add a few facts, of a curious character, in connexion with the discovery of

our mineral wealth. The Cornish mines, during the reign of John, appear to have passed into the hands of the Jews; and occasionally, in the wastes near old tin deposits, blocks of that metal are found, which are known as "Jews' tin," and remains of old furnaces, of a very rude construction, still termed "Jews' houses." John granted a charter to the tinners of Cornwall, and Edward I. extended their privileges. The antiquity of many mines which are still producing metal is proved by the circumstance of the records of early grants, &c., still existing. Henry IV. granted to Henry and John Darby the lead-mines holding silver in Devonshire. In the reign of Henry VI., John Bottwright complains that Roger Champernown stole one hundred and forty-five bowls of glance ore from Beerferrers, valued £15. 6s. 8d., and made profit of the same without anything being allowed to the King. The mines of the "Myndeeps" (the Mendip-hills) were very early the subject of grants; as were also those of the Forest of Dean. A curious practice prevailed in these districts. Any man having applied for leave to "mine," dug a pit, and, standing in it, threw his axe or adze towards the four cardinal points, and he obtained liberty to work within "*his axe's throw*." One of the laws for the punishment of theft was curious. If detected stealing lead from another mine, the thief was placed in his cottage, and all his mine-tools and goods piled about him, and the whole set on fire: from this pyre he was allowed to escape as best he might, and he was "never more to be seen within the limits of the Myndeeps."

One of the most curious histories of British mining is connected with the lead-district of Cardiganshire, which we shall briefly relate. Queen Elizabeth granted to two Germans, Houghsetter and Thurland, the right of working the mines of Cardiganshire and those in eight other counties in England, for four years, and gave them extraordinary powers. An action at law, in a case of disputed right, gave rise to the "Society of Mines Royal," and of "Mineral and Battery Works," and these two companies long managed the mining interests of the kingdom.

Hugh Middleton, a London goldsmith, in the seventeenth century, famed the principal lead and silver mines in Cardiganshire, from the Company of Mines Royal, for £400 per annum. Sir Hugh Middleton realised a large fortune; a clear profit of £2,000 a month being, it is stated, derived from Cwmsymlog alone. In 1604, about three thousand

ounces of Welsh bullion were minted at one time at the Tower. To Sir Hugh Middleton and his Welsh mines, the inhabitants of London are indebted for that water-supply which they obtain from the New River. Upon the great plan of bringing the New River from Ware to London, he expended his fortune, and applied to Government for money to finish the work. With James I., the Lord Mayor and Corporation, Hugh Middleton witnessed "the first issue of the water from the head at Islington;" but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to the necessity of working as a surveyor. From the mines of Goginan, Cwmervin, Tal-y-bont, and Darran, Mr. Bushel subsequently obtained much wealth. He established a mint at Aberystwith, and devoted his silver coinage to the royalist cause; clothing, it is said, "King Charles the First's whole army from the profit of this work." These mines were abandoned during the civil wars, and eventually they became the property of Sir Humphry Mackworth; and with his sanction Mr. Waller announced "The Mine Adventure," one of the grandest of mining bubbles, of which the earth hath many. "This adventure," says a prospectus of it, preserved in the British Museum, "is recommended to the world as an undertaking whereby His Majesty's customs and the trade and wealth of England will be advanced by the lead and copper being commodities and manufactures of our own country, and thereby the exportation of our coin and bullion, obtained with so great difficulty from the Spanish Indies, in great measure prevented." The scheme assumed the form of a lottery: those who drew blanks were only creditors to the mines, and were to receive 6 per cent for their money. Those who drew prizes were shareholders. Out of the surplus profits, schools were to be endowed, poor curacies enriched, and widows supported. It all, however, ended in a quarrel between Sir Humphry Mackworth and Mr. Waller, who unscrupulously charged Sir Humphry with fraud and deception: the matter was brought before the House of Commons, but the 650 shareholders gained nothing by their inquiry.

Such was the character of British mining; and such, unfortunately, is still, in too many instances, a distinguishing feature of the schemes which are laid before the moneyed public,—exaggerated statements of facts and conditions, giving rise to the most unfounded hopes, ending most frequently in disappointment.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

STOICISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

YOUR true stoic man is all conscience, but singularly oblivious of the fact that other

men may also have consciences. He is generally very cold-blooded. He knows nothing of gratitude, nothing of friendship, nothing of

natural affection, where the shadowy power which his imagination has set up demands that such feelings should be offered in sacrifice. The many things the man hates become more and more clear continually, but what he really loves is hard to discover. He accounts himself virtuous, less because of the strength of his attachments, than because of the strength of his antipathies. In all men, and in all the doings of men, he is in danger of fixing upon the unsound rather than the sound, and of finding his chosen occupation in rubbing for ever at the raw places of the world. Rectitude is a good, but this comes of isolating it from all other good. In fact, rectitude, separated from goodness in general, ceases to be rectitude: it is truth which has become error by excess, as the consequence of its being taken alone, and in this state it bears the fruit natural to error. What we want is not the sway of stoicism, but the power rather of that true Christianity which embraces all the good of stoicism, and which, in the place of its evil, gives us something much better. We do not want the sharpness or sternness that can do the right thing, without the mellowness and kindness that can do the good thing. We do not want the eye that is ever open to the faults of the church and of the world, and rarely open to anything beside. We want principle, and a readiness to do and suffer for it; but we want piety also, if our manner of doing and suffering, even in the cause of Christian principle, is to be Christian. In Christ, and in Christianity, *force* is nowhere more conspicuous than *tenderness*; the claims of *principle* are nowhere more imperative than the claims of *charity*. — *British Quarterly Review*.

USE THE WORLD AS NOT ABUSING IT.

It is quite right for a believer to use the things of this world, and to rejoice in them. None has such a right as the believer has to rejoice and be happy. He has a right to use the bodily comforts of this world; to eat his meat "with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." He has a right to all the joys of home, and kindred, and friendship. It is highly proper that he should enjoy these things. He has a right to all the pure pleasures of mind, of intellect, and imagination; for God has given him all things richly to enjoy. Still, he should "rejoice as though he rejoiced not, and use this world as not abusing it;" for "the time is short." In a little while you will be at your Father's table above, drinking the wine new with Christ. You will meet with all your brothers and sisters in Christ; you will have pure joy with God through ceaseless ages. Do not be much taken with the joys that are here. I have noticed children, when they were going out to a feast, they

would eat but sparingly, that they might have a keener appetite for the coming dainties: so, dear friends, you are going to a feast above; do not dull your appetite with earthly joys; sit loosely to them all; look upon them as fading. As you walk through a flower-garden you never think of lying down, to make your home among its roses: so pass through the garden of this world's best joys. Smell the flowers in passing, but do not tarry. Jesus calls you to His banquet-house: there you will feed upon the lilies on the mountains of spices. O! it ill becomes a child of God to be fond of an earthly banquet, when you are looking to sitting down so soon with Jesus; it ill becomes you to be much taken with drosses and show, when you are so soon to see the face that was crowned with thorns. Brethren, if you are ever so much taken up with any enjoyment, that it takes away your love for prayer or for your Bible, or that it would frighten you to hear the cry, "The Bridegroom cometh;" and you would say, *Is He come already?* then you are abusing this world. O! sit loose to this world's joy: "The time is short." — *M'Cheyne*.

THE LAW OF CONSCIENCE ILLUSTRATED.

It is of the utmost consequence that every one should understand this important law of conscience; that obedience augments, while disobedience lessens, its moral power. If you would make it worthless, stifle its voice as far as you can. For this end you will usually need only to neglect its gentle monitions.

This law of conscience is well illustrated by the following incident:—

THE ALARM-WATCH.

A lady, who found it difficult to wake as early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm-watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a loud whirring noise at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed; and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the long, rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all the day for her early rising. The alarm-watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard so long as it was promptly obeyed. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and when she was awakened by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself, and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of *disobeying* it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm-watch, she formed the wise resolution, that if she

should ever hear the sound again, she never would allow herself to disobey the warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we disobey its dictates, even in the most trifling particulars, or allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.

THE SABBATH AND ITS EFFECTS.

It is no rash assertion, that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more

instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field without those heaven-described beacons to rest and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being, and one of the avenues that now admit the light which illuminates his spirit would be perpetually closed.—*Bishop Dehon.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. MARGARET BRIGGS, OF CLITHEROE.

SHE was born in the latter end of October, 1777, at Boathouse, not far from Clitheroe. When approaching to thirty years of age, she was mercifully awakened from the sleep of sin, and led to seek the Lord with many tears and prayers, and by penitent trust in Christ, she soon found pardon, and rejoiced with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." That she was soundly converted to God, she cheerfully testified among His saints, and sustained that good profession by a long life of uniform imitation of her Saviour. At all times it was easily perceived that she had been with Jesus, had tasted of His love, and enjoyed His favour.

After her marriage, she had to remove to several different places; but her love to the ordinances of God's house, and to the people among whom she was brought to God, was manifested by the unbroken membership with the Wesleyan Society which she was careful to maintain. To the funds of Methodism she was a cheerful contributor, until old age and poverty compelled her to become a pensioner on its liberality.

She had for many years to endure much affliction; but the grace of God was so largely given that she murmured not, but in patience possessed her soul. One

who knew her well, and who frequently wondered that she could bear so much suffering with quietness, once ventured to express his surprise, when she meekly replied, "I am well off." As she had very humbling views of herself, her language was generally very guarded. Her general statements were, "I am endeavouring to trust in the Lord. I have a hope through the atonement of Christ. I can rest on no other foundation."

In her last affliction, her Ministers and friends had the joy to find that her last enemy was under her feet, that Christ was in her "the hope of glory," and that to die would be endless gain. Two nights before the final struggle, a Christian neighbour was called in, who found her almost incapable of speaking; but at length she exclaimed, "The foundation laid in Zion—Jesus—the precious blood of Christ! I will fear no evil!" And when no longer able to speak, she was evidently engaged in prayer and in praise. When one said, "It will soon be over; the victory will be gained;" she clapped her hands in token of final triumph. She afterwards became unconscious of surrounding objects; and fell asleep in Jesus, January 29th, 1818, in the seventy-first year of her age.

R. ABRAHAM.

ANTIQUITIES.

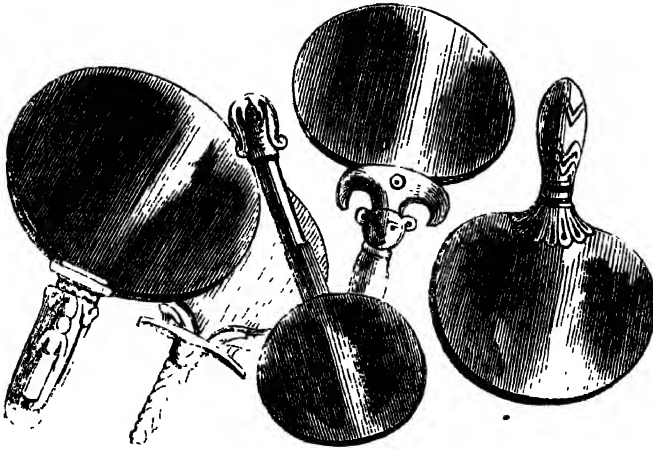
MOLTEN "LOOKING-GLASSES."

THE word "mirror" (says Dr. Kitto) should have been used in the place of "looking-glass," in the various texts where it occurs,

which are all incompatible with the idea of glass. A metallic mirror is obviously intended.

Artificial mirrors seem to have been made





as soon as men began to exercise their ingenuity on metals and stones. When men began to work metals, it must soon have been discovered that the hardest white metals reflected more distinct images, when polished, than any other. Of all the metals known to the ancients, steel was the best calculated for the purpose. but Beckmann says that he can discover no indications that steel mirrors were in use among them; and he thinks that its liability to contract rust, and to become tarnished, prevented this otherwise desirable metal from being thus employed. We differ from him in this particular. In fact, steel mirrors, although in some degree superseded by looking-glasses, continue to be extensively used in the East. After steel, in eligibility for mirrors, comes silver; and we find that silver mirrors are those most commonly mentioned among the Greeks and Romans. There was also in use for the same purpose a mixture of copper and tin, producing a white metal which would seem to have been better adapted for mirrors than silver, although, on some account or other, it was not so much esteemed for the purpose. . . Mirrors of copper, brass, and gold do not appear to have been much in use

after the superior fitness of silver was discovered; yet there is no question that copper and brass were soonest applied to this purpose, and doubtless continued to be used by those who could not afford silver or silvered mirrors. The use of metallic mirrors is now, in Europe, almost entirely confined to reflecting telescopes. The mode of compounding the metals of which these mirrors are made, and of polishing them of a proper form, is an art of great nicety.

There is some difficulty in determining when glass mirrors were invented. With a slight exception in Pliny, (which seems to refer to an unsuccessful attempt made at Sidon,) there is no trace of glass mirrors till the thirteenth century, after which they are spoken of in the clearest manner, and continue to be mentioned in every century, and at last mirrors of metal passed entirely out of notice. •

To understand the force of the beautiful allusion in 2 Cor. iii. 18, it should be recollected that, as the ancient mirrors were made of highly-polished metal, a person who looked on his image in them would have his face strongly illuminated by the reflected rays. •

POPERY.

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANISM.

THERE is not a more astounding and awful study in the world than the rise, progress, and perfection of Popery. To find its commencement, we must return even into the brilliance of the apostolic age; and there, in the midst of the very labours of the Apostles, do we find

the enemy laying amongst the living stones of Christ's temple, the foundation of another temple, out of which, in due time, the living stones were to be cast and ground to powder. We find him laying hold of some tendencies even in the aspirations after holiness, and making out of these the strongest sinews, bands, and support of

his system. Forbidding to marry:—you find it in the apostolic age; you find it advocated by holy considerations; it appears difficult to mark where it passes from a virtue into a sin; and yet there it stands, one of the strongest buttresses of Romanism, and one of the mightiest sources of Rome's iniquity. Praying to the Virgin and to the saints:—when the first witnesses for Christ ended their testimony by a martyr's death, then began the watchful foe to pervert the natural feeling of veneration for the great and good; and even so early as the days of Augustine, the custom of worshipping at the tombs of martyrs was an established one; nay, it was considered a greater crime to neglect the commemoration of the saints, than to return drunk from the observance of their festivals! Then grew up in men's hearts, relic-adoration, an error which, like saint-worship, originated in piety and love; in the fondly dwelling upon all that could memorialise departed brethren! From our Saxon records we learn, not only that there were processions of dead men's bones, but that miracles were believed to be wrought by them. Good old Bede, venerable truly for his piety and sincerity, makes us smile at the credulous simplicity with which he records these performances. He tells us of them with full confidence in their righteousness and truth. But who can trace the progress of this sin? taking its rise, perhaps unconsciously, in the first admiration of the coffin of St. Thomas, or the skull of Polycarp, till their bones are placed upon the altar, sacred things to catch the eye in prayer, to attract faith as amulets against evils, to deepen the awfulness of oath-taking!

And was not all this part of that strange and false consummation which St. Paul detected in the Galatian church; was it not *beginning in the spirit, and being made perfect in the flesh*? We cannot more truly describe Popery than by asserting it to be, *the destruction of that which is good, by the gradual change of it into that which is evil.*

It is much easier to follow the history of the evil, than it is to watch and indicate the progress of the change. So subtle, so imperceptible, so seemingly natural and unavoidable are the gradations, that we wonder not at the success of Satan's masterpiece; we wonder not that men of strong intellect and profound erudition come at last to "believe a lie."

Let us see what Romanism takes away from Christianity and from its believers; and what it proffers as a substitute. First, *it takes away*, audaciously, impiously, cruelly. Then it *gives back*, and mark! gives back the things it stole, but not as it stole them. No; it changes, weakens, sullies, deprives them of their power for good, yet makes them gigantic in strength for evil. It despoils truth of her smiles, her garb, her voice; that, arrayed in them, imposture may pass under her name! It takes

away the soul, but leaves the body, that men may bow to it in superstitious worship, unknowing that they are slaves to sacrilege and idolatry.

We begin with the *Bible*. What does Rome do? Ifides, imprisons, refuses the book of life when she can; and when she cannot, sends it forth a prisoner, guarded by traditions, notes, comments; and makes these the interpreters through whom alone it may speak to men. The Bible with her is not the voice of God, but the voice of the Church; and what the Church chooses to add to the Bible, must have equal reverence from her votaries, on pain of her anathema.

We speak next of the *Sabbath*. What is Rome's Sabbath? A nonentity when compared with her saint's day, at best a holiday for vice and pleasure. The Virgin's day is more revered in Popish countries than the Lord's day! In Spain the bull-fighter contends on the Sabbath; the mob chooses it for an insurrection; the theatres desecrate it in Satan's jubilee; and if an extraordinary display of fireworks is to entertain the people, it is generally given in the evening of the sacred day!

Thirdly, look at the *Christian ministry*. How has Rome changed this? A priesthood of ordinances, a despotism over consciences, no longer the ministry of the word. The people are no longer brothers; they are slaves, crouching before the arbiters of their fate; and the Priest, a sort of Jupiter, grasping the Church's thunders, moulds, terrifies, rules the enslaved multitude after the instincts of his own will. It must be so whilst he possesses the conscience: he must possess also the man.

Our fourth point respects the *atonement*. Rome is Antichrist, because she practically denies Christ. We need no formal decree to assure us of this. Alms, masses, penances, pilgrimages, are considered to *merit* salvation; the intercession of Mary supplants that of Jesus Christ; absolution is purchasable; purgatory obliterates sin, and masses expedite the process. There is no faith in Christ, no obedience deriving its motives from a Saviour's love. The Romanist's deity, is it not the image of a woman dressed oftentimes in a robe of spangled white satin, and called Madonna? Yes. Yet stay; they have another deity: for, as we have said, Rome not only takes away, but changes what she restores. They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him. But they inform us. They point us to a wafer made of flour. This is Jesus! this is the Saviour! Kneel down and worship this: it will deliver you from your sins! Impossible! Yot, alas! the Romanist must believe it, or he has no Jesus.

Shall we mention *prayer*? Surely Romanism is full of prayer. Full of *prayers*, you should say. It has no *prayer*; that is, no prayer such as God requires. "*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis*:" do you *cpd* that

prayer? The very conception of prayer, the idea of heart-communion with God, is banished from the idolatrous system. Ah! you may have seen a Romish congregation apparently in the perfection of devoutness; and you might have seen, equally absorbed and reverential, that group of savages who were once discovered worshipping, in their ignorance, an old hat! It is devotion only in the sense which allows us to call ignorance its mother.

What has Rome done with *repentance*? Changed medicine into poison! Instead of "repent," it translates, "do penance." It prescribes a variety of penances, and makes each one a step towards heaven. We were talking one day to a poor Romanist, and pointing out to her her sinful state. She allowed it. We then asked her, "How are you to obtain pardon for your sins and get to heaven?" "I must do penance," was her reply. She knew no other way; and she wanted to know no other way, for, as she said, her Priest was to her the same as God. And thus is the soul separated from true contrition, that godly sorrow which leads to Christ, and made to depend on its own self-righteous acts, expiating its sins by its own sufferings.

Shall we speak of *regeneration, faith, sacraments*? There is no justifying faith in Romanism. It is annihilated. How could it exist when ceremonies, superstitions, works, are made the soul's life? Regeneration is no longer a principle, but a rite; not a work of grace effected by the Spirit, but a work of magic performed by a Priest. The Lord's supper is regarded, not as a means of grace, but as an infallible instrument of salvation. And so these sacraments, made the very substance of salvation, and depending for their validity upon the Priest, confirm the spiritual despotism, and destroy its benighted subjects.

Rome professes to be unchangeable; and

we believe that her system, as we have portrayed it, has scarcely sustained alteration in any point named. Its influence over the minds of its adherents is of the same character that it was five hundred years ago. It obscures, deludes, dwarfs, enslaves, and destroys. "It is a tremendous MYSTERY OF INIQUITY; a system which reveals the hand and guidance of a mighty, sagacious, far-seeing master-spirit of evil, from beginning to end. From the time that it first rises in the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, to the time when it spreads over the whole heaven, it discloses a dreadful unity in the purpose and the accomplishment. Nor can any power less than an omnipotent divine agency be relied upon for its overthrow. The church might despair in the presence of such an enemy, if she had not such a reliance; a fact which may suggest a reason for the express and repeated assurance of such an interposition, in the sacred records." The evil we believe is not a disease to be cured, but a system to be destroyed utterly: whether with violence and supernatural judgments, we cannot, beforehand, from the nature of the predictions, affirm. There is much contained in the grand expressions of the unfulfilled prediction. "Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming." Amidst the reigning darkness of Popery, this text burns before us like a talisman of hope and glory. We believe that its fulfilment is near, even at the doors; and that in its fulfilment there is to be unveiled a scene of the glory of God, brighter, if possible, than even the blaze of the Gospel illuminating every corner of Heathenism. The conflict with this power will be keener than that with the spirit of Grecian idolatry; and the victory over this power will be greater than when the banner of the Cross floated over the palace of the Caesars."

ANECDOTES.

A RIVER FROM A SMALL RILL.

A WELSH Clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer. she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text. And this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbours had a Bible: and this led to that meeting in London, in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society; a Society which has already distributed more than 15,000,000 copies of the Bible, its issues now reaching nearly a million and a half annually. And

this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world, which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruits of immortality among all the nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far-reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the tears of that little girl.

ADVANTAGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A PIEDMONTSE nobleman into whose company I fell at Turin, (says Mr. Rogers,

in his "Italy,") told me his story without reserve, as follows:—"I was weary of life, and, after a day such as few have known, and none, would wish to remember, was lounging along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned, and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us; and we are dying for want of food.' 'Why should I not,' said I to myself, 'relieve this wretched family? I have the means; and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?' The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes. It went as a cordial to my heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' I said. 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply.'"

A DRUNKARD'S TEACHER.

A PIOUS and kind-hearted lady, who employed a decent widow to wash in her house, was in the habit of giving her not a bowl of tea or coffee, but a tumbler of negus or toddy, when she was wet and weary with her work. Time wore on, and at length the lady found, to her distress, that the poor widow had fallen into habits of drinking. At length she cast her off; but learning some years afterwards that she was dying, she felt called on to visit her, and, while doing her all kindness, to set her sin before her. She did so; and the wretched woman closed the confession of her guilt by asking, "And do you know, Ma'am, who taught me to drink?" "No," replied her visitor, "but it was cruelly done;" and, in saying so, she had sharpened an arrow for her own heart. Reminding her of her mistaken kindness, "*It was you,*" said the dying woman; "and it was thus I learnt a habit which has been my ruin—which has ruined my poor children, perhaps my poor soul, for ever!"—*Dr. Guthrie.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Adamson, Mr. James,	Ilalam,	Mansfield,	66	Jan. 16th, 1851.
Avery, Mrs. Eleanor,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	34	Feb. 26th, 1851.
Badcock, Mrs. Martha,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	63	Feb. 5th, 1851.
Beaden, Mrs. Caroline,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	42	Feb. 18th, 1851.
Blewett, Mr. Michael,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	57	Nov. 17th, 1850.
Buckingham, Mrs. Mary,	Freeland,	Witney,	82	Jan. 26th, 1851.
Chirgwin, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Newlyn,	Penzance,	92	Nov. 6th, 1850.
Curnow, Mr. Benjamin,	St. Ives,	St. Ives,	60	Oct. 17th, 1850.
Davey, Mr. James,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	74	Feb. 7th, 1851.
Dohson, James P.,	Kirby-Moorside,	Pickering,	13	Jan. 31st, 1851.
Glasson, Mrs. Constance,	Halwyn,	Penzance,	82	Jan. 7th, 1851.
Harcastle, Mr. Edward,	Witney,	Witney,	54	Oct. 18th, 1850.
Hawkswell, Ann,	Skipton,	Skipton,	61	Jan. 2d, 1851.
Hawkswell, Dorothy H.,	Skipton,	Skipton,	25	March 22d, 1850.
Hindley, Sarah,	Newark,	Newark,	80	Jan. 11th, 1851.
Holmes, Mr. Joseph,	Skigby,	Mansfield,	48	Feb. 17th, 1851.
Huntington, Elizabeth,	Maryport,	Workington,	73	Feb. 15th, 1851.
Jago, Miss Mary Ann,	Penzance,	Penzance,	33	Feb. 20th, 1851.
James, Mr. James,	Newlyn,	Penzance,	71	Dec. 8th, 1850.
Jarman, Philip,	St. Lawrence,	Margate,	45	March 13th, 1851.
Kent, Mr. John,	Belper,	Belper,	24	Feb. 13th, 1851.
Ladd, Mr. Thomas,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	70	Feb. 18th, 1851.
Lawson, William,	Coddington,	Newark,	62	Jan. 31st, 1851.
Matthews, Mr. Thomas,	Penolva,	Penzance,	80	Jan. 3d, 1851.
Rowbottom, Elizabeth,	Newark,	Newark,	67	Jan. 11th, 1851.
Sheppard, Elizabeth,	Brecon,	Brecon,	23	Feb. 11th, 1851.
Surman, Mrs. Caroline,	Great-Milton,	Watlington,	20	June 22d, 1850.
Taylor, John Wesley,	Low-Moor,	Bradford, West,	21	Dec. 4th, 1850.
Wearne, Mr. John,	St. Ives,	St. Ives,	73	Feb. 15th, 1851.
Yeaman, Mr. John,	Mousehole,	Penzance,	28	Dec. 23d, 1850.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

JUNE, 1851.

THE WEAVER'S DEATH-BED.

JOHN HASTIE, a portion of whose history it is intended to relate, was the only son of a pious mother, who became a widow when he was quite young. As it was necessary for him to work with his own hands in order to obtain a livelihood, he was apprenticed to a weaver. The master to whom he was apprenticed was an infidel. Doubtless, this fact was unknown to his pious mother. And yet, it would seem that due inquiry would have revealed it. No parent should place a child under the influence and control of one whose principles and character are not fully known. If the mother was negligent in this matter, as she probably was, a fearful visitation was the consequence. The master was not only an infidel himself, but he sought most earnestly to propagate his principles. He lost no opportunity of bringing forward objections to the Bible, and of sowing and watering the seeds of unbelief. He was very successful in his efforts. He had about twenty men under him, all of whom adopted his principles.

Among this unhappy number was John Hastie, the pious widow's son. Ere long he married his master's daughter, who, shocking to relate, was as bold an infidel as her father. The influences to which Hastie was now subject, led him rapidly along in the path of wickedness. He soon lost all regard for the feelings of his mother, and would, in her presence, blaspheme the holy name of Him in whom was all her trust. She did not remain long in conscious agony. Her reason gave way under the fearful visitation, and she died in the lunatic asylum. Such were among the first-fruits of the infidelity of the son.

The cruel son went on in his reckless course, till his eldest child had approached the years of manhood. Then his own health began to fail, and soon it appeared that consumption had fastened its grasp upon him. He was convinced that he must die. Eternity was before him. His infidel principles failed to support him in view of the appalling prospect. The recollections of other days, of a mother's affectionate instructions and fervent prayers, filled him with remorse. He no longer attempted to find relief in the heartless, soul-destroying creed he had cherished through life. He sent for a Minister of that religion which had for so many years been the object of his ridicule and scorn.

The Minister who was called in did not prove to be one skilled in ministering to a mind so diseased as was that of the poor weaver. He attempted to reason him out of his infidelity; but the sophistry which had been so long cherished was not to be removed by any logical processes. His soul was burdened by

a sense of guilt. There needed to be an address to his conscience, and not to his reason. The infidelity of the mind is most frequently overcome by subduing the infidelity of the heart.

It happened that the miserable man lived in a district of the town of Glasgow which was assigned to one of Dr. Chalmers's most valued Elders. That Elder, in his visits, discovered the dying infidel, and found that his case was one that required the most skilful management. He accordingly brought Dr. Chalmers to his humble dwelling. The Doctor, by his sympathy and his simple-hearted piety, so similar to that of the mother's, whose reason her son's abandonment of God had overthrown, soon won the confidence of the dying man, and drew from him a history of his life, and especially a history of his unbelief. The Doctor presented the truth as it is in Jesus to the acceptance of the wretched sinner. Once each week, for three months, did he visit him, and labour most assiduously to adapt the presentation of the truth to the perverted, disordered, guilty, and almost despairing mind of the weaver. The blessing of God manifestly rested on those efforts. As the man drew nearer the grave, Dr. Chalmers became more and more satisfied that his soul had been renewed by the grace of God, and that he was rapidly preparing for heaven.

The interview which both felt would be the last on earth came. "Doctor," said he, lifting his Bible off the bed, on which it lay, "will you take this book from me as a token of my inexpressible gratitude?"

"No, Sir," said Dr. Chalmers, after a moment's hesitation, "no Sir; that is far too precious a legacy to be put past your own son: give it to your boy."

It was not likely that the Doctor's advice would be disregarded. "Give me a pen," said the dying man. His request was complied with. Gathering up his remaining strength of mind and body, he wrote, on a blank leaf of that Bible, the following homely, but, from the circumstances in which they were written, most interesting lines:—

"To thee, my son, I give this book,
In hopes thou wilt from it find
A Father and a Comforter —
When I do leave thee here behind

"I hope that thou wilt firm believe
That Jesus Christ alone can save,—
He bled and suffer'd in our stead;
To save from death, Himself he gave.

"A strong desire I now do crave
Of them to whom thy charge is given,
To bring thee up to fear the Lord,
That we may meet at last in heaven."

Having written those lines, he laid his head back on his pillow and expired. Through the wonderful grace of God, that soul was, we trust, saved from death at the eleventh hour. He had spent a life in infidelity and sin; and what an unhappy life it must have been! A life of toil, without any of the sweet consolations and encouraging hopes which Christianity inspires. Would any one wish to lead such a life, even if it were certain he could find pardon on a dying bed? Would any one wish to feel that he had been the murderer of his mother? No one surely will feel himself encouraged, by such a narrative as this, to delay repentance to a dying hour: all ought rather to be warned by it to repent without delay. Suppose this man had sought the Lord in his youth, and, instead of marrying an infidel, had married one with whom he could have walked to the house of God in company,

and who could have aided him in ministering to the wants, and soothing the last days, of his pious mother; would not his life have been a far happier one?

In regard to death-bed repentances, the following is the testimony of Dr. Chalmers:—"I never met with one decisive evidence of a saving change in a malefactor's cell; and, out of many hundred, I can quote exceedingly few in the chamber of a last and fatal disease."

THE RESULT OF INVESTIGATION.

MUCH of the infidelity that abounds is the result of wilful, sinful ignorance. An infidel will usually read everything against the truth: generally he reads nothing which has been written in its support. Were it otherwise, examples such as the one about to be related would not be uncommon.

A young lawyer, in conversation with Bishop Chase, related the following fact respecting General Hamilton, which had occurred but a short time before. The young lawyer had been an infidel, but his mind was now changed; and this narration was given in answer to Bishop Chase's inquiry how the change was brought about.

"In pursuit of his professional duties, General Hamilton passed from New-York to Albany, to attend the highest courts, and Poughkeepsie was his stopping-place for rest and social converse. We young lawyers were delighted to meet him at Hendrickson's tavern, and there indulged together in wit and satire. Not long since, he passed by: we gathered round him, and he greeted us with his usual cordiality. But there was an alteration in his mode of speech: it was solemn, and more affectionate. At length, to break the spell, I ventured to tell a story, the edge of which was ridicule against Christians and their creed. As I finished the anecdote, instead of the loud laugh, and responsive story, the General gravely asked me if I knew what I had been talking of. Confusion is the best name I can give my feelings and behaviour before the great man at such a question from his lips. Seeing my embarrassment, he said he did not design to give me pain, but, by his question, to call my attention to his own case.

"Not many months ago," said he, "I was, as you are, doubtful of the truths of Christianity; but some circumstances turned my thoughts to the investigation of the subject, and I now think differently. I had been in company with some friends of a similar sentiment in New-York. I had indulged in remarks much to the disadvantage of Christians, and disparagement of their religion. I had gone further than ever before I had done in this way. Coming home, I stood, late at night, on the door-steps, waiting for my servant. In this moment of stillness, my thoughts returned to what had just passed at my friends', and on what I had said there. And what if the Christian religion be true, after all? The thought certainly was natural, and it produced in my bosom the most alarming feelings. I was conscious that I had never examined it,—not even with that attention which a small retaining-fee would have secured in a trifling civil case. In such a case I should have held myself bound to have made up my mind according to the laws of evidence; and shall nothing be done of this sort, in a question that involves the fate of man's immortal being? Where everything is at stake, shall I venture all without inquiry? Wilfully blinding my own eyes, shall I laugh at that which, if true, will laugh me to scorn in the day of judgment? These questions did not allow me to sleep quietly. In the morning I sent to my friends the Clergy for such books as treated on the evidence of Christianity. I read them and the result is, I believe the religion of Christians to be the truth."

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE XVIII.

PARTICIPATION IN THE SINS OF OTHERS PROHIBITED.—1 TIM. v. 22.

"Sins of others!" some are ready to exclaim: "what have we to do with the sins of others? It is a sufficient responsibility to be held accountable for our own; for, alas! they are aggravated and numerous." The inspired Apostle, however, was commissioned authoritatively to say, "Be not a partaker of other men's sins." This injunction refers to a duty which a man owes to himself; a duty seldom thought of, and too frequently neglected. That neglect is sin; and it is often committed. No doubt the prohibition has a special application to the election and ordination of Ministers; but it must also be regarded as the general prohibition of a general evil. In what way, then, is it possible to partake of the sins of others? Those who would confine the act to the actual commission of a similar sin, are in dangerous error. There is no necessity for a man to be drunk in order to share the guilt of the drunkard: he may lead another into the sin of drunkenness in many different ways, and thus he may have made that sin his own. Of old it was declared, "Woe unto him who giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken!" A man may not have stolen his neighbour's property, but he may have instructed others to do so, or he may have received goods illegally acquired; and thus, if not the principal, he is a partaker of the dishonest deeds, and open to the charge implied in the declaration, "When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him." A man may not personally take the life of a fellow-being, and yet be stained with blood-guiltiness in having contrived, and excited to, the commission of murder. David was the murderer of Uriah, though he was slain by the sword of the children of Ammon. Saul was a blasphemer, yet his tongue had never uttered blasphemy; but he had compelled many of the saints to blaspheme, and thus was the father of the sin in others, and, in a certain sense, more guilty than they were in the sight of God. Indged. in a variety of ways man may partake of the guilt of sin which he does not personally commit. He may induce others to sin by provocation; draw into sin by the influence of example; allow it when he could have prevented it; connive at it after it has taken place. He may, moreover, neglect to reprove it when opportunity is afforded; silently pass it over, when it ought audibly to be condemned. To do so is to violate the enjoined duty, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him." (Lev. xix. 17.) Willingly to remain in the presence of the sinner a spectator of his criminal conduct, when by withdrawing disapprobation of it might be manifested, (1 Cor. v. 11,) is another form of this evil. In all these ways there may be a participation in other men's sins.

With this conduct, Ministers of the Gospel may be charged when they know that their hearers are addicted to certain vices, yet are silent on such subjects in their ministrations, instead of crying aloud against them; or when they address their congregations as Christian, and are aware that many of them are sinners; and keep back Bible-truth, which might trouble the consciences of private transgressors. Conduct so offensive in the sight of God will subject the unfaithful Minister to awful condemnation. "When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (Ezek. xxxiii. 8.) So also are Ministers chargeable with this offence when they continue unholy members in the church. They are, to a considerable extent, accountable to the great Head of the Church for its purity. Read what the Spirit says to

the angel of the church in Pergamos. (Rev. ii. 14—16.) Church sins allowed by Ministers become the sins of Ministers.

Magistrates are participators in the sins of others when crimes are perpetrated which they might have prevented by the exercise of that authority with which they are invested. They are called to sustain the character of being a terror to the evil, and the executioners of judgment on offenders. But should any one "bear the sword" of office "in vain," and so sanction the commission of sins he might by the power of his office have restrained or punished, he partakes of the guilt of those sins. Parents, also, may be guilty of those sins of their children which, in the exercise of parental authority, they might have prohibited and prevented. That child "left to himself" on the Sabbath, to neglect the house of God and the word of God, and to wander in the ways of wickedness, accumulates tremendous guilt on the parent's head. Nor are masters free from responsibility in reference to their apprentices and servants. The morals and conduct of these are committed to the master's care; and while they are directed to forbear threatening, it is their duty to discountenance, and withhold from, sin. The regulations in their families should be restrictive and condemnatory of the wickedness to which servants may be prone.

It may also be observed that there is a possibility of sinning in others as well as *with* others. The inventor of a new form of sin, whether in word or work, sins as long as the sin invented continues to exist among men, and there is an account accumulating against him age after age. As for the sin of drunkenness, with its fruitful course of crime, it not only rests on the head of its slave, but it "lieth at the door" of the unprincipled vendor of the intoxicating cup. The family of the drunkard suffer hunger and nakedness; the laws of society are violated; perhaps the more than degraded drunkard takes away, in the madness of his folly, the life of a fellow-creature, and he becomes a murderer. But is there not another guilty in such a case? What of the man whose hand supplied the exciting draughts? He hears that the wretched man, infected by the poison which he improperly gave, is transported to a foreign land and closes his wretched life on the gallows: he may not think that he also is felon, a murderer; yet, awful thought! such he is by participation. Well would it be if such were aware of this truth, and would reflect on, and forsake, the sin, and cease to "destroy souls to get dishonest gain." (Ezek. xxii. 27.) Such, with many more, are violators of the prohibition, "Neither be a partaker of other men's sins."

Many, however, are the examples to be met with of obedience to the Divine injunction. Such a noble example was Moses when he came from the mount, and saw the Israelites bowing down to the golden calves Aaron had made. Aaron had been a partaker of their sin, but Moses was faithful: he burned their god in the fire, ground it to powder, and rebuked Aaron and the people. Such an example was David, when he would not allow the deceitful worker to dwell in his house, nor the liar to tarry in his sight. Thus he resolved that they should have no sanction from him; nay, he commanded them to depart out of his presence. Such, also, was the admirable conduct of the Hebrew youths, when they refused to join in the worship of the golden idol erected in the plains of Dura, though by so doing they jeopardised their lives. Such examples have been found in the Christian church of modern days, when its Ministers, rather than be partakers of the sins of others, have sacrificed lucrative situations to overcome the feelings of natural affection, and subjected themselves to painful persecution. A father who had resolved with Joshua that the members of his family should, in the observance of certain duties, serve the Lord, had a beloved son who refused to comply with the regulations required. Entreaty, reproof, and command were employed in vain. From a stern sense of duty, and against the pleadings of

nature, the father had to place the alternative before his son, "You must cease from sin, or depart from my house." Sin was loved more than the parental abode; the foolish youth went on frowardly in his own way, and in a distant land had to seek for bread. There are few duties belonging to Christian conduct which have been more neglected than the apostolic prohibition. Few have seriously thought on the subject; yet it is of solemn interest. So St. Austin deemed it; for he frequently prayed, "Lord, forgive me the sins of other men." Many have need to adopt the same prayer, and to secure, by grace, the power to avoid sinning by proxy, as well as by personal practice.

Chelsea.

N.

THE PIETY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

NEANDER, in his memoirs of the early Christians, commends their piety as a striking illustration of the Christian graces in all the relations of life. They interfered with no ordinances of man which were consistent with religion, but carefully conformed to them; manifesting, at the same time, a heavenly walk and conversation under circumstances the most unfavourable. They held forth the word of life in living characters; and, by the silent influence of their piety, compelled their enemies to honour the Christian's faith.

The effacing hand of time has spared one venerable document, which carries us back almost to the age of the Apostles, and reveals the piety of those early saints who survived the first disciples of Christ, in a light so clear and impressive, that it deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance for our own admiration. We refer to the epistle from Justin Martyr to Diognetus, about A.D. 150, from which the following extract is taken:—

"Christians are not distinguished from other men, either in habitation, speech, or manners. Though inhabiting the cities of Greeks and barbarians, and conforming to the customs of either, they wonderfully exhibit everywhere their own peculiar manner of life, they live in their native land as foreigners; they participate in all its interests as citizens, and yet endure everything as strangers; they rear up children like others, without exposing them, like their idolatrous neighbours; they live in the flesh, but not after the flesh; they dwell on the earth, but their conversation is in heaven; they submit themselves to the laws, but in their lives they rise superior to all law; they love all men, and are hated by all; they die, and behold they live for ever; they are poor, yet making many rich; they are destitute of everything, and still have need of nothing. When reviled, they bless; doing good to all, they are punished as evil-doers; they are disowned by the Jews and persecuted by the Greeks, and yet neither can assign a reason for their hatred of these Christians."

A STONE REMOVED.

I saw a labourer returning weary from his work. I saw him stoop and take a stone, that lay in the pathway of passing wheels, and cast it out of the road. That sight did me good. That stone might be struck by a passing wheel, to the discomfort, perhaps of the traveller, and possibly the injury of the vehicle. It was kind in the man to remove it.

"What a trifling paragraph!" says a captious one. Not so, my friend. The act was small, but the motive noble; the act small, the principle on which it was based is of unspeakable value to the human race.

I love to see such things, especially such things, to their fountain. That man

had emotion in his soul when he stooped to remove that stone. He *felt*, or he would not have acted. He felt aright. It was kind in him. I am inclined to think that that act was but one of the links of a chain,—and never was a chain made of a better material,—love for the welfare of others. Such a chain is all gold. The man had done just such things before, I could not doubt. He would do such things again. It cost him something to do this; for there was a pelting storm of sleet, and he carried an umbrella, and he must pause in his rapid walk to do it.

Well done, my humble friend. If every other man would stop and pick out of the path of his fellow-travellers through life the things that vex and annoy them, how many sunny faces there would be in place of scowling ones! Drops make a shower, give us enough of them. Such acts as this man's, give us enough of them, and how great the shower of blessings! How much misery would be prevented!

I shall not stop here. The man that will do such a thing, will do greater things. That act showed what the fountain was. He has a kind heart. He will remove a larger stone than that from the pathway of human life. Give me that man for my adversity. He who has honoured the small draft will honour the greater. His good-will was not all exhausted by that effort.

It was a trifle, was it? Please then think, my friend, it can be but a trifle for you to do just such a thing. Do every such kind of thing; anything that will remove obstructions out of the path of human happiness. Give your neighbour a hint to do so too. Perhaps he will pass the thought along, and we shall shake some of the selfishness out of the human heart.

THE DISCIPLE IS AS HIS MASTER.

Do you think your condition in life a humble one? So was Christ's. He was the reputed son of a carpenter. He was the inmate of no costly dwelling. He laboured with His own hands. The proud doubtless looked down upon Him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you suffer from a lack of the comforts, conveniences, and even the necessities of life? So did Christ. He travelled on foot, and was wearied by His journey; He was hungry when He had not the means of procuring food; was weary when He had not where to lay His head. In all these respects you are as well off as was Christ. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet sorrows which weigh down the soul, causing days of heaviness and nights of weeping? So did Christ. He was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Sorrow and weeping were the characteristics of His life. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet with unkindness where you have a right to expect love? are your motives misinterpreted and your efforts to do good rendered abortive? and do you not meet with deception and treachery? So did Christ. He was despised and rejected of those whom He came to save. Many went back and walked no more with Him; and one of the chosen twelve lifted up his heel against Him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. Ought not this to remove every cause of discontent and repining?

ABOUNDING IN PRAYER.

EARTHLY benefactors do not like excessive importunity. They soon weary of an applicant who makes the reception of one favour the ground of application for another and a greater one. But not so with our heavenly Benefactor. He would have us importunate in prayer. He would have

us pray without ceasing. He would have us continually coming to Him for larger and larger blessings.

One of the persecuted Puritans had two children lying dangerously ill. After wrestling with God in prayer for them, he wrote thus in his diary : " If the Lord will be pleased to grant me my request this time concerning my children, I will not say, as beggars at our door used to do, ' I will never ask anything of Him again,' but, on the contrary, He shall hear oftener from me than ever ; and I will love God the better, and love prayer the better, as long as I live."

Such is the spirit which God approves. Since, then, we are dependent upon God for everything ; since even the commonest blessing cannot be secured without His aid, and the greatest ones are freely bestowed on application to Him, is it not passing strange that there is so little prayer in the world ? As it is the great instrument by which all our blessings are received, it should be the great object of pursuit.

Some professing Christians spend much or little time in prayer, according to the state of their feelings. They often pray many times in a day, and then again they neglect even their stated seasons. Now it is no doubt proper that we should often yield to feelings prompting to prayer at other than our stated seasons, yet no state of feeling should prevent the faithful discharge of that duty when our appointed hour arrives.

The account of the exercises of one who had become mighty in prayer, may prove useful to the reader. " When I was converted," said he, " I found it was all owing to the grace of God. I saw that if I ever brought my heart into conformity to God's law, it would be only through the assistance of Divine grace ; and I found from the Bible, and from experience, that that grace was bestowed in answer to prayer. ' The first thing I have to do, said I to myself, is to pray. For a time it was easy work ; but by and by, when the world pressed its claims, prayer was not quite so easy. I was led to pray less frequently, and that led me to pray less fervently. I found that would never do ; that my heart would throb strongly or feebly just as I was faithful or unfaithful in prayer. I then fixed upon certain hours for prayer. When the hour came, if I did not feel a desire to pray, I sought by reflection to awaken the desire before I attempted to pray. By perseverance in so doing, by never contenting myself with a mere form, I found that I gained strength in prayer. As I gained strength in prayer, I made progress in the Divine life."

We see that in order to become strong and abounding in prayer, effort must be put forth. It must be set before one as a definite object of pursuit, and must be pursued systematically and perseveringly.

TELLING JESUS.

" Things always go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F. " I never hear you make any complaints."

" I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F.

" I did not know that you ever had any reason to complain."

" I don't know that I ever had ; but I used to find myself doing it, until one day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage, ' The Apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.' It occurred to me, that, when I had any trouble, before I told any one, I should first tell Jesus. And I found, on trial, that if I told Him first, I seldom had any occasion to tell anybody else. I often find the burden entirely removed while I am in the act of telling Him about it ; and trouble which has its burden removed is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance from our trials; but Jesus needs no information respecting them. He is omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told Him."

"That is true, and yet He listened with complacency and kindness while His disciples told Him all things. In His sympathising condescension, He permits us to repeat to Him our troubles, cares, and joys, though He knows them all. He listens to them with interest; just as the tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information. And He has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens one's sorrows and doubles joys, and increases faith and love. The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven.—If we should make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed, and felt, and said, and done, and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would. The thought that we should have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unholy act. We could not wilfully indulge in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross, if we were to make it the subject of conversation with Him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell Him all my experience, would be occupying His attention with trifles: I should have nothing but sin and folly to tell Him."

"Sin and folly are no trifles; and the way to get a right view of the evil of sin is, to speak it out before Him in our confidential intercourse with Him. You may depend upon it, my brother, that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you up above the world. It will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle. It will enable you to bear your crosses without repining. It will make you in mind and temper like Him with whom you hold this most intimate communion. O, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus; and telling Him all the things that they have done, and omitted to do, during the day!"

DEADNESS OF HEART.

AN intelligent and excellent Minister was once called to visit a man, then on his death-bed, who had been for many years engaged in the African slave-trade. He had been Commander of a swift and successful ship, but had been often compelled to throw his poor captives to the sharks and the sea, to save his vessel from the cruizers, or to lighten it in the storm; and had passed through the various terrible scenes incident to the prosecution of that infamous traffic. And now he was dying, in the full maturity of his powers, and in the midst, if we remember rightly, of pecuniary prosperity and social comfort. The Minister spoke to him of repentance. "Repentance!" was his reply: "I cannot repent! You have seen many sorts of men, Sir; and perhaps you think you have seen the most wicked and desperate among them. But I tell you that you don't know anything about an African slave-dealer. His heart is *dead*. Why, Sir, I know perfectly well,—I understand it fully,—that I shall die in spite of everything; and I know that I shall go to hell. There is no possible salvation for me. It is *perfectly impossible* but that I shall be damned. And yet it don't move me in the least.

I am just as indifferent to it as ever I was in my life." And so he died; with despair perfected into insensibility and DEATH; the very fires of Divine wrath, as they flashed upon his face, not starting a sigh, or a pulse of emotion. His heart *was* "DEAD!"

It is fearful to think, that in all sin lies the tendency to just such spiritual death. When it is ripened and finished, it brings it forth; one sin leading to another, and that to another, and these to others, and moral insensibility coming in upon the soul, and all crimes becoming possible to it, and perfect despair and the deadness of all affection and hope at last engulfing it,—a deadness to be terribly consummated and rewarded hereafter, amid the gloom of the future, and beneath the punishments of God. There is an old fable of a man who fell asleep in a Grecian cavern; and the drops from above, continually falling upon him, turned him, particle by particle, into coldness and rock; and though the soul still lived, it could not use or move the body. And so the influences of little sins, dropping on us continually,—the influences even of the mere worldliness that is all about and over us, except they be resisted,—will at last petrify the spirit. They harden it to all but the consciousness of loss, and the agony of remorse. They may leave it sensible of duty, aware of doom, but *unable* to flee from it.

THE SINNER'S WARRANT TO PRAY.

WHEN Christ says, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened," does He tantalise the sinner, and put him upon praying without a warrant? We know, as a matter of fact and experience, that it has been by prayer that every sinner, finding mercy, has knocked and called at the gate of Divine mercy. But the sinner, having no Spirit of adoption, and no intimacy at the throne of grace, doubts of his warrant to come and expect an answer. He has read, that "the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord;" and whenever he has tried to pray, he has found himself repelled from the throne.

Yet it is an undoubted truth, that God, in all sincerity, invites a world of ruined sinners to confide in His mercy, and come to Him for salvation; and if the sinner may not look upon himself as pardoned, and found among God's children, he may come to God as a creature, dying of his wounds, and open those wounds before a compassionate God, and let them plead for him; and though he has no warrant to ask of God any gift, for a selfish and therefore rebellious end, he is required to let his repentance flow forth in channels of prayer and confession of sin. He is required to turn to God; and the first act of turning to Him will very naturally take the form of prayer. That casting of the soul on the work of the Redeemer; that surrender of all to Him; that committing of the soul to Him to be washed in His blood, new created by His Spirit, and ruled by His laws; that entering into covenant with Him, which conversion involves, is a proper work for prayer; and for a prayer of this kind, to be offered by the most guilty and hardened sinners, there is a full warrant.

Though God cannot be pleased with the prayers uttered by one still determined to continue in rebellion, nothing hinders the success of the prayer of the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Indeed, the whole plan of Gospel-teaching goes to bring the sinner to pray such a prayer; and rarely, if ever, does renewing grace come upon the sinner until the solitudes of the soul are sufficiently awake to engage it to intense earnestness in prayer.

THEOLOGY.

THE BELIEVING WIFE AND UNBELIEVING HUSBAND.

"Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear."—1 Pet. iii. 1, 2.

THESE verses contain an example of one of the grand characteristic features of true and faithful preaching. Whatever the subject of which, for a time, any one of Christ's servants is led to speak, he must strive all the while if, by *any means*, he may save some. So it was with St. Peter. Here the Apostle had occasion, for a moment, to direct attention to a common duty,—*"Wives, be in subjection to your own husbands;"* but in another moment he turns again to winning souls. Immediately he tells why he was so anxious on the point adverted to: it was that hereby unbelieving husbands might be won to the faith of the Gospel. The general rule for a believer's life is, to do all to the glory of God; and this is one of the ways in which it may be reduced to practice.

The command evidently involves the supposition of a believing wife being united to an unbelieving husband; but it gives no countenance to those who venture, with their eyes open, to form such a relation, in defiance of the positive law of Christ. The case contemplated by the Apostle, and which was of frequent occurrence among the Jews of his day, is, that of one of the parties being converted after the union has taken place. When such a case occurs, it is the duty of the wife to seek to win her husband to the faith. If she is herself a sincere disciple, that desire will be uppermost in her mind. It is her duty by all means to try it; there is no dispute about that: the only thing that admits of deliberation is the selection of means to be employed. As to the duty, the necessity lying upon her to make the attempt, on that point there is no question; but there is room for the exercise of Christian prudence in making choice of the times and instruments. The general rule which every Christian acknowledges is, *"Be all things to all men, that ye may save some;"* but, under the influence of that general principle, there is need of much practical wisdom, in judging what we must become to this

man, and what to that man, in order to bring our influence to bear upon them with the greatest possible effect. The believing wife, under the general desire to win her husband, will study all the peculiarities of his character, and all the circumstances of his position, and so accommodate her efforts to the necessities of the case.

But, in speaking about selecting the means to be employed for the conversion of sinners, we must remember that there is only one divinely-appointed means,—the Gospel. We are not at liberty to set aside that instrument, and employ another in its stead. There is room for the exercise of our discretion only in contriving how that Gospel may be best brought to bear on the understanding and the heart. It is not that any one is at liberty to sit down and consider whether the Gospel revelation or some other means will be found best adapted to win a wanderer back to God; but, knowing this, we may sit down and consider by what means, in each case, that instrument may best be brought into contact with its object. We are not at liberty to invent a new image; we must, in every case, abide by that which is reflected from the glass of God's word; but we may invent plans, varying according to circumstances, whereby that image may be carried through opposing obstacles, and imprinted on a sinner's heart.

Now, it will never surely be argued, that this text precludes the wife (or husband, or brother, or sister, as the case may be, for the same rule applies to all the other intimate relationships of life) from seeking to win her husband by reading or speaking the Gospel to him, if she has reason to believe that he will in this way receive it. Nay, the text implies that she may do that, that she must do that; and proceeds to give instructions as to her future procedure, in case that method should fail. It is, *"if any obey not the word,"* the written, the spoken word, that the wife is bound to take other methods of having it applied. It is to be done by *"a chaste conversation;"* that is, a holy life. This holy example, and the preaching of the Gospel, however, are not two rival ways of winning a sinful soul. The chaste conversation prescribed is just another way of preaching the Gospel. The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour is the grand

instrument in saving a sinner; but the god of this world strives to exclude the Gospel from the soul over whom he holds dominion. He blocks up one entrance: then it is our duty to get the same thing introduced some other way. If the ear is shut against the word spoken, we must have the same word embodied in a meek, holy, consistent life.

We must overcome the moral obstacle much in the same way that we overcome the physical. When you wish to communicate an idea to the understanding of another, or to impress a belief on his heart, a natural impediment sometimes intervenes. The man is deaf: in that case, you cannot *tell* him your mind; you must write it out, and let him read it in these artificial signs. Again, the man is blind: in that case, you cannot communicate by writing; you must speak. Or the man may be both deaf and blind: in that case, you have recourse to signs addressed neither to the sense of sight nor the sense of hearing, but to the sense of touch; by the channel of feeling you contrive to let ideas into his mind. Some such course as this we must follow in the spiritual matter too. It is the same light of the word that, in all cases, we must strive to get into the darkened mind; but the method and the means of doing this may vary with the position of the parties, and the obstacles that are to be overcome. Get the quickening word spoken by the lips of another; but if the man have a prejudice against this, and refuse to hear, let him be advised to read it in secret by himself. If his aversion to the truth prevail, and keep him from opening his Bible, let the same word be held up to him, written in the character of one who has already felt its renewing power.

There is an ingenious contrivance, which many of our readers must have seen, by which books are printed for the use of the blind. They can be read easily and accurately by a person who neither sees nor hears. The invention may be best described by calling it embossed printing. The letters are not coloured at all, but raised upon thick, stiff paper. They stand out from the surface with a sharp outline, so that the form of each letter can be detected by the finger. The invention has already come into extensive operation, and has proved a signal blessing. When the sense of hearing is gone, we cannot teach by speaking; if the same person is destitute of the sense of sight, we cannot make up the want through that channel; but

if the sense of touch remains, we may approach by that avenue to the understanding: the child deaf and blind *feels* the letters, when printed in relief.

Now, there is such a thing as a soul spiritually deaf and blind; and yet such a one must not be given up as hopeless. When a wife is convinced, regarding her husband, (and the same thing holds good of other relations,) that the eyes of his understanding are darkened, and his ears heavy, so that he will neither read the word for himself, nor hear it from the lips of others, let her not despair. Let her know that he still possesses the feelings and susceptibilities of nature. Let her approach him by them; not to try a new instrument, but to apply effectually the old. It is not to be doubted but that some blind children have, through means of the embossed printing, been won to Christ. But it is not the new kind of printing that converted them: it is the *Gospel printed*; printed in that particular way, in order that it may reach their understandings. It is the same word that we read and hear, printed in relief for the use of the blind. So, let a believing wife raise in her own life an exhibition of what the Gospel is; and in this way she may bring it into contact with an unbelieving husband's soul. When the god of this world has so blinded his mind that he cannot see, and so shut his ears that he will not hear, the word, let that same word be imprinted in relief in her character: if so, he may feel it. Thus, "without the word," without the use of spoken language, or when it proves of no effect, the wife, by a holy conversation, may win her husband. The reward is great:—"Save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

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GOD IN NATURE AND IN GRACE

PSALM XIX.

"The testaments are *three*, which show

What thy God is, O man;

But if the *first* thou well wouldst know,

The *second* learn to scan.

Nor wilt thou in the *second* speed,

Until the *third* thou rightly read."

Verse 1.—"THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

The cry is all for Preachers; but would it not be wiser were men to seek a true ear; for look where you will, and every object on which the eye can light is preaching. There are Preachers in the

heavens above, Preachers on the earth below, Preachers within us, and Preachers without. O, what a sermon it is which is preached by the firmament of heaven; by the sky, whether azure and serene, or overcast with stormy clouds! With all the splendour of day, and all the magnificence of night, the heavens declare the glory of God.

But do many listen? Ah! no. For unless God first speak to his heart, man is insensible to the discourse which re-sounds from all above, below, and around him. How beautifully does Tauler say, "As he whose eyes have long been fixed upon the sun, afterwards beholds a sun impressed on all at which he looks, even so it is with him whose mind contemplates God!" There are seasons, indeed, when, as we stand in its bosom, all nature seems a church; and in the lofty anthem which gushes fresh from the breast of every worshipper, we cannot choose but take a part, carried away by the general flood of praise. But at other seasons, too, how dumb and speechless the whole creation appears! as if every object pursued its way alone, and there were no hand in heaven to guide it. The difference depends on whether or not God is speaking within ourselves.

"For open thy heart to God, and thou shalt
see,
 That all the world a book of prayer shall
 be."

Verse 2.—"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

The heavens above us are the same to which the Saviour, when He prayed, lifted up His eyes; the same on which the Patriarch Abraham gazed, when as yet he had no child, and, amidst the silence of night heard the mysterious promise, "Look, now, toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be." The heavens are the same which our first parents beheld while they sojourned in paradise, and were still the good and guiltless children of God. Six thousand years have since elapsed, and here below, on the soil of earth, all is changed, and, most of all, man himself. But there has been no change above. Through that long period, day has still been uttering unto day, and one night repeating to another, the same incessant discourse of Him by whom the heavens and the earth were made. How sublime and elevating the thought of this unalterable constancy

of nature for a succession of ages so vast! And yet, at no moment does nature ever cease to present to the beholder the charm of novelty; because in her wide dominion nothing *is*, but all is *to be*. Who can refuse to exclaim, with the poet,—

"O nature, what in thy fair face we see,
 Not *sameness* is, but *similarity*;
 For all is *old*, and all is *young* again
 In thy perpetual domain."

Surely, he who has learned to feel his own inconstancy and changeableness, compared with nature's unalterable order and stability, cannot but long, with all intensity of desire, for that inward steadfastness, over which the vicissitudes of light and shadow, of day and night, lose all their power. This, this it is which gives to the material universe its edifying and medicinal influence upon the mind of man.

Verse 3.—"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

How true a sentiment! The voice of nature is truly of a kind which can be heard in every speech and language. It addresses man like the look of a friend, or the pressure of an affectionate hand, which, without the aid of words, are understood in every clime. In fact, is it not the very eye of God—the most affectionate of friends—which does look out upon us from the face of nature? In some degree, too, the nations of the earth have not been quite insensible to this voice. But they cannot have fully understood it, at least in their hearts. They must have wanted the interpreter within; for otherwise never would they have worshipped the creature instead of the Creator; never imagined that the hymn of praise, chanted by all created things in heaven and earth, was chanted merely in the creature's praise. No, it is the *glory of God* who made them, which all the creatures declare. Even among ourselves, how many are there who do not understand the voice aright! Even among ourselves, when I hear the outbursts of rapture at the beauty of the material world, it often gives me pain to see, that it is the creature's glory which is alone admired, and that rarely does the admirer's mind rise from 'which is made to Him who is the M'. Often do I feel inclined to accost the enthusiast, and whisper in his ear, "Friend, you do not comprehend the burden of the hymn." It celebrates the glory of *God*, of Him who gave their beauty to His works:—

"Sweet lily of the field, array'd
In all thy pomp of dress,
Thou wert to be my pattern made,
And gentle monitress."

"O! come, let us worship, and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."

Verses 4—6.—"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

In the firmament of heaven, every object declares the glory of God; every object makes the impression, that "all is old and all new in that perpetual domain." But more than from the rest do we take in this impression from the *sun*. As every morning we behold it, ascend the horizon, beautiful and fresh, as if just emerged from its ocean-bath, we are apt to imagine, that in the opposite hemisphere it has been recruiting its strength, as we, the children of men, have ourselves been doing during the silent night; and yet its setting *here* has only been its rising *there*. How it extinguishes with its beams all that attempts to shine beside it, and in solitary majesty pursues its way! How, like a Monarch, without respect of persons, it pours its rays on hill and valley, on the lofty and the mean! O, can we wonder that they who possessed but one of the testaments of God, the book of nature, and wanted the second to expound the first, should have prostrated themselves in its presence, and adored the sun as their *Lord*? And yet, what is it but the servant of Him who has the right to call it mine, and of whom it is written, "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good?" Nay, the sun is but the servant of His servants; for does it not minister again to other suns, which all at last circle around Him whose name is the *Father of Lights*? It is true, as the holy Apostle asserts, that the invisible things of God, even His eternal power and Godhead, are clearly seen from the creation of the world: "therefore the Gentiles are without excuse." But only we Christians perceive that so it is; for until the lamp of revealed truth illuminates the believer's heart, the mirror of creation continues

also dark and dim. When we say that the three revelations of God—nature, the Old Testament, and the New—constitute one book, in three parts, the book is one which can be understood only when read *backwards*. Once learn, however, to comprehend the other two, and open the first once more, and sermons, glorious beyond all conception, will sound from its every page. Only the disciple of Christ, when he stands amidst the glories of nature, and exclaims, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!" knows the meaning of the words. Only the Christian is aware why the earth is called holy ground. It is because the Holy One, the only-begotten Son of God, with sinless foot, once trode its soil; because He there poured forth the oblation of His sacred blood; because there, when it is sanctified once more, "the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people." This is to look into the very heart of the grace of God; and he to whom the sight has been once vouchsafed, will thenceforth see the world full of nothing else but miracles of grace. O, with what new eyes we read the book of nature, when in every page we read of that God who so loved the world, that He did not spare His only-begotten Son, but tore the Well-beloved from His heart, and gave Him as a sacrifice for the world's redemption!

It is true, that not even when beheld with an eye like this, will nature, all lovely though she be, *satisfy* the beholder's heart. Such a beholder it will satisfy even less than others. But, at least, it will fill his heart with *presentiments*,—presentiments of the *imperishable* beauty of a *new* earth, where, possessed at last of the glorious liberty secured to them by promise, the children of God shall dwell for ever and ever. Then, indeed, does the heart overflow with exultation, and sings,—

"If so divine the splendours be
Which on His earthly footstool rest,
O, what the blaze and ecstasy
That wait us in His breast!"

Or thus, perhaps,—

"Fair art thou, earth, clad in thy bright array,
And, when our eyes thy loveliness survey,
Forth bursts the cry of rapture, 'Thou art fair!'

"So fair thou art even now, when on thy
 plains
 Walk fallen creatures, whose foul tread
 profanes
 Thy soil, of which they vaunt them-
 selves the lords.

"O earth! what wilt thou be, when o'er
 thy fields
 The hand of ransom'd saints the sceptre
 wields?
 For that bright day thou keep'st thy
 wedding-robcs."

Father in heaven! I know, and at times have felt, that in Thy glorious kingdom every object may be made a preacher; and that if nature ever fails, either in her loveliness or her terrors, to preach to us, the fault is all in the insensibility of our ears. The whole creation discourses to us of Thy glory. Day utters it to day, and one night repeats it to another. O, give me a truly child-like heart, that I may comprehend creation's great discourse! Compose my mind, that in the voice of the creatures I may discern the voice of the uncreated God, my Father and my Lord. In the study of Thy revealed word, I will exercise my faculties, that I may better comprehend what Thou wilt say to me in the book of nature.—*Translated from the German of Dr. Tholuck.*

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

It is a fact undeniably established by the past experience of the world, that a life of piety and usefulness is the only life that is spontaneously and permanently honoured. The word of God declares that the name of the wicked shall rot, while the memory of the just is blessed. This sentiment has been tested for some thousands of years, and all experience proves its truth. Bad men, though flattered and caressed in life, are forgotten or loathed when dead. Good men, who live for others and for God, scorned though they may be while living, are revered when they sleep in their graves. The names now freshest in men's memories, and that attract the homage even of the wicked, are those who have stood highest among the useful and the good. Bad as human nature is, it is not bad enough to honour permanently and sincerely the memory of the wicked. Who thinks of reverencing Pharaoh, or Ahab, or Herod, or Pilate, or Nero, or Caligula? Who thinks of despising the memory of Joseph, or Daniel, or Isaiah, or Paul?

A late traveller in the East mentions having seen a peasant ploughing the spot supposed to have been the site of a palace of Herod, while near by a guard was reverentially protecting the supposed tomb of John the Baptist. This is ever the world's way: it demolishes the palace of the tyrant, and rears monuments to the memory of his victim. It will always be the world's way. Satan, with all his influence, cannot make even a wicked world canonise a dead sinner, unless he deceives them by throwing over that sinner's character the garb and the charm of apparent goodness.

We profess to have no light which our readers have not by which to read the future; but we will say, in unwavering confidence, that what has been in this respect will ever be. None will find abiding, heartfelt honour given as the reward of a life of sin. The friends who gather around our coffin and bear us to the grave, will not wish to speak amid their tears of our sins. Their cherished recollections will not be how we cast off fear, and restrained prayer, and worshipped the world, and died in impenitence. But if we were of the number of those who, in humble imitation of the Man of Sorrows, went about doing good, they will remember and speak of that. If in the last struggle our hope was bright, and our faith triumphant over the last enemy, these things they will remember; and as they commit our dust to the grave, they will exclaim, "Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his."

THE DESIGN OF ALL EXTERNAL INSTITUTIONS.

We ought to be very careful, neither, on the one hand, to slight or neglect the EXTERNAL INSTITUTIONS of our religion, nor, on the other hand, to depend upon our compliance with them, unless we at the same time answer their END and DESIGN.

This, therefore, should be our care, to reverence all the institutions of our Lord, and to use them faithfully and diligently; but, at the same time, never to content ourselves till we find the Spirit of God and of Christ dwelling in us, and becoming a settled principle of piety and virtue to us throughout the course of our lives.—*John Bradford.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

To maintain union in the house, it is necessary that fathers should preserve their authority inviolate. No State prospers where the Sovereign ceases to act as President of the commonwealth. In primitive ages, when Kings were governed by favourites, or allowed their authority to become vested in Queen-mothers, Queen-consorts, or even in Princes of the blood-royal, their subjects always felt the change. Tyranny became rampant; the seal of the empire was abused; the members usurped the dignity of the head; the haughtiness of menials and subordinates was intolerable; and the incubus under which the nation groaned was finally thrown off, by putting to death either the favourite or the too-indulgent master.

Households are empires on a minor scale. The same rules govern both; the same constitution Divine Providence has given to both; and it is equally a law of nature and religion, that every man should bear rule in his own house. Study, imperious sons, we are aware, are difficult to master. Like Eli's, they are too many for their facile parent. Besides, he cannot be always struggling with them. If advice will not prevail, authority is disregarded. Begin betimes. It is easier bending the sapling than the full-grown tree. Much of that stubborn resistance of which you complain is of your own creating. You have given your sons, in every instance, their will, and so has this evil befallen you. Slacken your rein upon a wild colt, let him slip from under your management, and see if you will be able to restrain his impetuous career.

There is nothing that fathers should be so jealous about as the maintenance of their prerogative. The idea of yielding it into other hands, however capable, is foreign to the Divine decree, and calculated to establish anarchy and promote confusion. The power ought always be lodged in the head, and the head should retain its power. The hands are not designed to plan, but simply to execute. The cornice presses down the stones underneath, and thus maintains the solidity of the building. Remove the key-stone out of its place, and the finest arch will totter to pieces.

We do not advocate the doctrine of despotism. While every father is to act as ruler, none should degenerate into a tyrant. Constitutional liberty is found to be essential to civil government; the associating of responsible advisers with the Sovereign, as a restraint upon arbitrary power. In families, this limitation is not needed.

Familiar intercourse, common interests, and deep-seated love, are supposed to be sufficient restraints to bridle undue authority; and hence, the governor stands alone. This is no reason, however, why these important checks should be disregarded, or why the slave-driver and the father should be convertible terms.

Notwithstanding these precautionary statements, we believe that parents too largely err on the side of leniency. Their orders should be strictly enforced. No child should ever be suffered to step into their shoes, unless for very substantial reasons. The usurpation is degrading. The interests of all demand a concentration of power; and let this be rigidly maintained.—*Rev. W. Oliver.*

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

THE development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and everything, in fact, which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming, and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction*. On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire, and, growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it; while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure, in plans for forming the characters of children.—*Abbott's Franconia.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE RATEL.

It has been said that this curious animal subsists on the petty rapine of the beehive, and the sweet produce of the comb. But, in the absence of full information, it is but fair to refer to the number and disposition of its teeth as raising considerable doubt on this point.

The ratel was first clearly described by La Caille, in his "Voyage to the Cape;" subsequently, by Sparrman. In size it is about equal to the badger, to which its form exhibits some resemblance. The upper surface of its body is remarkably broad and flat; of a dull ash-grey, strongly contrasting with the under parts, which are quite black. The hair is very stiff and wiry; the hide beneath it, tough and singularly loose. The claws of the fore-feet are long, and adapted for digging up the earth. The entire length of the animal is about three feet, the tail forming little more than a sixth. Its height does not exceed ten or twelve inches.

Singular stories of the ratel are told by the Hottentots. It is said that the bees are accustomed to take up their abode in holes in the earth formed by various burrowing quadrupeds; and that the ratel is most sagacious at discovering their nests, as well as in undermining them with its powerful claws. According to the same testimony, it is occasionally guided, in this search, by the honey-cuckoo. The hide of the ratel, it is certain, would be an excellent defence from an angry swarm. But a very different account, drawn from observation of the Indian variety, has been

given. The animal has been found in the high banks bordering the Ganges and the Jumna, from which it rarely issues by day, but prowls at night around the habitations of the Mohammedan natives, scratching up the newly buried bodies of the dead, unless their graves are protected by thorny bushes. It burrows with such celerity, that it will work itself under cover in the hardest ground in ten minutes. Its general food is flesh in any state. One specimen, in the Zoological Gardens, has been observed to be playful and good-humoured with regard to man, though it displays no such mildness toward animals.

TIME OF THE MORNING SONG,
OF BIRDS.

PROBABLY one of the most curious examples of the apparently trifling pursuits of scientific men has been exhibited by one of the most esteemed members of the Academy of Science of Paris,—M. Darcu de la Maille. He was anxious to ascertain at what hour different birds began their morning song. He therefore, from the 1st of May to the 6th of July, made observations, which he regularly published. It appears that for thirty years this vigilant naturalist went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and rose at midnight, during spring and summer; and that this eccentric habit was for scientific purposes. It seems that the concert is opened about one o'clock by the chaffinch; and that the sparrow is the laziest bird, not leaving his nest till five o'clock. In the

intermediate hours, at marked intervals, which M. de la Malle has carefully noted down, other birds commence their natural melody. He has shown on more than one occasion, that the different birds have mistaken artificial light for the dawning of day, and that a solar lamp has awakened the little choristers.

THE EAGLE-OWL AND ITS YOUNG ONE.

A REMARKABLE account of the extraordinary attachment of these birds to their young is given by Bi-hop Stanley, in his "Familiar History of Birds." The case was witnessed by a Swedish gentleman, who resided several years on a farm near a steep mountain, on the summit of which two eagle-owls had constructed their nests. One day, in the month of July, a young bird,

having quitted the nest, was caught by the servants. Considering the season of the year, it was well feathered. Having been shut up in a large hen-coop, to his surprise, on the following morning, a fine young partridge was found lying dead before the door of the coop. It was immediately concluded that this provision had been brought there by the old owls, which no doubt had been making search in the night-time for their lost young one. And such was, indeed, the fact; for night after night, for fourteen days, was the same mark of attention repeated. The game which the old ones carried to it consisted chiefly of young partridges, for the most part newly killed, but sometimes a little spoiled. On one occasion, a moor-fowl was brought, so fresh that it was actually warm under the wings; and at another time a putrid, stinking lamb was deposited.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE SERVANT'S HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I TRUST that you are deeply convinced that a good character is a great treasure. The richest are poor without it, while to the poorest it is great gain. Its advantages are many, and they are all more or less practically useful. A correct moral deportment, and fidelity in the discharge of duty, will always yield a measure of peace and satisfaction to the mind, while they serve the temporal interests of the individual. But something more is required, if *happiness* is to be secured. I will suppose that, in the ordinary sense, you possess a good character; and that you are justly esteemed for your rectitude and diligence: yet, for *you*, "one thing is needful," before you can be happy. It is described in one word,—RELIGION. You are related to God, you are His creature; He has made you, preserved you, and redeemed you; and whatever commendation you may receive from others, if you do not possess His favour, your spirit will taste neither repose nor joy. If it be so, this subject deserves your most earnest consideration.

I know you desire *happiness*. then you must seek *religion*. All men need it. You, like the rest of the race, are naturally *helpless* and *unhappy*. You cannot, as a guilty sinner, either enjoy God, or serve Him. What peace of mind can he have who daily lives under a sense of God's wrath, and subject to the yoke and bondage of sin? And if you have not religion, this is your case. Your guilt is not pardoned,

the curse and condemnation of a broken law remain; you are the servant of sin, and "the wages of sin is death." What a weight must be removed, and what a change must take place in the relation of such a one to God, before the soul can have rest! And religion is farther needed, to enable you to perform the *duties* of your station. St. Paul has told you what these are, and how you are to discharge them. May I ask you seriously to consider what the Divine requirement is, in this respect? The first particular enjoined upon you is that of *obedience*. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh." The Apostle does not, of course, enjoin upon you an obedience to commands which are inconsistent with the laws of God, but those which relate generally to the way in which a master would have you serve him, and which he has a right to prescribe. In all such things, his will is to be your rule of action. In the next place, you are to regard his interests as much in his absence as in his presence "not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." You are to seek the Divine approval, in the way in which you fulfil your daily calling; and, while honouring your earthly master, to honour the great Master who is in heaven. Another point which you are to observe, is, "not answering again;" not objecting to what is commanded, or perty and insolently replying to reproof. And I wish most distinctly to remind you, that this outline of duties is not drawn up by a selfish master, but is given you by the Spirit of Truth. These

are the words of God. You must, then, serve, in order to glorify Him. From His word there is no appeal. You are to cherish a supreme regard for His testimonies. And may I not ask, Can you do all these things in your own strength? I will reply for you: *you cannot.* Will your naturally rebellious will be always ready to obey; your corrupt heart be always sincere; and your temper in such subjection that, even under provocation, you shall be calm and self-possessed? "One thing is needful" for all this, and that is religion: you need it for your personal happiness; you need it to fit you for the performance of your every-day duties.

In religion there is *peace*, and there is *power*. Its great principle is love to God. But can a guilty sinner love an angry God? No; and you must obtain the forgiveness of sins, and a new heart. He who gave His only-begotten Son to die for you, is ready to pardon your transgressions, and to renew your soul by His Spirit. You have, as a sinner, turned to your own way, and He waits for your return to Him. Come to Him, and He will receive you graciously, and love you freely. Come to Him, sorrowing for sin, confessing it and forsaking it, and breathing forth the heartfelt prayer, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Come to the cross of Christ, and look upon your Saviour as He hangs upon the tree, shedding for you that precious blood which cleanses from all sin. "Behold the Lamb of God." He is the propitiation for your sins. He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. "Behold, for *thee* the victim bleeds." He takes away sin. But how shall you realise His grace and mercy? Believe, *only* believe. Yes, this is all that is required of the guilty, polluted, and miserable sinner. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." * To them that believe He is precious." Believe in His redeeming love, and He will pardon, purify, and save you. This is religion, this is happiness; the pardon and the peace of God. Your Saviour offers it now. Abandon the world, abandon the service of Satan, and cast yourself upon Christ, and this blessing is yours.

"See there my Lord upon the tree,
I hear, I feel, He died for me."

Are you the offspring of the righteous? Perhaps a pious parent has, this day, added to the countless number of former petitions a special prayer for your salvation. A Christian mother has again wept before the cross, and asked for the immediate salvation of her child. If you have not yet decided on the service of God, resolve at once on being blest. Why should you delay, when, by so doing, you are deferring the hour of your peace? This moment be happy; this moment be free. Can you now say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed?" Can you rest on your redeeming

Lord? If so, the burden of guilt is removed, the power of sin is broken, and pride, passion, love of the world and self, are subdued by the pure love of God. You will henceforth find pleasure in duty, and feel that happiness does not consist in mere circumstances, such as finery in dress, a situation in a worldly and fashionable family, high wages, frequent holidays, or in attending places of amusement; but in the favour of God, and a good conscience. Satisfied with your providential lot in life, you will delightfully prove that "godliness with contentment is great gain."

And, further, I remind you that religion is a great *safeguard against temptation*. You need its defence, for nothing else can effectually preserve you. You are exposed to great peril from your own deceitful heart, an alluring world, the enticements of sin, and the devices of Satan. How many are by these daily ensnared and ruined! The Lord is not their light and salvation: therefore do they stumble and fall. They have no understanding or discretion to preserve them. They walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and not in the way of the Lord. But if you are the servant of Christ, you shall not walk in darkness. He will guide you with His counsel, He will keep you in all your ways, He will lead you to a city of habitation, and give you rest. He will preserve you from sin, and consequently from all its bitterness, remorse, and degradation. Your person, your character, your interests, both for time and eternity, will be secure in His hands.

Without religion there is no safety. Not long ago, I called upon a friend, where I found a poor woman almost distracted with grief and trouble. And what think you was the cause? You shall hear. She had a daughter in service; and, though she had some anxieties respecting her, she was glad to know that Mary was comfortably situated. She lived but a short distance from her mother's dwelling. One day a messenger arrived from the daughter's mistress, to know whether Mary was at home, as her mistress knew not what had become of her. Several days had passed when I saw the afflicted parent, and she had heard nothing of her lost child. Think of the agony of that mother's heart, as she thought of the possible course her child was pursuing. And this was not relieved by the fact that Mary had only too often given her occasion to fear that one day the seducer would prevail. Religious advice had often been given, but it was generally slighted and refused. Yet the anxious mother was wishful to know the worst, and longed to find her child, though it should be with blighted prospects, and a ruined reputation. Whether the parent and the child have yet met, I know not.

Mary had no religion. She knew nothing of its peace, tranquillity, and contentment.

Her mind was restless, her sinful appetite craving after licence and pleasure, while her passions were wild and ungovernable. Sin triumphed, and she was ruined. Miserable wanderer! Sin pierces her heart with many sorrows; the beauty of innocence is faded; and who can tell whether she will ever be recovered? And who shall extract the arrow from that mother's heart, and heal the rankling wound?

In contrast with such a case, how beautiful and attractive does religion appear in its humble and happy possessors! It is their joy and their defence. "It is more to be desired than gold, yea, even than fine gold; it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb." Of religion we may truly say,—

"To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace."

When conversion takes place in any one, a real change is produced in the heart. The subject of it is a new creature. There are new affections, dispositions, and desires planted in the soul. The "Daughter" thus describes the effects of this change on herself. Before she heard the sermon which was the means of her salvation, she says, "I was a proud, thoughtless girl, fond of dress and finery. I loved the world, and the things of the world. I lived in service among worldly people, and never

had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray, and hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved; and disliked, and often laughed at, religious people. I was in great darkness, and knew nothing of the way of salvation: I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up when I met with applause; but I was a stranger to God and Christ, and had I died in that state, hell must and would justly have been my portion. But I was led to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ. And, O! what a Saviour I have found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In His fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in His bosom I have found a resting-place from all sin and sorrow; in His word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief. The world appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary for my peace of mind to come out from among them, and be separate. I gave myself to prayer, and many a happy hour of secret delight I enjoyed in communion with God." Truly sin is misery, but religion is happiness. Reader, may this happiness be yours! Amen.

LETTER-CARRIER.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ADDRESSED BY DR. CHALMERS TO HIS SISTER.

II.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DIFFICULTY IN CONVERSATION.

"FEBRUARY 5th, 1810.—I know not a more serious drawback to mixed society than the exclusion of all conversation about 'the one thing needful'; and it comes to be a serious question, How are you to get the better of it? This zeal would prompt, but we are also called to walk in *wisdom* towards those that are without. There must be a way of introducing the topic, so as to make a useful impression, so as to conciliate prejudice, so as to win, if possible, rather than repel. I confess it is to me a thing beset with difficulties, and I fear that an unmanly shame may have some share in it. It is certainly wrong to disguise it from others that you look upon eternity as your uppermost concern. Disguise this, and you add the sanction of your example to their exclusive indulgence in the frivolities of time; you add to the multitude of stumbling-blocks or offences which lie in the way of others. It is delightful that there is a

promise annexed to the prayer for wisdom; and I know not a more delicate subject for the application of wisdom than the one I am insisting on."

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE ENLIGHTENER.

"MAY 24th, 1815.—My thoughts have often been directed of late to the office of God's Spirit as an enlightener. There is a natural darkness which cannot be done away but by God's shining on our hearts; and it is right that we should feel our dependence on Him, not merely for the truths of Scripture, but also for our spiritual discernment of these truths. But it deserves to be well kept in mind, that though the Spirit is a revealer, it reveals nothing to us additional to what we learn in the written record. It does not make us wise above that which is written, but it makes us wise up to that which is written. The word of God is called the sword of the Spirit: it is the instrument by which the Spirit worketh. He does not meet with us on any other ground than on that of the written revelation; and hence our security, on the one hand, against the visionary pretences of those who talk of their revelations additional to

that which is written; and our duty, on the other, to go diligently and sober-mindedly to our Bibles, but to go with the attitude of dependence on Him, who can alone open our understandings to understand them, and

show us wondrous things out of the law; and, without carrying us beyond the field of the written record, can throw a clearness and a spiritual light over every object within that field."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEEN ADELAIDE AND HER CORRESPONDENTS.

THE pile of letters which each day's post brought to the widowed Queen was of no common bulk. Letters from all parts of England, on all charitable projects, from clergy, from laity, from widows, from orphans, from parties in every grade of society, assailed her benevolent sympathies. Every county, and almost every town in England, furnished her with a correspondent. Not one sustained a harsh or contemptuous rejection. The Queen read all her letters. Patiently, perseveringly, and systematically would she sit down, morning after morning, and, despite of bad writing, wretched grammar, interminable periods, and endless repetitions, master their meaning. Her own impression was recorded, in her own hand, on the back of each application: this done, the letter passed into the hands of Lieutenant Bedford, her Secretary for charities, for the purpose of further investigation; or, if this were deemed needless, to be replied to in the affirmative forthwith.

Some of her annotations ran thus:—

"This appears incredible." "Plausible; but has too much the air of an imposture." "An extraordinary, and it is to be feared exaggerated, statement." "This case deserves immediate investigation." "To be relieved at once." "Needs no confirmation." And then followed the sum of £5, £10, or £20, which, in the Queen's judgment, would meet the necessities of the case, and which was at once forwarded to the petitioner. Her discrimination was rarely at fault, so rarely, that when equivocal cases were inquired into by members of her household, by the Queen's command, the results of such inquiry bore out, with scarcely an exception, the view which their royal mistress had originally taken. Her tact in sifting truth from falsehood, and a case of real suffering from amidst a mass of plausible representations, was remarkable. One of these applications, with the Queen's autograph comment on the back, I have seen. A curious document it is. The writer, from his own admissions, had previously participated in the Queen's bounty. Now he addresses her in dying circumstances. He alleges that his physician had recommended to him "jellies, and other expensive articles of nutriment," which his own means would not admit of

his procuring; and very adroitly suggests to the Queen the propriety of her supplying this pecuniary deficiency. But he writes *in articulo mortis*—he is dying; absolutely dying; he has but a few hours to live; but still his thoughts run on no other subject but the Queen Dowager and "jellies." The letter is long, written in large characters, with a profusion of flourishes. The Queen's autograph comment, endorsed on the fourth side, runs thus "An odd epistle! written in a good, strong, steady hand for a dying man."—*The Earthly Resting-Places of the Just.*

HEATHEN BRITISH INDIA.

WHAT is India? The region which, of all upon earth, has most affected the history and the habits of every other. . . . The region whence sprang the creeds which even now command the largest number of souls. . . . The region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, comprising at least one out of every six that beat, and that, holding them up to the eye of Christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

O that God would give His church a heart large enough to feel this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the Gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, O feel, when you pray, that one-half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer. Borne are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayers. But, O, think long on the land where the Queen whose sway you love has heathen subjects outnumbering sevenfold the Christians of the British isles! Think long, long on the fact, "I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me!" Think that yonder, under the rule of your own Queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell! Take a little leisure, and say, Of every six infants, one first sees the light there: to what instruction is it born? Of every six brides, one offers her vows there: to what affection is she destined? Of every six families, one spreads its table there:

what loves unite their circle? Of every six widows, one is lamenting there: what consolations will soothe her? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there: what charities will protect her? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there: what balm, what physician, does it know? Of every six men that die, one is departing there: what shore is in his eye?—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.*

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF FALSE DOCTRINE.

AN interesting passage in religious biography may be found in the correspondence of the American Ministers, the Messrs. Buckminsters, father and son, after the son had disappointed his father's hopes by embracing Unitarianism. Honesty of purpose, touching other subjects than religion, was as characteristic of the son as of the father. But how the adoption of Unitarianism destroys that frankness and honesty in the declaration of one's sentiments, which is characteristic of true evangelical religion, and which is so desirable in a Minister, may be seen in the following extracts. The father, in a letter to his son, dated June 25th, 1801, said:

"If the Committee of Brattle-street, or of any other church, should apply to you with a view of hearing you in order to settlement, I advise you, as an honest man, (and this you seem desirous to be,) to tell them plainly that you do not believe in the proper deity and divinity of Christ, nor in His vicarious satisfaction and atonement for the sins of men; and I presume they will trouble you no more. Or, if they should nevertheless urge you to preach, I advise you in your first sermon to be explicit on those points, and not make use of any concealments or expressions that may mean anything or nothing. This will decide the matter with you. You will be able easily to relinquish your profession. For I cannot believe that the churches of Christ are so removed from the foundation of the Apostles, and have so lost the principles of the Reformation, that they would settle Ministers who deny the divinity of the Head of the Church."

But this advice was not at all according to the views of one imbued with Unitarian doctrine. The son replied:

"You must permit me to differ from you on the propriety of declaring my views from the pulpit. I shall always be ready to give an answer to private inquiries, but I conceive that ~~it would be only an arrogant~~ ~~sumption for me, the youngest of Preachers,~~ ~~to intrude on a mixed audience views that~~ ~~might be startling, perhaps not yet matured.~~ ~~and though I see no expectation of my ever becoming a Trinitarian, further investigation~~ ~~may modify what is now the subject of incessant thought and prayer."~~

THE BIBLE-DISTRIBUTER AMONG ROBBERS.

DURING the revolutionary troubles of the year 1848, a band of robbers had established themselves in the great manufacturing town of Lyons, in the south of France. They were rough fellows, with faces that looked fit only for the gallows, and hearts hard as the street-paving of the town. To judge from their appearance, they would think no more of taking away a man's life, than of blowing out a rushlight. But nothing prospers in this world without some sort of government, and these robbers knew it: so they chose one of their number for a Captain; and in this case it was the one most accomplished in all kinds of robbery and murder. And then they raised their hands to heaven, and swore that none of them would ever leave or betray the band; and that if any should, nevertheless, break the oath, the rest would pursue and kill him. And now they went forth to plunder and murder; and all the people of the neighbourhood who, besides their heads, had temporal goods to lose, were full of terror and dismay.

At this time there was assembled in Lyons another band, which, like these robbers in the forest, sent out their messengers in every direction, and so hunted after all sorts of people. And where these messengers appeared, many a one has trembled. It is true they were not armed, like the robbers, with pistols, and such murderous weapons; but out of their wallets peeped large and small books; and when the messengers read out of them, it was to many a listener as if a two-edged sword pierced through his soul. For in the books was much written about the holy God, who brings sinners before His tribunal; and about the Saviour Jesus Christ, who so mercifully takes upon Himself the sins of those who heartily repent and seek forgiveness from Him.

One of the Missionaries of this Society resolved one day to go into the forest to the robbers; not, indeed, that he might become one of them, but, with the help of God, to put an end to their unrighteous profession. It was truly a dangerous thing to do, and I really begin to tremble when I think how the lawless fellows in the forest yonder will handle the poor man. He might well think about it, too; but God had given him a brave heart, so that he did not trouble himself about it further than to say to himself that at most they could only destroy his body, ~~but were not able to kill his soul.~~ "If I fall," he thought, "I shall go straight to heaven; and there it is far better than in this poor world, and especially in France. And would not my life be amply repaid if, by the word of God, the soul of one of these robbers should be saved?" So he filled his wallet with Bibles, and stepped away bravely into the wood. Soon he was lost

in the thicket, and, after a few miles, he came upon the outposts of the camp.

"Who goes there?" cried a rough voice, which seemed to pierce our Bible-Distributor through bone and marrow. Soon several horrible-looking forms came out of the thicket, surrounded the adventurous intruder, and scrutinised him with curious looks. He had, meanwhile, recovered courage to meet their wild, scornful faces.

"What brings you here, fellow?" cried the robbers.

"I come," replied he, with a firm voice, "to bring you the word of God, and to warn you from the path of ruin, before the judgment of God breaks over you."

A wild, fiendish laugh interrupted the address. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the comrades, "this is a capital fellow, and a good roast for our Captain! There you can finish your sermon. It's just what he likes, and he'll reward you for it. Pack up your books: over yonder you'll do more business! March! On with you!"

With these words they thrust him forward, and brought him to their Captain. At the sight of such a body of ruffians, playing with their muskets as if they were toy-guns, the stoutest heart might have quailed; but our man of God stood calm.

"What do you want, fellow?" asked the Captain, haughtily.

"I come to bring you the word of God," replied the Missionary, firmly.

"Do you know who we are? Do you know us?" he asked again.

"Certainly, I know you," was the answer. "You are the wickedest of the wicked; the most daring of sinners. You are the terror of the neighbourhood; but the anger of God will burst over you, and destroy you before you think it. He is a righteous God, and will not leave the wicked unpunished."

As before, the fearless speaker was now interrupted by a burst of laughter. A flood of sneers and curses was poured on him; but he did not allow himself to be disturbed, and only raised his voice the louder.

"Repent!" he cried "even for you there is mercy and forgiveness; even for you is the Saviour, the Son of God, come, if you repent, and be converted. Now is the time. His love has sent me here: the arms of His love are opened to you." The wild laughter was stilled, but instead of it a low murmur was heard. The wild eyes glared with rage; involuntarily they pointed their muskets at the daring Missionary; but a glance from the Captain, and he would have paid for his boldness with his life. But the eye of God watched over him, and his courage was undisturbed.

"Do you know," shouted the Captain, "that your life is in our hands?"

"Without God's permission you cannot touch a hair of my head," replied the Missionary, raising his warning and exhort-

ing voice still louder, and distributing his Bibles right and left. By degrees the murmur was hushed. The robbers began even to show respect to the courageous man. Many a heart might have trembled at that moment; but the devil had bound their chains too firmly. They had taken that fearful oath, never to leave the band. It could be broken only by death. Presently the Captain exclaimed, "Take the man away, but do him no harm!" He was obeyed; and, with oaths and curses, they led him out of the wood; and he, praising God in his heart, made the best of his way back to Lyons.

Now, many of my readers may think the Bible-Distributor might have spared himself his troublesome journey; for the robbers will be robbers still. Have patience! The word of God never returns "void," but will accomplish that which He pleases. But to proceed.

The Captain had himself received a New Testament; and, as he was one day strolling through the wood, he took the book out of his pocket and read it, to pass away the time. He was astonished at what he saw there, and he read on and on. He had never heard such things before. His conscience was awakened, and the life he had led appeared darker and darker to his mind. He became uneasy. Every day he separated from his comrades, and wandered about the wood. To them such conduct appeared somewhat suspicious, and they began to whisper among themselves. But he became every day more alive to the misery of his sins; the judgment of God was to him fearful, and the love of Christ burned in his hard heart: he could no longer belong to the band. But how could he leave it? Should he run away? Now we should not think it wrong; but our Captain would not break his oath, even with robbers. For a long time he struggled thus with himself; but at last he assembled the band. They hastened together, in the hope that he was going to lead them out again on some profitable expedition. But they were not a little astonished when the Captain addressed them as follows:—

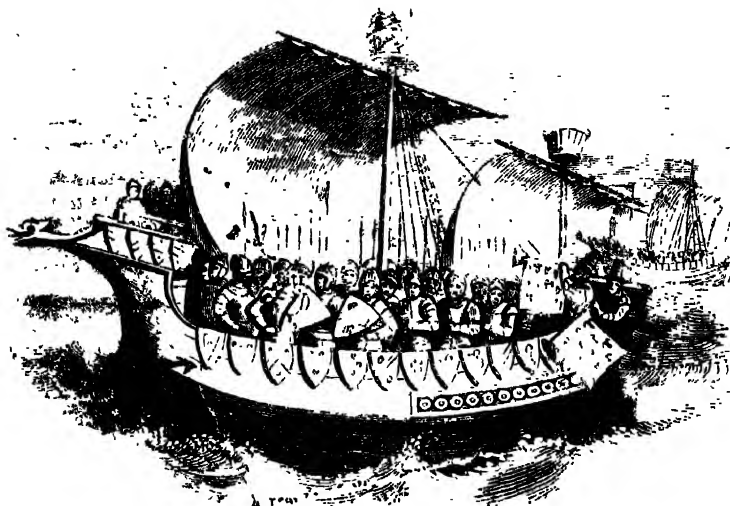
"Comrades!" he cried, "hitherto I have been your leader: henceforth I am so no more. This book here has shown me that we are on the way to ruin. A fearful oath bound me to you; but my resolution is taken. I am in your hands. If you wish to kill me, you can do it; but never again can I bring myself to lead the cursed life of a robber!"

In mute astonishment the comrades listened to their leader. A murmur of rage ran through the company; but soon anger gave place to sympathy. After long consultation, they came to the determination of letting the Captain go quietly away. Once more he raised his warning voice to his old companions, reminded them of the wrath of

God, whose commandments they had broken, and of the great love of the Redeemer if they repented, and urged them earnestly to quit with him their life of sin. The heaven worked. Soon afterwards the band broke

up. Many of its members followed their Captain, and were converted; and the Society which first sent their Missionary into the wood has received several of them as companions of its labours.—*Berlin Paper.*

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIME.



ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

HENRY V. built some dragons, or large ships of war, at Southampton; such, according to the author of the "Liber of English Policy," as were never seen in the world before, to match those which his enemies the French had obtained from the Genoese and Castilians.... Another contemporary writer mentions two ships belonging to the

fleet with which this King made his second invasion of France, one called "The King's Chamber," the other "The King's Hall," both of which were fitted up with extraordinary sumptuousness. That called "The King's Chamber," in which Henry himself embarked, is said to have carried a sail of purple silk, with the arms of England and France embroidered on it.—*Pictorial History of England.*

THE MONITOR.

COMMON FAULTS AT PRAYER-MEETINGS:

THE social prayer-meeting is a source of great spiritual profit to a church, without the influences of which, in ordinary cases, it can hardly be expected to grow in grace. Those Christians are generally the most eminent and distinguished for piety, whose habits and feelings lead them to embrace every opportunity

of attending the prayer-meeting. Of such great value, it is of the last importance that these meetings should be made much more attractive than in many cases they are. Very much depends on the Pastor, or the conductor of the meeting. But much also depends on the brethren who are called upon to participate in its service. Very frequently much of the interest is destroyed by in-

judicious prayers. Perhaps a notice of some of the ways in which mistakes are made by those who take part in the prayers of the social meeting, may not be without benefit.

A very common complaint is, That the prayers are *too long*. Some brethren, whatever other gifts they may lack, have a remarkable gift of fluency, and can pray by the hour. They are at no loss for topics, and know how to enlarge upon every one of them. If these are exhausted, they can fall back upon themes already introduced, and present continued varieties of the same thought. Some seem to think that they must pray for everything that comes to mind, whether appropriate to the occasion or not; and that it is time enough to stop when nothing else remains to be prayed for. If two persons are to pray in succession, the first will sometimes leave nothing for the second to do but to utter the same petitions. At times a brother will appear to be drawing his exercise to a close, and be almost ready to say, "Amen," when a new thought will seem to strike his mind, and he will branch out again into a second prayer, longer than the first, and each of them too long for profit. We have known a request to be made for prayer in relation to a particular person, or class, or benevolent object; and scarcely any notice taken of it until everything else almost had been remembered, and no time left for a remembrance of the particular object, until every one had become wearied by the service. Some have a favourite topic, and can never engage in social prayer without introducing it, however irrelevant to the occasion.

Prayers are very apt to partake more of the nature of preaching than of praying. They may be didactic prayers, doctrinal prayers, argumentative prayers, controversial or polemic prayers, and even hortatory prayers. But these distinctions are unprofitable and wearisome. Every one who engages in social prayer should understand that there is no need of going through a system of theology in a single prayer, nor of praying for everything that comes to mind, nor of enlarging upon every particular, nor of going over the same ground again and again, nor of praying as long as he can. That is ordinarily the most acceptable and profitable prayer, which is mainly the breathing of intense desire for some one thing. Such is nature's language. Attention to this matter would greatly reduce the quantity, and vastly improve the quality, of each prayer offered in the social meeting.

The interest of the people in some prayers is greatly marred by the frequent recurrence of a favourite form of expression. Sometimes a particular name of the Deity is so often introduced as to become even painful to a devout mind. If not taken in vain, or irreverently, it is used as a mere expletive, and should be omitted.

There are some who seem to forget altogether the *purpose* of the room in which they are assembled. Large or small, they always pray with the same quantity of voice. Some pray *loud* enough in family worship for a cathedral; others, again, especially in the commencement of the prayer, speak so very *low* that not one in ten can hear what they say. Every one who leads in prayer should speak, ordinarily, just loud enough to be heard by all who are in the room. A low tone of voice is very suitable for the closet, but not for the social meeting; and a loud vociferation may answer in the open air, but it is very much out of place in a room or parlour. It is a fault of other good brethren, whose voice and manner are very acceptable in personal conversation, that they put on an entirely different tone, or fall into some disagreeable habit or other, by which the comfort of those who unite with them is sadly impaired.

We might prolong this long list of faults and inadvertencies of good men in prayer; for it is always easy to find fault. But when the great importance of social prayer, and the sweet comfort which might be derived from it, properly engaged in, are considered, the censure of habits which impair and destroy its effect will be fully justified. A kindly word of admonition may sometimes correct a grievous fault; and there are few if any sensible men who have not on detecting in themselves some unsuspected foible, or deformity, been thankful for the discovery, and taken pains, if possible, to correct it.

PRIVATE FASTING.

THE devoting of a day periodically or occasionally to private fasting, has been much practised by eminent Christians in other times. And if it is now more out of use, the reason may be, that the piety of the present day is less earnest and deep than that of former days. There is, certainly, more occasion for such special means to keep the heart in vigorous communion with God, by reason of the greater activity in outward things of the present age. And wherever it has been practised, the best results have followed. Take the case of Brainerd. He was very earnest in recommending the practice to others, because he had received such great advantages from it himself. His diary gives an account of the many days which he spent in it; and there is scarcely an instance of one that was not either attended, or soon followed, with a manifest blessing, in special incomes and consolations of the Spirit, and very often before the day was ended. But when he set about this duty, he did it in good earnest, stirring up himself to take hold of God, and continuing instant in prayer, with much of the spirit of Jacob, who said, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

SABBATH RAIN.

"It is very bad for the health to sit in a place of worship with wet clothes and damp feet."

Well, it is. At the same time, Sabbath rain is not worse than week-day rain, although there is apparently a much greater terror of it. The following considerations may suit the case of some "fair-weather" church-goers.

1. *It is as bad for the Minister as for the people*; and yet he must be there. Through rain, and snow, and cold he must go; dry, if he can; but if not, he must go. His health is no better than that of the male members of his congregation generally; usually not so good. And if the rain furnishes no excuse for his absence, it furnishes none for theirs. If you say it is his business to go, so it is theirs: there is one law for both. And,

2. *A wedding, a concert, a party, a fair, seldom wait for the weather.* They are never put off on account of the storm. You may have noticed that when people are excited, they rarely suffer from exposure. If there were a little more interest in church-going, a little moreunction in the worshippers, would it not prove favourable to health?

3. *Bad weather reduces a congregation quite out of proportion to almost every other gathering of people.* Why, the other evening, (says one,) a Thursday meeting was given up on account of the weather, no one but the Minister and one lady coming, (which was hardly enough to plead the promise and secure the blessing,) and yet the Minister met some twenty-five people that same evening assembled in a parlour, who seemed to be quite unconscious that it was raining! And how they ever got there on foot, with-

out soiling their dresses or getting damp feet, has been a mystery to him ever since. Here was a religious meeting broken up, and a social party reduced only about *twenty per cent.*, and all by the same storm. How is it that the rain is so much more terrible "hard by the synagogue," than it is about town? It is quite true that many "women and children" are precluded from attending God's house in storms. But verily ninety-nine per cent. is too much to allow for necessary absences in a common congregation. We should be made of sterner stuff. We should be less the sport of circumstances. Satan waits not for fair weather. He does his work in "thunder, lightning, and in rain;" and we ought to be as busy as he. God has never said, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary, except when it storms."

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

FELIX NEFF, in speaking on the subject of prayer, has strikingly remarked, "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to obtain water: it flows out at the first stroke, because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when it is wanted, you must pump a great while, and the stream comes only after great efforts. And so it is with prayer: if we are instant in it and faithful to it, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. ELIZABETH TYTIE PEARSE

Was born in Tavistock, January 29th, 1816. She was the child of many prayers. Her parents were descended from the Puritans, and were, with her grand-parents, devoted to God. From childhood she was deeply conscious of her sinful state, and of her need of a Saviour; and early in life was enabled to trust in Him for acceptance with God. She then united herself with the Independent church at Tavistock.

On her marriage, in 1839, she came to reside at Sticklepath. She then became a member of the Wesleyan Society; and, during the eight years of her residence there, exemplified the character of the meek and lowly Christian. She was beloved by all who knew her for her truthful sincerity, and frank, open-hearted kindness of dispo-

sition. As a wife and mother she was most exemplary.

When God, in His infinite wisdom, bereaved her of three lovely children, she sought to recognise in these severe strokes a Father's hand. And when, at length, her only remaining child was taken, she remarked to a friend, "I submitted before: now I can acquiesce."

Being in an indifferent state of health for many months, the worst fears of her friends were confirmed, by their ascertaining that she was the subject of pulmonary disease in an advanced stage. On being informed of the utter unlikelihood of recovery, reference being made, at the same time, to her husband and infant, then a few weeks old, she said, "I can give them up." During the protracted illness which ensued, she was re-

markedly patient: not a murmur escaped her lips. So debilitated was she, that she could converse but little, and only in a whisper. But it was her delight amidst this weakness and weariness to realise that Christ was indeed her refuge, where she had sought and found safety and shelter.

Greatly was Mrs. Pearce beloved by all who knew her for the unsophisticated moral beauty disclosed in her spirit, temper, and conversation; for truly "her adorning was not that of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

When the writer last visited Mrs. Pearce, she conversed with difficulty, and deep humility, yet with charming sweetness, respecting her experience and prospects. No self-righteous confidence was ever evinced by her. She expressed regret that she had been of so little service in the Lord's vineyard. When, however, her attention was directed to the atonement and advocacy of her Saviour, her intelligent but pallid countenance was immediately lit up with more than usual brightness, as an expression of continued and assured trust in that atonement fell from her lips. She peacefully slept in Jesus on the morning of February 4th, 1847. J. H.

POETRY.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

BY E. W. CANNING.

THERE is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown doth divide;
Where all must go.
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at that dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour had come:
Untaught of ill, it near'd the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Follow'd, with languid eye, anon,
A youth, discoloured, and pale, and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the laden stream,
And fear'd to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form, in manhood's strength,
Came buoying on, till there, at length,
He touch'd life's bound.
He sunk, and raised the bitter prayer;
"To save! his shriek of wild despair
The waters drown'd."

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bow'd with many a score
Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turn'd his dimming eye, and sank;
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O death! how hard a thing, ah, me!
It is to die!

I mused; when to that stream again
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh!

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said:
"To me, O death! thou hast no dread;
Saviour, I come!
Spread but Thine arms on yonder shore
I see! ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!"

POPERY.

QUEEN ADELAIDE AND POPERY.

In his volume, "The Earthly Resting-places of the Just," the Rev. Erskine Neale thus describes the feelings and opinions of the late Queen Dowager:—"Romanism, in every form, she abhorred; and always characterized Puseyism as the 'nurse and precursor of Popery.' From Miss Sellon's 'Orphans' Home,' at Plymouth, after due and careful inquiry, she advisedly withdrew her patronage, because there were semi-Popish practices in that institution to which she could

never be a consenting party. Her views on the Romish question were clear and decided. She said, some five months before her death, to a noble lady for whom she had great regard, 'I have watched Popery, not from a distance, but close at hand in my native land. I understand it well. It never can be a quiescent religion. Pray be under no error on this point. It is with us a religion ostensibly dormant; but in reality always on the aggressive, and always aiming to be dominant. Honest Romanists, if you press

them, will own to you that they have an ulterior object. And those who, like myself, have watched their intrigues in other lands, are well aware that they will never be content till they have a Roman Catholic King, Roman Catholic Bishops, and a Roman Catholic government. Yes, yes. Popery is an exclusive religion: it must control all. If you will read my favourite Bridges, (an author greatly valued and often referred to by Her Majesty,) 'you will gather readily from him how Popery enslaves body and soul.'

MOHAMMEDAN TOLERATION AND POPISH INTOLERANCE.

THE Sultan has granted to the Protestants (in Turkey) a *firman* for ever, confirming to

them the privilege of building Protestant churches. In contrast to this are the following recent occurrences:—1. The Pope has ordered the American Protestant Episcopal chapel at Rome to be closed. 2. At Florence, the sister of the Grand Duke is doing all she can to put down the Protestant movement, and declares that she will never rest till the Italian service in a Protestant chapel is closed. The chapel is usually crowded with converts. 3. In the constitution of Venetian Lombardy, which has been only a few weeks ago settled and promulgated by Austria, it is enacted that Popery shall be the religion of the State, and that "dissenting religions shall not be permitted the liberty of public worship." "It is very remarkable," says Mr. Disraeli, "that tolerant Romanists are nowhere to be discovered except in Protestant countries."—*Free-Church Magazine*.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE ASH.

THE ash (observes Lady Callcott, in her "Scripture Herbal") is among the trees enumerated by the sublimest of the Prophets, in that marvellous passage where, with such

noble irony, he describes the worshipping of a carved image, who hath not "knowledge nor understanding to say,—I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof;

"I have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?"

The timber of the ash, from its toughness and lightness, is fit for carvers' and turners' purposes, and is much used for the tools of husbandmen. The oars of light boats are also made of ash. It is a tall, handsome tree; very graceful when young, with its delicate winged leaves, and drooping branches of flowers, succeeded by the light-

brown keys, and yielding to few trees in picturesque beauty in old age. It loves the neighbourhood of the sea, and does not appear to suffer from the washing of the salt spray.

In the south of Europe, and in the Levant, manna exudes from the *fraxinus excelsior*, as well as from the *fraxinus ornus*, or flowering ash; but, in our colder climate, that valuable medicine is not secreted by the ash.

ANECDOTES.

FLORA MACDONALD'S HUSBAND.

THE following anecdote, relating to the husband of Flora Macdonald, shows that he was possessed of qualities no less heroic than those ascribed by Scott to Flora.

After the failure of the attempt of Prince Charles Edward, Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who zealously supported his cause, was taken prisoner. As he had been prominent among the rebels, he was heavily ironed, and carefully guarded. It was determined to make him atone for his rebellion on the scaffold.

President Forbes wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, urging the impolicy of executing a man so generally beloved, and who had taken up arms solely in obedience to a mistaken though conscientious loyalty. It was even feared, such was his popularity, that his execution would excite a new rebellion.

He had, however, engaged so zealously in the outbreak, and was so deeply involved in the escape of the Pretender, that his destruction was resolved upon. He was brought to Fort Augustus, where he was kept a close prisoner.

At length an order came to the officer in charge to release certain prisoners in the fort. Among others, the officer called the name of Alexander Macdonald.

"I am here," answered Macdonald.

"You are discharged from further confinement," said the officer.

"I suspect there is some mistake in the matter," said Macdonald.

"What mistake can there be? Is not your name Alexander Macdonald?"

"That is my name; but I cannot think that it was designed that I should be released. You had better be sure about it."

"I know my duty: there is no mistake. Take your liberty."

A friend advised Macdonald instantly to leave the fort, and repair to a place of security.

"No," said he, "I must wait at the opposite ale-house, till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape."

He waited about two hours, when an

officer came with a party of soldiers, and arrested the officer on guard for having set at large so dangerous a rebel. Macdonald, learning what had taken place, ran across the street, and surrendered himself, saying to the officer, "I told you there was a mistake."

This heroism probably aided Forbes in his efforts to save his life. It is a matter of joy to know that they were ultimately successful.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A LADY was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So putting on a smiling countenance, she said with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave alarm, and returned when the madman was secured.

A COMMON ERROR ILLUSTRATED BY A SIMPLE STORY.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, there lived, in Massachusetts, a Clergyman, who had a respectable neighbour belonging to his

parish, who was notoriously addicted to lying; not from any malicious or pecuniary purposes, but from a perverse habit. The Minister was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbour. The person was Captain Clark, a friend of the Clergyman's in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his example was a source of much inquietude to the Minister. He was determined to preach a sermon on the occasion. Accordingly he took for his text, "Lie not one to another." He expatiated on the folly, wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present thought he was aiming at the Captain. After service, some one said to the Captain, "What did you think of the sermon?" "Excellent, excellent," he replied; "but I could not, for my life, keep my eyes off old Mother Symington, thinking how she must feel; for the Parson certainly meant her." This story was told the writer (E. Burritt) by his mother, who was a daughter of the Clergyman, and heard the sermon; to which she added, "My son, when

you hear any vice or folly exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a Mother Symington, look within yourself, and see if Captain Clark is not there." Her advice had some effect; and may have again.

HOW MEN DIE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

THE REV. DR. COX, of Brooklyn, at the late anniversary of the American Bible Society, stated, with thrilling interest, a private conversation he had with a gentleman of renown, (whose name he would not mention,) just before going to his account. "As for the Bible," said the sage, "it may be true: I do not know." "What then," it was asked, "are your prospects?" He replied in whispers, which, indeed, were thunders, "Very dark: very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible!"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST. PART I.

It is singular how few there are who know anything of the details of Howard's life. Though his name is in every one's mouth; though he is known not in England only, but throughout Europe, and, indeed, throughout the civilised world, not as a philanthropist merely, but pre-eminently as *THE* philanthropist; we question if there are many who know more about him than that he was an earnest and zealous good man, who made the reformation of prisons and of prisoners the business of his life. As to the particulars of his life, and of his journeys, regarding the motives that animated him in his self-devoted career, few entertain anything but the vaguest notions.

We avail ourselves of a recent publication* to give a brief sketch of those labours that earned for John Howard the title of a benefactor of the human race.

Strange to say, both the date and the place of Howard's birth are somewhat uncertain. His biographer thinks that he was born at Clapton, in Middlesex, in 1726. His father was a merchant in London, and the architect of his own fortunes. His mother died when he was an infant, so that he was not privileged to enjoy the inestim-

able blessing of a mother's teaching. Of his early years almost nothing is known. Being, from his birth, of a sickly and delicate constitution, his life seems to have been preserved only by the greatest care. Indeed, he never altogether got rid of this delicacy of constitution. To the end of his days he was subject to a weakness of the chest, and to attacks of fever, that frequently brought him to the brink of the grave. As a child he was altogether unnoticed. At school he gave no symptoms of that indomitable energy which, in after-life, prompted him to combat single-handed with abuses the growth of centuries. Destined by his father for a commercial life, he was apprenticed to a grocer in the city; but before the period of his apprenticeship had expired, the elder Howard died, leaving a very considerable property to be divided between his son and daughter. Having engaged in business simply in obedience to the wishes of his father, Howard no sooner found himself his own master, than he made arrangements for terminating his apprenticeship. This done, he determined to inform his mind, and to restore his health, by foreign travel. For several years he was thus occupied; and we may well believe that the experience then acquired was of signal service to him in his subsequent journeys. Soon after his return, we arrive at a very curious and characteristic incident in his life. While suffering under a severe ill-

* "John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe," by Hepworth Dixon.

ness, he was lodging with a Mrs. Loidoro, who, by the care and devotion with which she nursed him—a stranger in her house—made a profound impression upon him; so much so, indeed, that upon his recovery he considered it his duty to make her an offer of his hand and fortune. At this time he was twenty-five, while Mrs. Loidoro is described as an ordinary-looking woman of fifty-two, and so great an invalid, that for twenty years she had not known what health was. At first she refused him—a piece of magnanimity which his biographer places far above Caesar's refusal of the Roman crown; but at length she yielded to the indomitable will of her suitor, and they were married. The union, however, was but of short duration. At the end of three years she died, sincerely lamented by her husband. The blank occasioned by her death again awakened in Howard's mind the desire for action. From his earliest years, labour had been with him a habit; idleness was intolerable: he could not dream away his energies. And as he had not then discovered the great work given unto him to do, his restless instinct, and his desire to benefit his fellow-men, again drove him forth to the world. This time he resolved to visit Lisbon, which had just been almost destroyed by the frightful earthquake of 1755, and to stretch out a helping-hand to its miserable inhabitants. But God had otherwise ordained. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he was carried a prisoner of war into Brest. There he and the crew of the vessel were treated with the utmost barbarity. Before they reached Brest, "they were kept for forty hours without food or water; and when they were landed, they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy beyond description. At last, a log of mutton was brought, and thrown into the cell, as horseflesh is thrown into the den of wild beasts, for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as they best could; while they were compelled to sleep upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps and noisome fever of their overcrowded room." Here it was, we doubt not, that the seed was sown which afterwards brought forth a harvest so plentiful and so glorious. Here Howard learned from bitter experience the frightful state in which the prisons of Europe then were. As he himself says, in the preface to his first report on the "State of Prisons," "What I suffered on this occasion, increased my sympathies with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book." The seed, it is true, lay dormant for many years. Perhaps even Howard himself had almost forgotten his captivity at Brest. But the seed, though dormant, was not dead. In future years it sprang into healthy and

vigorous life, and engaged him in that "circumnavigation of charity" which won for him an imperishable name.

After a time, and after suffering many hardships, he was permitted to return to England, on giving a pledge that if he did not succeed in procuring a suitable exchange for himself, he would return to his captivity. This exchange, however, he effected. No sooner had he done so, than he set about relieving the more pressing wants of his fellow-prisoners whom he had left in bondage, and of endeavouring to effect their deliverance. This, at last, he had the satisfaction of accomplishing after considerable exertion. Having succeeded in these his first efforts in the cause of philanthropy, he settled down at Cardington, his estate near Bedford, where for many years he lived in the quiet, unostentatious discharge of the duties of a country gentleman. Unfortunately, we do not possess, in either letters or diaries, the materials for forming a trustworthy estimate of his character, and of the course of his mind's development, during either these, or the previous years of his life. It is easy to see, however, (indeed, it must be evident from the bald outline we have given of the events of his life,) that his ruling principle was a deep sense of duty, and a conscientious discharge of what he believed to be laid upon him. From his earliest years, Howard seems to have lived under a deep sense of religion. Having imbibed from his father the strict tenets of Protestant Dissent, he adhered to them through life. Knowing his relation to God, his anxiety was to obey His laws, and to walk in accordance with His will. We may, perhaps, doubt whether, on occasions such as that of his marriage, he did not stretch the feeling of duty to too great an extent. But this we may be sure of, that in this, as in every other matter, he followed what he conscientiously believed to be the path of duty. As to his peculiar doctrinal views at this period of his life, we have no evidence in the volume before us. Were it not for some extracts quoted from letters and diaries written by Howard during his travels, we should have but little to guide us in forming a true estimate of his character in this respect. These, however, show that his anxious discharge of duty was not a mere attempt to pacify his conscience. They prove that he felt his sinfulness and his need of a Saviour, and that all his hopes were built upon "the righteousness which is of God by faith." We find him, for example, in 1770, "recording God's goodness to the unworthiest of His creatures, solemnly surrendering himself to Him, and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit." We find him "hoping for a more tender conscience by greater fear of offending God, a temper more abstracted from the world, more resigned to death or life, a thirsting for union or communion with God." "Ah!"

he adds, "the wonders of redeeming love ! free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace ! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature ; but where sin abounds, I trust grace superabounds ; even I have still some hope—what joy is that hope !—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ."

Such passages as these tell us what was the key-note of Howard's character. They show, that in the discharge of his duties, to which he attended so carefully and so unshrinkingly, "the honour of God and the spread of the Redeemer's name and Gospel" were his constant aim. Feeling himself vile, seeing "sin, folly, and imperfection in every action," he yet felt that "duty was his, though the power was God's." Bearing in mind, then, this, let us follow him in his course, and let us mark the life of one animated by such a spirit.

Upon sitting down on his Cardington estate, he immediately set to work to improve it, and to carry out his plan for ameliorating the condition of his poorer tenantry. In these endeavours he was encouraged and aided by his second wife, to whom he was united in 1768, and who seems to have been in every way fitted to be the helpmate of such a man. The houses of the labourers on his estate were—as alas ! the houses of too many of the labouring class in the United Kingdom still are—dirty, ill-built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated, utterly unfit to be the residence of human beings. Howard at once saw that so long as they were compelled to reside in such miserable huts, it was utterly impossible that they could be elevated in the scale of civilisation ; that so long as their houses were uncomfortable and uncleanly, it was impossible to make them active, industrious, and domestic. Knowing that "cleanliness is next to godliness," he saw that, before any improvement in their habits could be expected, it was essential that their physical condition should be improved. He therefore built a number of comfortable cottages, to which he transferred his labourers, absolutely requiring from all of them "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath." He also established schools, engaging and paying the teachers, and exercising over the scholars, as he did over his cottars, a sort of patriarchal authority.

Howard held, and every Christian must hold, that the duties of landlords and masters do not end with the erection of comfortable houses for their dependants. This they must do ; but they must do more. They must not merely provide for their physical well-being, but they must also attend to their moral and religious instruction. Of course there are limits to this

obligation. But surely those who originate large public works, incur a most serious responsibility, and are called upon not merely to take care that the means of education and religious instruction be accessible to all, but also to insist, as Howard did, on "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath."

For several years Howard lived quietly on his estate at Cardington, acting the part of an enlightened and benevolent country gentleman, surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry, and devoted in his attention to the duties of his station, and with no wish, no desire, beyond it. But a blow came that rent his heart, and sent him forth to the world to seek for some work that might employ his latent energies. His wife, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and who seems to have been a woman in every way worthy the love of such a man, died in giving birth to a son,—their first and only child. To Howard the blow was an awful one ; and though, from his calm and well-governed temperament, it is not likely that he evinced his grief by any violent demonstration, there can be no doubt that her death left a void in his heart that was never filled up, and that to her loss were due his public labours. How dear her memory was, may be gathered from the following passage :—

"No tongue," says the biographer, "can tell, no pen can describe, the awful misery of the bereaved husband.... By temperament Howard was calm and undemonstrative ; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been an insatiable passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar ; kept for evermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her demise, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with the son whose birth had cost the precious life, examining some plantations, which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still ; there was a pause in the conversation : the old man's thoughts were busy with the past. At length he broke silence : 'Jack,' said he, in a tender and solemn tone, 'in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper ; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother, and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you.'"

With the death of his wife, Howard's private life may be said to end. In our next Number, we propose to give a sketch of his public life and of his public labours.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

— — — — —
JULY, 1851.
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THE POETRY OF RICHARD BAXTER.

MULTITUDES have heard of Richard Baxter as the author of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest;" but few, comparatively, have any just idea as to what sort of a man that Richard Baxter was. He had no training in the Universities. In youth he was privileged with but few advantages for the acquisition of knowledge. He entered the ministry with what, in the present day, would be properly pronounced a very inadequate training. He became the laborious Minister of an ignorant and uncultivated parish. All his life long he was subject to complicated diseases and sufferings. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, in an age of learned men, he became eminent in several departments of learning; embarked with earnestness in the agitations and conflicts of his times; and became one of the most voluminous religious writers in the English language.

Among many of the writers of his day, a vitiated taste had introduced into their works conceits of style and expression which render them now almost unreadable. But Baxter used his mother-tongue with a simplicity, an unconscious beauty, an unaffected force of expression, which never can grow obsolete. In an age which produced the "Paradise Lost," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," he was the author of works which were read in his own lifetime wherever the English language was spoken; and which at this day, so far from having lost their life or power by two hundred years of antiquity, seem likely to find utterance in all the languages in which the Bible itself may be translated.

When the learned and industrious Anthony Wood was compiling his "Athenæ Oxonienses," he addressed a letter to Baxter, inquiring whether he had ever studied at Oxford. His reply was as instructive in respect to the sources of his energy and usefulness, as it is dignified in manner and beautiful in expression. "As to myself," said he, "my faults are no disgrace to any University; for I was of none. I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts. Beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees; and now I am going to see that for which I have lived and studied." It is easy to see that the man who thus wrote might have been a poet if he had had leisure for the culture of his powers in that department of letters.

Baxter's sermons and devotional writings are full of the same indications. The closing paragraphs of his "Saints' Rest" are poetry, lacking only the

versification. How exquisitely beautiful are such images as these! "As Daniel in his captivity did three times a day open his window towards Jerusalem, though far out of sight, when he went to God in his devotions; so may the believing soul, in this captivity in the flesh, look towards Jerusalem which is above." "As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never ceaseth her pleasant ditty while she hovereth aloft, as if she were gazing into the glory of the sun, but is suddenly silenced when she falleth to the earth; so is the frame of the soul most delectable and divine, while it keepeth in the views of God by contemplation. But, alas! we make there too short a stay, but down again we fall, and lay by our music."

In another strain, yet no less poetical, is the close of the beautiful dedication of one of his controversial works to his old military friend, Edmund Whalley, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, and who commanded the regiment of horse to which Baxter served as Chaplain. To him, when in his highest prosperity, Baxter addressed such sentences as these:—"Your great warfare is not yet accomplished. . . . Your conquest of yourself is yet imperfect. To fight with yourself you will find the hardest but most necessary conflict that ever you were engaged in; and to overcome yourself the most honourable and gainful victory. Think not that your greatest trials are all over. Prosperity hath its peculiar temptations, by which it hath foiled many that stood unshaken in the storms of adversity. The tempter who hath had you on the waves, will now assault you in the calm: he hath his last game to play upon the mountain, till nature calls you to descend. Stand this charge, and you win the day."

It is easy to perceive that the author of prose like this might have attained celebrity as a poet had the circumstances of his life given such a direction to his powers. More properly, he might have been a poet had not God given him some other work to do. Like Luther, he was a lover of music and of psalmody. His friend, Matthew Sylvester, who was his executor, and the editor of his posthumous works, says of him, "When his sleep was intermitted or removed in the night, he then sang much; and on the Lord's days he thought the service very defective without some considerable time were spent in singing; nay, he expected that his angelical convoy would conduct him through all the intermediate regions to his appointed mansion in his heavenly Father's house, with most melodious hallelujahs, or with something equally delightful."

Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that three of the numerous volumes of Baxter's writings are poetical. The earliest was published in 1681, when the author was sixty-six years old. It is entitled, "Poetical Fragments. Heart employment with God and itself. The concordant discord of a broken, healed heart, sorrowing, rejoicing, fearing, hoping, living, dying." Two years later he published "Additions to the Poetical Fragments: written for himself, and communicated to such as are more for serious verse than smooth." And after his death his executor gave to the public "A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David, with other Hymns," which he had left prepared for the press.

In the preface to the earliest of these works the author says, "These poetical fragments, except those heretofore printed, were so far from being intended for the press, that they were not allowed the sight of many private friends, nor thought worthy of it. But as they were written in various passions, so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life; as her sorrows and sufferings, long ago, gave being to some of these poems, (for reasons which the world is not concerned to know,) so my grief for her removal, and the

revived sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all." He does not profess to have been compelled to publish by request of friends: on the contrary, he says, "I will do my wise friends, whose counsels I have much followed, that right to acquit them from all guilt in the publication of these fragments. Some of them say that such work is below me; and those that I think speak more wisely, say I am below such work. These I unfeignedly believe. I have long thought that a painter, a musician, and a poet are contemptible if they be not excellent; and that I am not excellent I am satisfied; but I am more patient of contempt than many are. Common painters may serve for poor men's works; and a fiddle may serve at a country wedding. Such cannot aspire to the attainments of the higher sort, and the vulgar are the greater number."

It will be seen from these expressions that Richard Baxter thought as meanly of his own poetical powers and performances as a severe critic would be likely to think of them. Our readers will find one or two pieces in the poetical department of the present Number of the "Miscellany," in which materials may be found for forming a judgment as to the merits of Baxter as a poet.

"CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(ROMANS XV. 3.)

THE Apostle sets before us Jesus Christ, as the great example of self-sacrificing love, when he says, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." Even Christ! He who is "the first-born of every creature, heir of all things," "in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead," "who is God over all, blessed for ever:" even He "pleased not Himself," but sacrificed Himself for the good of others. By this glorious example does the Apostle, in writing to the Philippians, exhort Christians to consider the well-being of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"Even Christ pleased not Himself." These words describe His character. For the sake of others, He came into the world; for others He lived; for others He prayed; for others He wept; for others He died; for others He intercedes; and for others He will come again! The works and words of every day He spent upon earth, are a comment upon this beautiful picture, "He pleased not Himself."

That you may realise to yourselves the unselfishness—if one may so speak—of our blessed Master's character, let us glance at that portion of His history which is embraced in the last week of His life; and see how, in the most overwhelming trying circumstances, He ever forgot Himself in seeking the good of others.

A few days before His death He entered Jerusalem as a King; multitudes met Him by the way, and welcomed Him with loud hosannas; never before had He been so honoured or received. It was the only day of triumph He had in His life. He reached the brow of the hill which overlooked Jerusalem. "He beheld the city!" the city so long highly-favoured by God, and

now about to perish for its impenitence; and that sight absorbs His whole thoughts. He thinks not of Himself, nor is He attracted by the applauses of the people. His heart is with His eye; and both rest upon desolate Zion. He weeps bitter tears; and His wailing cry is, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! O! that thou, even thou, hadst known the things of thy peace!" In the beautiful language of Jeremy Taylor, "He wet the palms with His tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls that descended on Mount Hermon; weeping, in the midst of His triumph, over obstinate, perishing, malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow; He was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud: in His best days He was but half triumph, and half sorrow!" Behold Him again, the evening before His death, seated at the paschal supper with His disciples! What an utter forgetfulness of Himself, what a seeking of the good of others, does He manifest in all he said, and in all He did! He does not ask His disciples to comfort *Him*, to sympathise with *Him*, though *He* was to be the sufferer. His whole time is occupied in "pleasing them for their good to edification." "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." There is not a thought about Himself expressed. He warns, He exhorts, He instructs, He cheers, His disciples; and prepares them for coming trial, and for temptation. He is indeed troubled in spirit; but it is when making the sad announcement that one whom He had always trusted as His friend, is about to betray Him.

The supper is over: "His hour was come that He should depart out of this world to His father." Yet, "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." That love, like all true love, will stoop to do the humblest acts, in order to do good to the beloved object. We read, accordingly, that "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God,"—what then? With the full knowledge of the glory which He had left, and to which He was about to return, and of the universal dominion which the Father had given,—yet O! marvellous love, which seeketh not her own,—"He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments, and girded himself, and poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." How true is it, that "Christ pleased not Himself!"

Our Lord is in the garden of Gethsemane. He is about to pass through unheard-of agony, as our atoning Saviour,—agony immeasurable, incomprehensible! But He thinks of the good of His disciples, while "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." He leaves them, in order to be alone in His sorrow. The sight was too trying for their weak faith. "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." When He finds them asleep, there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy with Him. How tender the slight rebuke! How mingled with it is the comfort! "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" Even Peter's special danger, from overweening confidence, is not overlooked by Him. He would quicken him to watch and pray against temptation by the question, "Simon, sleepest thou?" In all this He was mindful of the good of others.

The cruel band of soldiers, led by the waiter, approach: they surround Jesus. His first thoughts are for the safety of His disciples: "Let these," He says, "go away." Peter wounds Malchus. Jesus attends to the sufferer, though an enemy, and heals him! But He is at last alone, and in the presence of His tormentors: all His disciples have forsaken Him. He is standing before the High-Priest, at early dawn, after His night of toil and

horror. He is buffeted, insulted, blasphemed. Yet even then He thinks of others. He is yearning over the fallen disciple. He hears him curse and swear that he knew Him not. "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter;" a look of pity, reproach, and love, which broke his heart with godly sorrow, and saved his soul. Jesus is carrying His cross; the women of Jerusalem alone feel for Him, and they accompany Him on His way with bitter lamentations. But He "will seek the good of Zion," rather than the comfort offered by "Zion's daughters." "Women of Jerusalem," He says, "weep not for Me; but weep for yourselves!" and He warns them of the coming destruction of their city!

Jesus is hanging upon the cross! Never was there such an hour as this in the history of the universe. Who but God can measure the greatness of our Saviour's sufferings when nailed to the accursed tree? "There was no sorrow like His sorrow." Can He think of others then? Yes. The infinite love which brought Him into the world in order to live and die for others; which enabled Him, for the salvation of guilty men, to drink the cup in Gethsemane, and to endure the cross and despise the shame on Calvary; that self-sacrificing love was displayed to all around Him, while "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He thinks of His weeping agonised mother, and commends her to His beloved disciple, saying, "Woman, behold thy son: son, behold thy mother!" He thinks of a dying thief, who cries, "Remember me!" and gives peace to his troubled soul by the blessed assurance, "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." And before He resigned His spirit into His Father's hands, He thinks of His cruel murderers, and cries, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Such is Jesus. Well might the Apostle say, "He pleased not Himself." And such is the "mind" that must be in us, if we are "in Him." "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not Himself." "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another, according to" (that is, after the example of) "Christ Jesus."

Let the enmity to the living God which is in our natural hearts, be slain by faith in His love to us through Christ, and then shall all enmity to our fellow-men be slain also. Let God's love to us be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and then shall these hearts be shut no longer by wicked selfishness against our neighbour. Let us carry our Lord's cross, and then we shall carry our brother's burden. "Hereby," says the Apostle John, "perceive we the love, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our life for the brethren." "This is my commandment," says our Lord, "That ye love another, *as I have loved you!*"

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR JUNE, 1851.

About six years ago, I attended, in the county of Somerset, the ordination of an Independent Minister. One of the speakers, venerable for age, and highly respected for the excellence of his Christian and ministerial character, freely remarked, "for the first time on such an occasion," on what he regarded as the defects of Independency. He told us he did it with much reluctance, and "after forty years' close inspection" of the order and working of that church-system. With an authority and fidelity which only few

men could use, after dwelling on several points, he came to what he regarded as the grand defect,—*the want of organization and centralization*. "I do not admire," said he, "everything I see in the Wesleyan Methodists; but I must admit, that, among all the church-governments I know, their system of organization and centralization comes nearest to what I mean, and what I wish for on this head."

It is freely admitted, that peril is not all on one side. There may be diseased action of the heart. Hence, in case of obvious disorder somewhere, the wholesome inquiry should resound throughout the entire body: "Lord, is it I?" The high command of Heaven runs thus: "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God." If the foot cannot say to the head, "I have no need of thee," neither can the head say to the feet, "I have no need of you." There is a mutual dependence existing, and a mutual service must be rendered. In the healthy action of the system, the heart freely administers to the extremities, the extremities to the heart.

The question now is, "In receiving this Ticket, and the privileges connected therewith, what am I, as a member of the body, to render unto Christ, and His church, for the benefits conferred?" On the answer to this question some light may be cast by glancing at the holy example of practical godliness presented in an early Christian church, of whom it is said, in the words of the text on the June Ticket, "Y^{ES} OBEDIENCE IS COME ABROAD UNTO ALL MEN." (Romans xvi. 19.)

The wickedness of Rome is described in the last dozen verses of the first chapter of the Epistle. Here that Gospel had been preached which is "the power of God unto salvation." Many believed the report. Truth had penetrated the heart. The bright beams of the Sun of righteousness had risen on transgressors, and given them "the knowledge of sin." "Every mouth was stopped," and all stood "guilty before God." Now, the righteousness of faith was revealed; and the penitents, led by the Spirit to the propitiation, "received the atonement." Being justified by faith, they were no longer under condemnation. They had peace with God. The Spirit bore witness to their personal adoption, and shed abroad the love of God in their hearts. They became new creatures, temples of the Holy Ghost, and walked not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

Here is the prime element of Christian obedience,—obedience to the Spirit of Truth. Truth itself is in the inward parts. Self-will is crucified, and enmity destroyed. Simplicity and godly sincerity prevail in the mind. There is a lamb-like innocence; a child-like docility and teachableness; a perfect willingness to obey from the heart the form of doctrine delivered from above. Single in their eye, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, following hard after God, these believers are ready to every good word and work. Happy the people who are in such a case! They have the Spirit of Christ in them, and their obedience must needs "come abroad unto all men." This is the holy eminence on which the blessed Jesus sought to place all His followers. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

But this sweet and heaven-born disposition is liable to imposition and deception. The innocent sheep and lovely lambs of the flock need a shepherd's care to watch over them, lest, by any means, the serpent which beguiled Eve should beguile them. Their passive virtues expose them to peril. This danger is referred to in the text: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them

which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple. For your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad therefore on your behalf: but yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil. And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

The believers at Rome were now beset by disturbers of the peace, who pertinaciously taught things "contrary to the doctrine they had learned" from the Apostles. They were men of some ability; but their motives were not Christian. They could use "good words," and make "fair speeches," to "deceive the hearts of the simple." They artfully practised on the innocent and well-disposed in the church of Christ, and grossly "deceived" them. The unsuspecting charities of their artless, pure, affectionate hearts exposed them to the snares laid by fair-speaking men of sinister designs, who could artfully make the worse appear the better cause. At this point of spiritual danger, the Apostle interposes, to put them on their guard. "I would have you clear-sighted and well-informed on every duty, and innocent and blameless concerning sin and error. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus: 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' If you mark and observe this, the divisive plans of Satan will be quickly exposed; and God, who is the Author of peace, and Lover of concord, will shortly bruise the wily adversary under your feet."

But, notwithstanding the incidental danger attending a warm, obedient, child-like heart, we may well congratulate those who possess such a treasure. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men. I am glad, therefore, on your behalf." In this primitive Christian temper, the Apostles rejoiced to see obedience to the Bible, to the written word. At this time the rulers of the Romish church feared not to say, with their Master, "Search the Scriptures." They were required, not to test the Scriptures by what they heard, but, on the contrary, to test what they heard by the Scriptures. "What saith the Scripture?" was the watch-word. "To the law, and to the testimony: if they speak not according to these, there is no light in them." The primitive Christian, "from a child," was taught to look on the Bible as "given by inspiration of God, and profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." He obeyed from the heart the plain requirements of God, as contained in the pure page of Divine revelation.

Conscience enlightened in this knowledge must be sacredly regarded. Every man has his own duties—is personally responsible—"must give account of himself to God." A good conscience is an authoritative voice to me. The holy men of old lived in all good conscience before God. Defending themselves and their conduct against their bitterest accusers, and before all tribunals, they could say, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Another feature in the "obedience" of the Roman Christians that had "come abroad unto all men" was submission to church-authorities. This is clearly enjoined by the Head of the church Himself, while He adds the solemn and perpetual reason: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God." Ministers of the Gospel are called of God to their sacred office; they are made shepherds and overseers of the flock, and are held responsible

for its order and direction. They are over the flock in the Lord; and believers are required to obey them as their spiritual guides. In this duty the amiable members of the Roman church were not unfaithful. "All men" saw and acknowledged their cheerful and happy "obedience."

Another branch of their Christian obedience was subjection to the civil Magistrate. This was clearly a part of the doctrine they had learned. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey Magistrates." "Submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them which are sent for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well." This was the teaching the ancient Christians received from their religious instructors; and their obedience thereto came abroad unto all men.

This fourfold obedience is none other than the obedience of love;—love begotten by the Gospel, love to God and love to man. Something of this is found in the large community which bears the name of Methodism. Candid neighbours behold it with wonder, and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river-side, which the Lord hath planted." With occasional exceptions, happy subjection to holy order has reigned from the beginning. The younger have submitted to the elder; yea, all have been subject one to another. The beautiful harmony of Christian obedience has appeared throughout the Connexion. "There are many members, yet one body." Each has felt that he has been the servant of the whole. The eye, the hand, the foot, each has kept its sphere, and done its own work; and all in their turn have been instruments of service, and profit, and honour. Willing obedience to Christ, the living Head, and to all men for His sake, has been the secret of its greatness and goodness. In some blessed measure it has glorified God, and served the best interests of the human family. It has had a place for every man. It has manifested ceaseless activity, and enjoyed the benefit of wise direction. It has employed the untalented to accomplish mighty deeds, and used talent to unparalleled advantage. It has grappled with the mighty moral necessities of its fatherland, and stretched out its beneficent hand to many scattered nations. It has set itself in good earnest to serve the great principles of TRUTH, and RIGHTEOUSNESS, and CHARITY; and its "obedience is come abroad unto all men."

B. C.

FEAR OF DEATH.

It is not wonderful that death should be feared. The love of life is natural to all sentient beings; and, in consequence, there is a dread of everything that destroys life. The brute creation do not appear to suffer from any apprehension of death until danger is apparent: then they exert themselves to the utmost to escape from an evil which they instinctively wish to shun. But man has a certain knowledge that he must die, although at the present no danger should threaten. He has many proofs of his mortality presented to him daily, in the decease of his fellow-creatures, and even of his near relatives. And although men generally lose sight of this event the greater part of their time, yet the painful certainty will occasionally intrude and disturb their ill-founded peace. The aged man and the child are alike afraid of this King of terrors. Some persons have death almost constantly before their eyes, so

that all their lives they are subject to bondage through fear of death; and this is the fact in regard to some who appear to be godly persons. It may be that, even with a good hope through grace, death may, in some aspects, appal. Life commonly is terminated with pains, groans, and an apparent struggle, which has an intimidating effect on those who witness it. The difficult breathing, the restless, glassy eye, the cold and clammy sweat, the deep-fetched sighs and groans, all seem to indicate much suffering. But perhaps the actual sensibility is far less than we would suppose. Of this, however, no certain information can be obtained, as none who die return to testify what they have endured in passing through the dark and silent valley. Doubtless more pain is often endured by the living, from excruciating disease, than is experienced by the dying. We have reason to think that in different cases there is a great difference in the painfulness of death. Some appear gently to fall asleep, while others appear to die in great bodily suffering.

When, however, man is considered as an immortal being, and as immediately entering into bliss or woe, the momentary pangs of death are scarcely worth a thought. If the departing spirit, the moment after death, enjoys a happiness not conceived of while here, the pains of death will soon be forgotten, or only remembered to heighten the bliss; and, on the contrary, if despair and all the horrors of guilt seize upon the soul immediately after death, the pangs of dissolution will appear but as a drop in this boundless ocean of misery. But this thought is so painful that few are willing to entertain it, and most men try to shut their eyes against every view of this kind, and to think as little as possible of the condition of the soul after death. But is this wise? If, instead of a certainty, there was only a possibility, that there might be a miserable hereafter for such as have led wicked lives, and died without repentance and reconciliation, it would be the part of wisdom to act as though this possibility were a reality.

But, O the blindness of sinful men! Thoughtlessness, or a secret unbelief in regard to future misery, not only leads multitudes to neglect all serious preparation for death, but leads some, when they meet with disgrace or misfortune, to put an end to their own lives,—a most shocking and unnatural crime. The murder of a fellow-creature has more malignity, but suicide has in it more folly and madness; for the murderer may repent and be saved, but the person guilty of self-murder shuts for ever the door of mercy against himself. He rushes, presumptuously and uncalled, into the presence of his Judge. Who can describe the first impressions of the wretched suicide the moment after death? We may not here attempt to harrow up any one's feelings by a description of what none now can properly imagine. But let the tempted remember and lay to heart the awful truth, that there can be no ground to hope for the salvation of one who, undeprived of reason, is guilty of this horrid crime.

But is there no remedy against the fear of death? There is. We read in holy Scripture that Christ assumed our nature, "that He might deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 15.) Death may be so disarmed of its natural terrors, that it shall assume the aspect of a friend. To the believer in Christ, death is a sleep, a sleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The righteous have hope in their end. For them to die is gain; for they have a mansion prepared for them in their Father's house. They enter into rest. And often they desire to depart and be with Christ. To them death has no sting; over them the grave can boast no victory. O "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

THEOLOGY.

SOWING AND WEEPING: TEARS AND SHEAVES.

THERE are great promises connected with personal effort to win souls to Christ. First of all, for its combination of place and grace, is that precious passage in the Psalms, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." How full of sweet encouragement is this! Whole sheaves of souls shall the man bring with him, to present before the Saviour in glory, whose life has been a faithful sowing of this precious seed. Sheaves and tears! This kind of spiritual husbandry is exceedingly profitable: there is no kind of labour on earth that yields so rich a return. Nor is it subject to any of the uncertainties of an ordinary harvest. The season itself may be unfavourable or unfruitful; there may be severe frosts or parching droughts; there may be high winds and desolating tempests; yet the final profitable result is not to be doubted.

He "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing." There is no *perhaps* about the matter: he shall *doubtless* come; and he shall come with *rejoicing*. He *would* come with rejoicing, even if no sheaves were gathered; for all labour done for Christ is infinitely precious, and shall have a rejoicing reward. So said the Prophet Isaiah, when sadly he was bemoaning that he had laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought: he said suddenly, by the impulse of the Divine Spirit, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." And to this answers the Apostle, "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ," whether the sheaves be gathered or not. He shall be glorified, and we shall rejoice. Yea, there is joy in this very business of weeping and sowing; there is great joy; and when a Christian returns from it, though he bring not a single ear of corn, nor a single grain of wheat with him, and much less sheaves, yet in his own spirit he shall rejoice. If the seed sown does not bring forth fruit in others, yet doubtless it shall in his own soul: it shall cause him to rejoice in the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

This is fruit for Christ, and a source of joy to the Christian, though never a seed

that he has sown should sprout or take root, or come up into a harvest in the souls where he has sought to sow it. It is such labours that keep the soul alive, that keep the fountain of love and joy unchecked and open, fresh and sparkling, in the soul. Such labours are necessary to preserve the spiritual from stagnation, from palsy, from death. Therefore, this personal effort for Christ would make the soul of the Christian rejoice, though he should see in other souls no result whatever from his labours.

But the promise not only has a *doubtless* and a *rejoicing* in it, but the mention of *sheaves*, a bringing of sheaves. It cannot fail: such labours shall not be undertaken in vain. There shall be fruit in the souls of others; souls shall be brought to Christ; and he that enters on these faithful labours, and perseveres in them, shall *doubtless* be the honoured instrument in bringing *many* souls to Christ. He shall bring his sheaves, whole sheaves. As in the time of harvest, men, women, and children follow the produce home, laughing, and shouting, and singing, so there shall be singing in his soul, when the harvest is gathered in. Then, he that reapeth and he that soweth shall rejoice together. "Here, Lord, am I, and the children whom thou hast given me! Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds! Lord, I sowed but ears of wheat, and here are sheaves of glory!" It was Paul that planted, and Apollos that watered, but God only that gave, or could give, the increase.

As to the matter of promise and encouragement, then, there is plenty of it. But it is worthy of special remark, that it is made only to labours conducted in a certain way: a certain *kind* of sowing is requisite, as well as the right kind of seed. The seed, it is very clear, must be the word of God: thence alone springs up the harvest of salvation, holiness, and eternal blessedness. The seed is the word; the field is the world. But a man may sow other things besides the word; and if he does, then the sheaves will not follow. Just as a man may build, even on the foundation of Christ, wood, hay, and stubble, or gold, silver, and precious stones; but when the day of trial come, all this stubble-work will be burned, and if he himself is saved, yet it shall be so as

by fire. And so, a man may sow other seed beside the word of God; he may sow seed that shall produce cockles and darnel, instead of sheaves of wheat; but this stubble shall be burned, and well for the sower if he escape burning with it. Let him see that he takes good seed; that, by and by, if he see the tares, he may be able to say, "Lord, did not I sow good seed in Thy field? From whence then hath it tares? Ah! an enemy hath done this!" Well, then, see that *you* do not do it. See that you sow *good* seed; and let the enemy have all the sowing of the tares to himself, and he shall reap the consequences.

Besides this, take care that you not only sow good seed, but that you sow that seed aright. You have different soils to encounter. When God's preparatory work, like an inundation of the Nile, has been softening the souls of men, and preparing their hearts for the seed, you may sow broad-cast, and it will take root; you have just to scatter your seed, and it is done. The sun will ripen it; for the ground is soft, and rich, and moist.

But where the soil is harder, it will never do for you to throw your seed in a careless manner, and then hasten on. You must stop to see that it is in the earth; you must sow it at a proper depth, taking time, if need be, to open the furrow and put in the seed, and carefully cover it over; otherwise, the moment you turn to go, the fowls of the air come and devour it. Some sow the word, if at all, very superficially. They sow it merely in the dust of the streets, as it were, and do not put it into the soil; and so the wind blows it away. We love to see one sowing *heartily, thoroughly, patiently*, thinking not so much of the extent of ground he goes over, as of the thoroughness of his work. We love to see him put the seed deep, and see that it has a resting-place, so that when he turns to go, he may say to himself, "There; that is safe: neither the fowls can get it, nor the wind take it, nor the devil find it." There is great blessedness in sowing seed in this manner.

But there is a more important point still. The sowing must be done with *weeping*. "He that goeth forth and *weepeth*, bearing precious seed." Ah, this is a great point indeed! a great matter. Is it not here that Christians are deficient? The want of this weeping is the reason for so little reaping; the reason why there seems to be so much sowing without any sheaves. Almost all the failures of a harvest are

owing to this; not owing so much to bad seed, or stony ground, or the fowls of the air, or the devil himself, as this want of weeping on the part of the sower. Satan does not need to weep when he *sows his seed*; for there will be tears enough when it grows, and tears on account of its growing. Yea, there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. But Satan's seed will spring and grow *without* weeping: it will grow, too, in *any* soil, in hard hearts, in stony places, in ground all covered with weeds, in the midst of nettles and poisons; nay, if he sows it in the midst of corn and wheat, it will grow. No weeping is needed to make it sprout.

But the *good* seed needs *weeping*. Satan's weeping comes *after* his sowing; but the Christian's weeping must go *before* his, and must go *with* his good seed into the furrows. If with every seed he sows a tear is dropped, that seed will grow. Yea, if he is so full of weeping as he goes, that his tears almost blind him, so that he can scarcely see where he sows, so much the better: his seed will take root and spring forth, and bear fruit, some thirty fold, some sixty, some an hundred. There will be great sheaves from such weeping and sowing, sowing and weeping.

"I saw in seed-time," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, "a husbandman at plough in a very rainy day. Asking him the reason why he would not rather leave off than labour in such foul weather, his answer was returned me in their country rhyme:—

'Sow beans in the mud
And they'll come up like a wood.'

This reminded him of David's expression, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and also of the sheaves and the weeping, whereon it is a good comment. The importance of having a rainy time in the heart of the sower as well as in the soil where the sower is dropping his seed, cannot be over estimated. God has promised the early and the latter rain, if His children will, on their part, go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. Where there is weeping in the sower, God will rain upon the fields.

This weeping spirit is in the sight of God of great price. He tells the house of Jacob, when He is going greatly to bless them, that they shall come with weeping, and with supplications will He lead them. "The children of Israel shall

come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go, and seek the Lord their God." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Let the Christians in our churches set themselves to this blessed personal labour.

Let the connexion between weeping and praying be remembered. Weeping leads the heart to prayer; for what a man feels interested enough in to weep concerning, he feels interest enough to pray concerning. Besides, this weeping spirit is the fruit of praying, of praying much, and with great importunity. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, is a man of prayer. Of Jacob's prevalence it is said, "He wept, and made supplication." There never was, nor can be, this weeping in such a cause without prayer; and fervent prayer, at any time, is very apt to be attended with weeping. So much the better if it is. "It may be," said David, "that God will look upon my tears." And God said to Hezekiah, "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears." Above all, there is the great example of our Lord, whose prayers and supplications were with strong crying and tears.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

II.—THE IMMENSITY OF GOD.

SOME theologians have drawn a distinction between the immensity and the omnipresence of God. They have considered the former to be an absolute, the latter a relative, attribute; or, in other words, the immensity of God is deemed a perfection which may be considered without the supposition of any being or thing, while His omnipresence supposes the existence of other beings to whom it has a respect. But it might be more correct to say, if any distinction be admitted, that immensity and omnipresence are the same perfection viewed under different aspects. God is present wherever His creatures are; He is therefore omnipresent. But He is also present where no creatures are; His essence is not to be bounded by creation; and, therefore, His immensity. From this stupendous doctrine we may derive,

First, *a motive to restrain from sin.*—Wherever we are, by day, by night, at home, abroad, we are in the presence of

God. When men are about to commit crime, they retire into their closets, and shut the door, or seek out some other solitary place where there is no spectator. They look this way and that way, that there may be no witness of their unlawful deeds; and having thus secured themselves, they dismiss all fear. But let them stop and look again. One is near who has escaped their observation, because He appears only to the eye of the mind. And He is more to be dreaded than ten thousand human witnesses. Man, read everywhere, "Thou, God, seest me!" Think! God menaces with death—the second death—every soul of man that doeth evil. And where shall the sinner find a refuge from His vengeance? "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down." (Amos. ix. 2.)

Secondly, *an argument for sincerity.*—God is not only around us, to take notice of our actions; He is within us, to observe our thoughts. Man may mistake our motives; God cannot. His judgment will be necessarily unerring, because the whole case is before Him. He approves, and will graciously reward, the upright, whatever construction an uncandid world may put upon their conduct. He utterly abhors, and will expose to an assembled universe, the hypocrite who gained applause in a present world by his studied and successful counterfeits of piety. God is the Searcher of hearts. Hypocrite! can you, dare you, put up that most solemn of all prayers, "Lord, search my heart, try my reins?" Remember, at another day, that un-prayed petition God Himself, without thy permission, will answer; for He will bring into judgment every secret thing.

Thirdly, *a source of abundant consolation to the godly.*—In every place the forgiven, loving, holy man meets in God a Friend, a Protector, a Father. Does the rain and thunder, or the raging of the ocean, or the fury of the tempest, announce God's presence? The good man has nothing to fear; for love to Him presides over the commotions of the elements. Is God beheld in the more tranquil scenes of nature, in the progress of vegetation, the smiles of the heavens, the regular supplies for returning wants? The child of God delights to realise the thought that He in whom he puts confidence is so near, that he may always assure himself of a ready and effectual aid. God's child cannot be where his heavenly Father is

not. He may be bereaved of reputation, liberty, an earthly all; but the deadly hatred of his enemies can never so far succeed as to draw from him the mournful complaint, "Ye have taken away my God, and what have I more?" With whatever afflictions his faith and patience are tried, whatever change of circumstances he may undergo, although there should be no human heart to sympathise, and no kind hand to perform the offices of friendship, he can express his faith and joy in the very words of the ancient saint: "Nevertheless I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." (Psalm lxxiii. 23, 24.)

READINGS FROM ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WANDERING IN PRAYER.

A STRANGE thing! that the mind, even the renewed mind, should be so ready, not only at other times, but in the exercise of prayer, wherein we peculiarly come so near to God, yet even then to slip out and leave Him, and follow some poor vanity or other instead of Him. Surely the godly man, when he thinks on this, is exceedingly ashamed of himself, cannot tell what to think of it: "God, his exceeding joy," whom in his right thoughts he esteems so much above the world and all things in it, yet to use Him thus; when he is speaking to Him, to break off from that, and hold discourse, or change a word, with some base thought that steps in, and whispers to him; or at the best, not to be steadfastly minding the Lord to whom he speaks, and possessed with the regard of His presence, and of his business and errand with Him. This is no small piece of our misery here: these wanderings are evidence to us that we are not at home. But though we should be humbled for this, and still labouring against it, yet should we not be so discouraged as to be driven from the work. Satan would desire no better than that: it were to help him to his wish. And sometimes a Christian may be driven to think, "What! shall I still do thus, abusing my Lord's name, and the privilege He hath given me? I had better leave off." No: not so, by any means. Strive against the miserable evil in thee, but cast not away thy happiness. Be doing still. It is a froward childish humour, when anything agrees not to our mind to throw all away. Thou

mayest come off as Jacob, with "halting" from thy "wrestlings," and yet obtain the "blessing" for which thou wrestled.

HOW TO PROFIT BY THE MINISTRY.

He is the fittest to preach who is himself most like his message, and comes forth not only with a handful of this seed in his hand, but with store of it in his heart, the word "dwelling richly in him;" yet howsoever, the seed he sows being this word of life, depends not on his qualifications in any kind, either of common gifts or special grace. People mistake this much, and it is a carnal conceit to hang on the advantages of the Minister, or to eye that much. The sure way is to look up to God, and to look into thine own heart. An unchanged, unsoftened heart, as an evil soil, disappoints the fruit. What though sown by a weak hand, yet, if received in a clean and honest heart, it will fructify much. There is in the world a needless and prejudicial differencing of men, out of which people will not come for all we can say.

The working or not working of faith does not depend upon the difference of the External ministry and gifts of men: for what greater difference can there be that way, than betwixt the Master and the servants, betwixt the great Prophet Himself, and His poor, weak messengers? And yet many of those that saw and heard Him in person, were not converted, believed not in Him; and thousands that never saw Him, were converted by His Apostles, and, as it seems, even some of those who were some way accessory to His death, yet were brought to repentance by the Apostle Peter's sermon. (See Acts ii.) Learn then to look above the outward ministry, and any difference that in God's dispensation can be there, and know, that if Jesus Christ Himself were on earth, and now preaching amongst us, yet might His incomparable words be unprofitable to us, not being mixed with faith in the hearers. But where that is, the meanest and most despicable conveyance of His message, received with humility and affection, will work blessed effects.

SINCERITY IN THE USE OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Art imitates nature; and the nearer it comes to nature in its effects, it is the more excellent. Grace is the new nature of a Christian, and hypocrisy that art which counterfeits it; and the more exquisite it is in imitation, it is the more plausible to men, but the more abominable to God. It may frame a spiritual

man in image so to the life, that not only others, but even the hypocrite himself, may admire it, and, favouring his own artifice, may be deceived so far, as to say and to think it lives, and fall in love with it; but he is no less abhorred by the Searcher of hearts, than pleasing to himself. Surely this mischief of hypocrisy can never be enough inveighed against. When religion is in request, it is the chief malady of the church, and numbers die of it; though, because it is a subtle and inward evil, it be little perceived. It is to be feared there are many sick of it who look well and comely in God's outward worship, and they may pass well in good weather, in times of peace; but days of adversity are days of trial. The prosperous estate of the church makes hypocrites, and her distress discovers them; but if they escape such trials, there is one inevitable day coming, wherein all secret things shall be made manifest. Men shall be turned inside out; and amongst all sinners that shall then be brought before that judgment-seat, the most deformed sight shall be an unmasked hypocrite, and the heaviest sentence shall be his portion.

O that the consideration of this would scare us out of that false disguise in time, and set us all upon the study of sincerity! Precious is that grace in God's esteem: a little of it will weigh down mountains of formal religion, in the balance of the sanctuary. Which of us have not now brought hypocrisy, more or less, into the house of God? O, that it were not with intention to nourish it, but with desire to be here cured of it; for He alone that hates it so much can cure it; He alone can confer upon us that sincerity wherein He mainly delights. If we have a mind, indeed, to be endued with it, it is nowhere else to be had, we must entreat it of God by humble prayer, in the name of His well-beloved Son, by the assistance of His Holy Spirit.

THE SUITABLENESS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

THE Scripture is suited to every capacity.

It is, as it is commonly expressed, a ford, wherein a lamb may wade and an elephant swim. And herein is the infinite wisdom of God seen, in wreathing together plain truths with obscure, that He might gain the more credit to His word: by the one, instructing the ignorance of the weakest; by the other,

puzzling and confounding the understanding of the wisest. This also adds a beauty and ornament to the Scripture. As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety of hills and valleys, so is it in the Scripture: there are sublime truths which the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop; and there are more plain and easy truths, in which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it: no more should we be offended with the word of God that, among so many fair and open walks, we here and there meet with a thicket, which the eye of human reason cannot look through.

Scripture itself is the best interpreter of its own meaning: usually, if it speak more darkly in one place, it speaks the same truth more clearly in another. Compare Scripture with Scripture, and you will find it holds a light unto itself: the oftener you read, and the more you ponder on those passages that are abstruse, the more you will find them clear up to your understanding.—Hopkins.

PREPARE FOR DEATH.

WHAT is your care, and what do you chiefly busy yourselves about? Death is approaching you, armed with ten thousand woes and plagues; and is it time for you to trifle away your precious moments, moments on which depends your eternity, in sports, in compliments, or impertinent employments? Is it time for you to muse what garb you will wear; what visit you will make, whether at this house or the next; what recreation shall pass away to-morrow, whether the hawk or the hound; when, all this while, death hath you in full chase? While you are contriving your profits and pleasures, your recreations and employments, and sharing out your lives among them, a sudden, unseen, and unthought hand of God snatcheth you from them all, and all these vain thoughts perish with you. Is this providing for eternity? Is this improving your short time and few minutes for heaven? Pity it is that ever a precious and immortal soul should be entrusted to the care and management of such brutes; who, by minding nothing but their sensual ease and delights, their food and fodder, degrade it in this world, and destroy it in the next.

Now, to provide for eternity, I know no better rule than to do nothing but

what thou mightest be contented to be found doing when Christ shall come to judge thee; to live so as if every day were the last, and the very next to eternity. If it be not so, it is more than you or I know. Since we have no assurance of a day or hour longer, it is but reason and wisdom to look upon every one as the last.

Suppose, now, your chambers darkened, your friends standing round your beds mourning over you; a sad silence filling all the place; nothing heard but your groans, or theirs to answer yours; when your souls, sitting on your lips, shall look over into eternity and flutter to be gone? when they shall, like the flame of an expiring lamp, vibrate and catch at the exhausted body; how would you then spend that small scantling of remaining time? Would you be laying up for years? would you be contriving for your vain pleasures? Or would you send for your idle and debauched companions, to laugh and jest away that last hour, as well as the rest? No: these designs and this mirth are now dashed: now, the necessities of the soul begin to crowd hard upon you; the sight of a severe Judge and dreadful tribunal, the worryings of an accusing conscience, the fearful review of past sins, and expectation of attending torments, now shake out all such, once so delightful and contenting thoughts; and now, when your souls are departing out of your bodies, they begin to come into your remembrance.

Night is hastening, and spreading its wings over us; the grave expects us, and bids its other corpses make room. Death is grasping us in its cold arms, and ready to carry us to the dreadful tribunal: and yet how little of our great work is done! We burn away our precious days, and miserably waste our light and our life: we exhaust our strength, and lavish out our affections, upon toys and fond nothings: and that life of ours, which the Psalmist calls a "tale," for its shortness, we make a tale for its vanity. We spend it most frivolously till the days of darkness (which are many) come upon us; and then think to prepare for eternity, when we are fit for nothing else, and least of all for that.

Why should our precious souls be so vile in our eyes as to lose them for very sloth and carelessness? Why should we hearken to the suggestions of the flesh, or the allurements of the world? Stand

off! we are working for eternity: an eternity that is but a few days hence; a boundless, a bottomless, and endless state, into which we know not how soon we may enter. This is a motive which cannot but prove effectual with all who have their right understandings about them. But many are so strangely besotted by the devil, that, though they hear these truths,—truths which they cannot deny, which they cannot doubt of,—yet they live at such a rate of sin and security, as if their eternity were to be expected here, or none to be expected hereafter.

Well may a Christian count death among his gains, since it is the hand of death which draws the curtain of the great tabernacle, and lets us in to see God face to face in that palace of inestimable majesty, where we shall have the strong rays of His glory beat full upon us, and be ourselves made strong enough to bear them. Yea, these bodies of ours, which are the only part that can suffer damage, shall have it abundantly recompensed at the resurrection: they are "so apt in weakness," but shall be "raised in power;" they are "sown in dishonour," but "raised in glory." (1 Cor. xv. 43.) These frail and dull clouds shall then become impassible as angels, subtle as a ray of light, bright as the sun, and nimble as the wings of lightning.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die. O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; and you will never be forgotten. No: your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. They will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

I WAS standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church-door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear. The other paused and pondered, he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face, and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I do not feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached, from Eccles. xi. 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" she said. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to church again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket, and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity so much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing, in

pencil, signed, "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on: my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood; and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship "St. George," of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table-Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the "George," and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions; my name, age, occupation, birthplace, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? I was astonished: the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

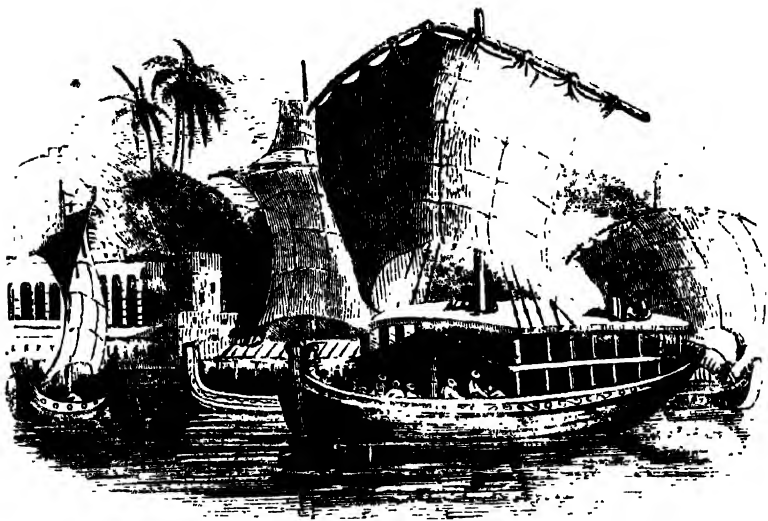
He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died; and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother,—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself

at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the Missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognised it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me

to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text, on the day of my salvation: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"*—Ingis's Sabbath-School.*

ANTIQUITIES.



HINDOO VESSELS ON THE GANGES.

LARGE Egyptian vessels (says Dr. Kitto) had generally one, and small boats two, rudders at the stern. The former traversed upon a beam between two projecting heads, a short pillar or mast supporting it, and acting by the centre upon which it moved. The latter were nearly the same in principle, except that they turned on a bar, or in a ring, by which they were suspended to the gunwale at either side; and in both instances the steersman directed them by means of a rope fastened to the upper extremity. The rudder consisted of a long, broad blade, and still longer handle, made in imitation of the oars by which they originally steered their boats, before they had so far improved them as to adopt a fixed rudder. The oars were a long round wooden shaft, to which a flat board, of oval or circular form, was fastened; and it is remarkable that the same

oar is used to this day on the Ganges and in the Arabian Gulf. They turned either on toll-pins or in rings, fastened to the gunwale of the boat; and the rowers sat on the deck, on benches, or on low seats, or stood or knelt to the oar, sometimes pushing it forward, sometimes (and indeed more generally) pulling it, as is the modern custom in Egypt and most other countries. That some of the ancient Egyptian vessels were built with ribs, like those of the present day, is shown by the rude models discovered in the tombs at Thebes. It is probable that they had very little keel, in order to enable them to avoid the sandbanks, and to facilitate their removal when they struck; and indeed the models seem to show that they were generally flat-bottomed. The boats now used on the Nile have a very small keel, particularly at the centre, where it is concave; so that when the head strikes they put to the helm, and the hollow part clears

the bank. And here it may be observed that the difference between the maritime navigation and that of large rivers was much less considerable in ancient times than at present; for the sea-going vessels crept

along shore in such a manner as exposed the vessels in both to nearly the same incidents, and therefore a greater similarity of build than now exists prevailed.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PARENTAL SOLICITUDE.

EVERY Christian parent must have it in his heart to say to his child, as did a venerable Minister, "I long to see you housed in the ark before the gathering tempest shall arise, and sweep away all that are without." But comparatively few parents do say it, either by word or deed. They find it difficult to speak to their children respecting their eternal interests, but not difficult to speak to them respecting their temporal interests. Why is it so? Why is it that many parents who feel deeply anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children, never speak to them on the subject? Is it because they are conscious of their own short-comings, and remain silent lest the charge of inconsistency should arise in their children's minds? This, no doubt, is the case with some, but not with all. There are some who walk humbly with God, in whose piety their children have the utmost confidence, and yet their lips are sealed on the subject of religion when in the presence of their children. Why is it so? Ought it to be so? Christian parent, shall it be so any longer in your case?

O, if there be a subject upon which parents and children should have the freest interchange of thought and feeling, it is that of the soul's well-being. Children often desire to be spoken to on this subject. It weighs upon their minds, and they would fain have parental counsel and parental sympathy. "My mother," said one, now in the ministry, "was a good woman; but

she could not talk to her children on the subject of religion. When I was about fourteen years old, my mind was deeply impressed by religious truth. I longed to tell my feelings to my mother. I at length gathered courage to speak to her on the subject; but she said little to me, and I was led to resolve that I never would speak to her again on the subject. My seriousness left me, and for years I seemed like one given over to hardness of heart."

THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY.

THE mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. Did they propose a question? did they commit a fault? did they perform any good action? I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproofed, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."

OUR SERVANTS.

THE SERVANT'S CHOICE OF A SITUATION.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I HAVE endeavoured to impress your mind with the importance of religion. I trust you are no longer to be numbered with the many who neglect it, and who sometimes boast that they make no pretension to piety. But in this they are not justified. This is their sin. Herein lies their guilt. God has a claim upon their service. To

them He says, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." They cannot dispose of themselves as they like. The Divine requirement from them is, "My son, give me thy heart."

Surely you have already complied with this gracious demand. May I not hope that you have given *your* heart to God, your Saviour? Yes, you have sought and found the pearl of great price. You are divinely blessed. The love of God fills your heart.

Your peace flows like a river. You are deeply anxious to *retain* these blessings. You would not forfeit them on any account. Then, in all your future movements be solicitous to secure the guidance of Divine Providence. This you must not overlook in your *choice of a situation*. It is of great moment to you that you find your providential place. In order to this, I advise you to pray earnestly and sincerely that God may guide you with His counsel. You are permitted to make known your requests to Him, by prayer and supplication. If several openings present themselves, do not let your decision be influenced by mere feeling, or taste, or opinion, but by common sense, and the fear of God. Do not fix upon having a place merely for its worldly respectability, or its promise of indulgence, or its rate of wages; for there are higher considerations than any of these. And if you sincerely desire to please God, if your will be in submission to His, be assured that "the meek He will guide in judgment, the meek will He teach his way."

I would recommend you to seek a situation in a *religious family*. To the mind of a pious servant, there is something fearful in the thought of becoming an inmate of a house where God is not acknowledged, nor the voice of prayer and praise ever heard; where Sabbaths are desecrated, and religion is despised. A curse is in the house of the wicked. and upon the families that call not on the name of God, He will pour out His fury. How dark is that habitation in which the light of religion does not shine! There is no heavenly peace, no satisfying pleasure, in that family from which the Author of happiness is excluded. Not only is such a family not to be desired, because of the absence of all the services and influences of religion, but shunned, in consequence of the various evils and dangers to which it would necessarily expose you. To serve God in such a situation might not, indeed, be impossible to one whom God has placed there as a light to shine for their instruction and reproof; but any one professing piety, choosing it for the sake of a worldly consideration, would prove at once they were fallen from grace. You could not, in these circumstances, expect the blessing and protection of God. And remember, danger is never to be courted, but avoided. Never expose yourself to temptation, lest you should be overcome. Never put your salvation in peril. Never esteem things temporal above things eternal; for this will involve you in vexation, disappointment, and final loss.

And, in addition to other dangers, could you expect among such to escape persecution? And are you sure that you would meekly bear the scoffs and derisions of those about you? If before the unregenerate you act a consistent part, your conduct would be a perpetual reproof to their carelessness,

prayerlessness, and folly. And would you have courage to persevere in your religious duties, amid daily opposition, and to maintain the Christian spirit and life, in an atmosphere so uncongenial? All this, and much more, may be borne by God's help, when He calls to the endurance of such trials; but the case is very different when the exposure results from mere personal wilfulness. "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel," or unbeliever?

On the other hand, let me point out to you some of the privileges and advantages which a member of a religious family enjoys. There is daily worship, at which the whole household is assembled, to listen to the solemn reading of the word of God, and to join in praise and prayer to Him who heareth prayer. Here there is an opportunity for receiving Divine instruction, and for unburdening the heart by confessing the sin which makes it mourn, for praying for pardon, and uniting in thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Religion, in its enlightening and quickening power, is thus brought down from heaven upon the soul, and the sincere worshipper is renewed in strength by waiting upon the Lord. And where these domestic services of religion may be had, you should highly prize them, and duly improve them; and if at any time they interrupt the business of the house, they never really hinder it. I have before urged you daily to read your Bible, and observe private prayer, but I know in many instances your opportunities will be limited: how doubly welcome, then, should be the season of social devotion! This advantage, like all other gifts of Divine love, may be lightly esteemed, made fruitless, or abused, yet to a sincere soul it is a privilege to be a member of a "church in the house," where the presence and blessing of the Saviour are felt and realised. How interesting is the record of domestic piety in the history of the Patriarchs, and particularly in the case of Abraham! He was the friend of God. He was distinguished for his faith; but that for which he is especially commended by God, was his conduct as the head of a family. "I know him," said the Lord, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." And if it was right for him to command his children and his household or servants after him, it was required of them that they should obey. While he taught, they were to hearken; while he interceded, they were to pray. and so is it to be with you; it is a service in which you are heartily and believingly to join, and then it will not be in vain.

I admit that there are cases in which religious servants do not profit by a residence even in a pious family. And no wonder that they are disappointed, and in conse-

quence often suffer loss in their souls. They go with unreasonable expectations of favour and indulgence, which it would not be right for their employer to grant, nor beneficial to them to receive. They forget that the work of the house of a religious family must be performed, as well as that of an ungodly one, and in the same way too. And they sometimes overlook the fact, that if their employers are people of piety, they are not less their master and mistress on that account. It is often a temptation on the part of servants professing religion, to respect less a believing master than they would an unbelieving one. St. Paul, by the Spirit, knew that this was an error into which you were likely to fall. Hence the warning he has given, 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2: "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit." Let no servant honour her master less because he is a Christian. And probably there is often the same unreasonable expectation by masters, from religious servants, and a less disposition to bear with their faults, than with those of others; but I am not now concerned with them.

And on another point I would affectionately warn you. Do not absurdly suppose that in a religious family you will meet with no trials, or that you can live safely and prosperously without watchfulness and prayer. If you neglect these exercises, however favourably you may be situated, your piety will decline. Wherever you may dwell, you will carry with you an evil heart of unbelief, in which, though changed, there is a tendency to evil tempers, dispositions, and affections. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." "Keep yourselves in the love of God." "Give diligence, that ye may make your calling and election sure." And beside your evil heart, the great adversary will follow you into your retreat, and will harass, perplex, and trouble you. And the world will allure and entice you, and suggest that the restraints of religion are oppressive, and that you would be happier if you had a little more licence to

roam. Sorrows, also, will arise in the family itself; (for what family is free from them?) and patience, and humility, and self-denial will be required. But do not, in such a case, attribute the evil to the family: it is a merciful chastisement from the Lord for your good. It is the discipline of your heavenly Father; and how know you, but it may have been sent for your sake?

Strongly as I would urge you to use your best endeavours to place yourself in a situation most favourable to your spiritual welfare, I do not say that you should not, under any circumstances, enter an irreligious family. But if the Lord send you to such a one, it is not to gratify yourself, but to please Him; not to indulge some whim or passion, but to bring honour to His name, by being a faithful witness for Him. He will not call you to reside where you would be required to cease from the public worship of God, to renounce your church-membership, or to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath. On the one hand, while it does not become you to be unreasonable in your demand for religious privileges; on the other, you ought not to surrender, or barter away, what are necessary for the salvation of your soul. A proper share of these secured, Providence may direct the steps of a God-fearing servant to a house in which the light of true piety does not shine; and the humble domestic may become, by a careful, consistent, Christian deportment, the instrument, like the Israelitish maid of old, of bringing the family to a knowledge of the truth. Wherever your lot may be cast, honour your Saviour by a faithful, humble, and holy profession of His religion. Feel how great your responsibility to Christ, though your position in life be lowly. "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things;" remembering, in the midst of all your provocations, the words of your Lord, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

And should these lines meet the eye of the unconverted servant, I would entreat her to consider the path of her feet, and make haste, and delay not to keep the commandments of God. How forlorn and wretched is that poor soul who attempts to live without the love of Christ, and the guardian care of God! In this world, to such, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; and in the future world, it will be darkness and woe. Arise, and go to thy Father.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B—, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently T. came in and threw down his hat, saying,
"I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them: they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel-walk. you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother: it is their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentle-man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavour to be what you wish,—a gentle-manly boy."

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MAY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is

dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary-bird? It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see we can love anything. Dear little brother died before the bird; and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. O, I wish we could have something to love which wouldn't die!"

The day passed. During the school-hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table at which their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John. I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden. I wonder, mother, if there ever was such a garden?"

"Yes, George: I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A *real* garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is *the tree of life*, a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love, and live for ever. There will be no death, no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear and without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and He will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

POETRY.

BY RICHARD BAXTER.

I.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

As for my friends, they are not lost:
The several vessels of the fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

Still we are centred all in Thee;
Members, though distant, of one Head,

In the same family we be,
By the same faith and Spirit led.
Before Thy throne we daily meet,
As joint petitioners to Thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou, my best, my surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love?

PSALM CXLVIII.

Ye holy angels bright,
Who stand before God's throne,
And live in glorious light,
Make ye His praises known.

Ye spirits of the blest,
Who near the Saviour dwell,
And share His blissful rest,
Join ye the praise to swell.

Ye nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints that on Him call;
O magnify His grace,
His holy chambers, all.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.

RESIGNATION.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live:

To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad

That I may long obey;

If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms

Than He went through before:

He that into God's kingdom comes

Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet

Thy blessed face to see;

For if Thy work on earth is sweet,

What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,

And weary sinful days;

And join with the triumphant saints,

That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,

The eye of faith is dim;

But 'tis enough that Christ knows all;

And I shall be with Him.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARY ANN SHAW.

MARY ANN, the daughter of Joseph and Lydia Shaw, of Bosley, near Macclesfield, was born August 10th, 1835. She was carefully brought up by her parents in the fear of the Lord, and at a suitable age was sent to the Bosley-Works Wesleyan Sunday-school, two miles distant from her residence. There she received much spiritual good, and, by attention and diligence, made her profiting appear to all. She often repeated to the family, on her return home from school, the substance of the instruction she had received on religious subjects.

The Lord early drew her heart to Himself; and, as she grew in years, she improved in the knowledge of things spiritual and heavenly. The holy Scriptures were her delight; and she was greatly benefited by the biography of pious children.

It shortly became evident, however, to her parents and friends, that these early blossoms of piety were soon to open in a better world. Disease began to undermine her health, and to prepare her for an early tomb. Medical aid was found unavailing; but she contemplated death without fear. She was cheerfully resigned to the will of God. For the benefit of medical advice and change of air, it was deemed proper to remove her to a distance from home; and for some time she resided with a family where prayer was not offered. On her return to her father's house, she stated how much

she had been grieved at this neglect, and rejoiced much in the opportunity again afforded of kneeling with those she loved around the family altar.

As her affliction progressed, she felt much for un saved sinners. She grieved over the hardness of heart that kept them from coming to the Saviour, who was so willing to save them, and had redeemed them by His blood. Once and again she desired her parents not to weep for her, because she should be so much better off in heaven; telling them, that their heavenly Father's will must be done; and adding, that she should wait their arrival above.

She spoke to her brothers and sisters, and charged them to meet her in heaven. Her happy and resigned state of mind, and the conversation which she held, deeply affected those that came to see her. One said that to witness such grace in so young a person was enough to convince even an infidel that there was a reality in religion.

Her trust and confidence in Jesus were unhesitating, unbounded to the end. "I am as sure," she said, "of heaven, as if I was there already, because my soul is cleansed from sin through the blood of Jesus Christ my Saviour."

She breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer on the 1st of May, 1847, before having quite completed her twelfth year.

J. S.

POPERY.

MIRACLE SOLVED.

IN the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the Curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacrament. The Curate refused, saying, "Your brother is a Constitutionalist; that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man: he is damned without mercy; and it is, therefore, useless for me to confess him." "But who told you that my brother was damned?" "God Himself told me, during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils." It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties: the Curate was inexorable. A few days after, the individual died: when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture, the Curate refused, alleging, "The soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body; for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate." The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock, a knock was heard at the door; and a voice exclaimed, "I command you to open, in the name of the living God! Open! if not, your instant ruin is at hand." The Spaniard refused to open. Shortly after he saw enter by the window three able-bodied persons, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing

the body: upon this the guardian fired, and shot one of the pretended devils dead. The others took to flight: he fired after them, and wounded both; one of whom died in a few minutes; the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no Curate to officiate; and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two persons who had been killed, that the one was the Curate, and the other the Vicar: the other who was wounded turned out to be the Sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal at Barcelona.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANITY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Gross misapprehension exists, generally, throughout Great Britain, as to the time when Papal usurpation and Papal corruptions first found their way into the British isles. For centuries after Christianity had been acknowledged by our ancestors, they knew nothing of the Bishop of Rome, excepting as a foreign Prelate who possessed no power, or at least no lawful jurisdiction, beyond the limits of his own diocese. So far down as the year 620, we find Rome and her adherents spoken of in the following contemptuous terms in one of the poems of a Welsh bard, named Taliesin —

"Woe be to that Priest, yborn,
That will not cleanly weed his corn,
And preach his charge among;
Woe be to that shepherd, I say,
That will not watch his fold away,
As to his office doth belong:
Woe be to him that doth not keep
From *Romish wolves* his *erring sheep*,
With staff and weapon strong."

ANECDOTES.

CROMWELL'S ENVOY.

WHEN Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said,

"Pray, Sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, Sir, do not you think that God

governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, Sir, do not you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Sir, pray excuse me, but do not you think you may trust Him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDER'S REPLY TO THE JESUIT.

WHEN the Jesuit Missionaries first arrived in the Sandwich Islands, they used many arguments with the natives, to show that their instructions and those of the Protestant Missionaries were alike. It was on one of these occasions that an old man, who made no pretensions to religion, replied, that the Missionaries had taught him about God. "O yes," replied the Priest, "Mr. Thurston taught about God, and that was right: you heard him, and now I wish you to hear me." The old man gravely answered: "But the Bible says I cannot serve two masters." He further objected to their images, when the Priest said, "O, we do not call this God, and we do not pray to it. It is only a representation or shadow of God." The old man replied, "Let me see it: that cannot be any representation of God. It is made of brass. *If there be any shadow or representation of God, it must be in the heart, not in an image.*"—*Cheever's Island-World.*

GIVE GOOD MEASURE.

WHEN I was a young man, there lived in our neighbourhood one who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, mark the answer of this man: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world; and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this; only one journey through this world.—*J. Simp-*

MY CHILDREN STILL.

A YOUNG Preacher recently called upon an eminent Divine, and in the course of conversation asked him how many children he had. "Four, Sir," was the reply. At the supper-table, the visitor perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to his host, he said, "I thought you had four children, Sir:

where are the other two?" Lifting his eyes, the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. "They are in heaven," he repeated slowly and calmly; "yet my children still: not dead, but gone before."

"NOTHING MINE BUT GOD."

IN recently looking through the Memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the commentator, we noticed this entry in her diary: "*Resolved to call nothing mine but God.*" This reminded us of the Saviour's requirement, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" and also of the Apostle's representation of the Christian possessions, "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "he that loseth his life shall find it."

HOW TO AROUSE ATTENTION IN A CONGREGATION.

BISHOP ELLMER, when his auditory grew dull and inattentive, would, with some pretty and unexpected conceit, move them to attention. Among the rest was this:—He read a long text in Hebrew; whereupon all seemed to listen what would come after such strange words, as if they had taken it for some conjuration. Then he showed their folly, that when he spake English, whereby they might be instructed and edified, they neglected and hearkened not to it; and now he read Hebrew, which they understood no word of, they would seem so careful and attentive.

JOHN HOWIE'S FAST-DAYS.

IN John Howie's time, public fasts were frequent; and this was the method of conducting the service upon such occasions: "He began at nine o'clock with a prayer of a quarter of an hour; read and expounded Scripture for about three-quarters of an hour; prayed an hour; preached another hour; then prayed half an hour. The people then sung for about a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment. He then went into the pulpit again; prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and then with a prayer of half an hour concluded the service.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ORIENTAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE DRUM KIND.

HERE are representations of various in-

struments of the drum kind known to the ancient Egyptians, and of those now used in Western Asia. Whether the Israelites had



drums or not does not plainly appear; and, in the absence of the evidence, *pro* and *con*, it is useless to speculate on the subject. If they had, they must be included under the general name of *toph*. The ancient Egyptians had a long drum, very similar to the tom-toms of India. It was about two feet or two feet and a half in length, and was beaten with the hand. The case was wood or copper, covered at both ends with parchment or leather, and braced with cords extended diagonally over the exterior of the cylinder. It was used chiefly in war. There was another large drum, less unlike our own: it was about two feet and a half long by about two feet broad, and was shaped much like a sugar-cask. It was formed of copper, and covered at the ends with red leather, braced by catgut strings passed through small holes in its broad margin. This kind of drum was beaten with sticks. It does not appear on the monuments; but an actual specimen was found in 1823, and is now in the Museum at Paris. Another species of drum is represented in the Egyptian paintings, and it is of the same

kind that is still in use in Arabia under the name of the *darabooka* drum, as represented in the central figure of the above cut. It is made of parchment, stretched over the top of a funnel-shaped case of metal, pottery, or wood. It is beaten by the hand; and, when relaxed, the parchment is braced by exposing it for a few moments to the sun, or to the warmth of a fire. This kind of drum claims particular attention from its being supposed to be represented in one of the coins ascribed to Simon Maccabaeus. When closely examined, this instrument will appear to be the same in principle with our kettle-drum, which, indeed, has been confessedly derived from the East, where other instruments on the same principle are not wanting. The Rabbins speak obscurely of a sort of drum which may have been of this kind. It stood, they say, in the temple-court, and was used to call the Priests to prayer, the Levites to singing, and the leprous persons to their purification. They venture to add, that its sound could be heard so far as Jericho.—*Pictorial Bible*.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INDUCEMENT TO INDUSTRY NOT MUCH THOUGHT OF.

"Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, *that he may have to give to him that needeth.*" Note, in this passage, the reason by which the habit of honest industry is enforced upon the man; namely, that instead of being under the necessity of demanding help, *he may have to give to him that needeth.* "Study to be

quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you, that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now, them that are such we command and

exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." "But if any provide not for his own," continues the Apostle to Timothy, "and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." In the Epistle to the Romans he commands that we "owe no man anything, but to love one another;" and that we be "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the same general purport the injunction in Titus is given to all Christians, that they learn to maintain good works for necessary uses, that they be not unfruitful; a passage which is supposed to enjoin a constant diligence in business for the purpose of a systematic benevolence.

A man will not fail to note here the practical wisdom and beauty of Christianity, and the unparalleled loftiness of its motives, as revealed in these passages. The main argument by which an industrious attention to business is urged upon men, is that they may themselves possess the ability, and exercise the habit, and enjoy the happiness, of giving to those who have need. There are no extremes here, no impracticable separations between a man's business and his piety; but his business is to be pursued as a part, and for the sake, of his piety. You are not commanded to turn aside from the pursuits of this world, to renounce them, and to go about preaching or praying as your only business; but you are to serve God in your own calling, and to pursue that industriously, as a part of your religion. You are to trust in God, but you are to help yourself. You are to labour for your own support, and that of your family. And you are to do this, not to gain a mere support for them and yourself, but to be able also, if need be, to supply the wants of others. You are to work with all your energy, in an honest way, for an honest competence. You are to do this, not only that you may not be compelled to tax the charity of others for your support, but that you may have a surplus to give to the needy. If, after you have done your uttermost, trusting in God to gain your own livelihood, and also the ability to give to others, you are still poor, it is not your fault. God's discipline is upon you. But poverty is sin, if you are not using your utmost honest diligence to avoid it.—*Cheever*.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labour and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep;
The right o'er others' woes to weep;
The right to succour in reverse;
The right to bless while others curse;

The right to love whom others scorn;
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth;
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path the Saviour trod,—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above,
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong.
Such woman's rights; and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

BISHOP HALL'S MARRIAGE.

HALL, Bishop of Norwich, and author of the "Contemplations," was remarkable throughout life for implicit reliance, in every step of life, upon the conduct of Divine Providence. In 1601, he was settled at Halstead; and needing "a help meet for him," he found that "a prudent wife," also, is "from the Lord." His own quaint but graphic relation of the circumstances connected with this event are thus given:—

"Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil county of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was then extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week with a grave and reverend Minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house, where we were invited to a wedding-dinner; and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife!' When I further demanded an account of him of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winnif, of Breter-horn; that, out of an opinion of the fitness of the match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it; advising me not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God; and, at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

THERE are seasons when a Christian's distinguishing character is hidden from man. A Christian merchant on 'Change is not

called to show any difference in his mere exterior carriage from another merchant. He gives a reasonable answer, if he is asked a question. He does not fanatically intrude religion into every sentence he utters. He does not suppose his religion to be inconsistent with the common interchange of civilities. He is affable and courteous. He can ask the news of the day, and take up any public topic of conversation. But is he, therefore, not different from other men? He is like another merchant in the mere exterior circumstance, which is least in God's regard; but, in his taste, his views, his science, his hopes, his happiness, he is as different from those around him as light is from darkness.—*Cecil*.

THE POOR MAY DO GOOD.

You are not, though poor, shut out from doing good, any more than you are from being good. O! if you had a heart to be useful, you might find abundant opportunities to employ your energies. Many instances might be adduced, if it were necessary, of persons in the humblest walk of life doing great good; and that not only by all kinds of ingenious devices, but in the way of direct effort. Take the two following as specimens:—There was a member of the church under my care, who lived in an almshouse, and was so distorted by rheumatism as to be quite a cripple, and unable to walk or stand; and withal, her fingers, through the power of her disease, were twisted into all kinds of shapes. On entering her apartment one day, I found her with some religious tracts. Well, Mrs. H—, said I, "what are you doing?" "O Sir," she replied, "I am sorting my tracts." "What for?" "To send out to my neighbours." The fact was, that she had received these tracts from richer friends from time to time, and then employed some one to carry them round the spacious court of almshouses in which she lived, and other dwellings in the neighbourhood; and her work was to keep up a regular supply and exchange. Thus poor old Ellen in the almshouse could find some way to be useful.—To give one more instance. I was visiting a brother Minister a few years ago, with a view to assist him at a Missionary meeting, which was to be held in his chapel. While I was in his house, he called me into the kitchen, for what purpose I did not know till the scene explained itself. There stood an aged woman, about eighty years old, talking with the Minister, and looking with a smiling countenance, and with sparkling eyes, as far as such aged orbs could sparkle, upon some silver which my friend at that moment held in the palm of his hand. It might have been supposed she was going to receive this money to multiply her comforts; for, all her income was half-a-crown a week from the parish, and what the kindness of

her friends might occasionally bestow, out of which she paid eighteenpence for lodging: but no; she came to give, not to receive. That money, amounting to more than ten shillings, she had earned by knitting various articles, and selling them; and she was then in the kitchen, where I saw her, to place it in the hand of her Minister for the Missionary Society.—So you see the poor can do something for God's cause, if they have "a mind to work." But they may also do much in the way of direct effort for the conversion of souls. Can they not warn a profane sinner? or explain the way of salvation to those that are ignorant and out of the way? or distribute tracts, and talk about their contents? or invite the neglecters of public worship to the house of God? Let the poor understand, value, and enjoy their privilege.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Bales, by J. A. James*.

HOWARD'S NOTIONS ABOUT PROPERTY.

HOWARD entertained what may be thought by some, very strange notions about property,—notions which would find little favour with some of the state philosophers of these days; and, which is more pertinent to the matter, he acted on them. In the first place, he did not believe that the wealth he inherited from his parent was entirely his own, or that it could be altogether made use of as his personal caprice might suggest. He rather looked upon it as a deposit which Providence had entrusted to his keeping for the common benefit of mankind. He no more believed that he was at liberty to waste it upon his individual gratifications, than a banker, in whose hands it might have been placed, would have been. It must be allowed that these were very extraordinary heresies for a man who had received his commercial training in Watling-street; heresies, some will think, subversive of the very principles of economical science; but they arose from studying the Bible.—*Dixon's Life of Howard*.

DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

DEATH, the King of terrors, was determined to choose a Prime Minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he had destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power of racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a bold, lascivious air, and flushed jovial countenance. She was attended on the one hand by a troop of bacchanals, and on the other by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half naked to the softest musical instruments. Her name was *INTEMPERANCE*. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of disreputables: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this monarch: am I not your Queen? Do ye not receive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who, then, so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly Monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her on his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favourite and Prime Minister.—*Addison*.

GOOD MEN AT VARIANCE.

MANY a sharp conflict there has been between saint and saint, scuffling in the dark through misunderstanding of the truth and each other. Abraham and Lot were at strife. Aaron and Miriam jostled with Moses for the wall, till God interposed, and ended the quarrel by His immediate stroke on Miriam. The Apostles, even in the presence of their Master, were at high words, contending who should be greatest. Now, in these civil wars among saints, Satan is the great kindle-coal, though little seen, because, like Ahab, he fights in a disguise, playing first on one side, and then on the other, aggravating every petty injury, and thereupon provoking to wrangle and revenge: therefore the Apostle, do-
horting from anger, useth this argument: "Give no place to the devil;" as if he had said, Fall not out among yourselves, except you long for the devil's company, who is the true soldier of fortune, as the common phrase is, living by his sword, and therefore hastes thither where there is any hopes of war. Gregory compares the saints in their sad differences to two cocks, which Satan, the master

of the pit, sets on fighting, in hope, when killed, to sup with them at night. Solomon saith, "The mouth of the contentious man calls for strokes." (Prov. xviii. 6.) Indeed, we, by our mutual strifes, give the devil a staff to beat us with: he cannot well work without fire, and therefore blows up these coals of contention, which he useth as his forge, to heat our spirits into wrath, and then we are malleable; easily hammered as he pleaseth. Contention puts the soul into disorder, and *inter arma silent leges*. The law of grace acts not freely, when the spirit is in a commotion: meek Moses, provoked, speaks unadvisedly. Methinks this, if nothing else will, should sound a retreat to our unhappy differences, that this Joab hath a hand in them; he sets this evil spirit between brethren; and what folly it is to bite and devour one another, to make hell sport! We are prone to mistake our heat for zeal, whereas commonly in strife between saints it is a fire-ship sent in by Satan to break their unity and order; wherein while they stand they are an armada invincible: and Satan knows he hath no other way but this to shatter them: when the Christians' language, which should be one, begins to be confounded, they are then near scattering; it is time for God to part His children, when they cannot live in peace together.—*Gurnall*.

OLD CUSTOMS.

I know very well (said King Edward VI.) that our religion consists, not of old customs, or the usage of our fathers, but in the holy Scriptures and Divine word; and that, if you think antiquity and custom make a thing good, it is older than the world; for God is older than the world, who was without beginning, and shall continue without end. And if you think truth ought to be followed and obeyed, all truth is contained in that book. Our religion ought not to be planted or governed by our forefathers; for Ezekiel saith, "Walk ye not in the statutes of your fathers; for they were polluted." Moreover, our God and Saviour, and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He did not say, "I am the old custom."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PLANETS INHABITED.

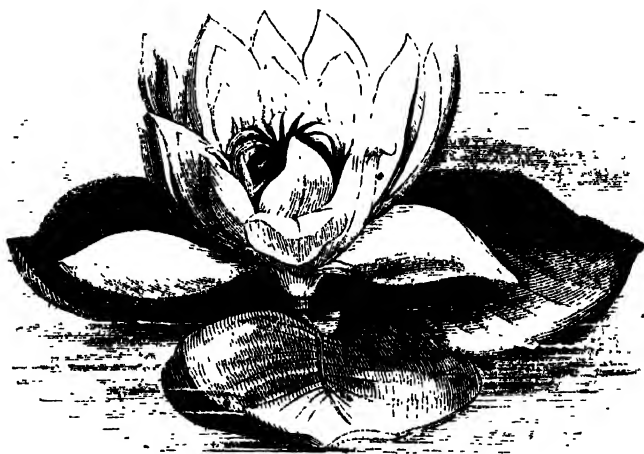
We have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies that are accessible to such an ob-

servation, have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun; and we can detect, in all the planets which compose our system, a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They

have the same agreeable vicissitude of seasons. To them light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament. To them, as well as to us, God has divided the light from the darkness; and He has called the light day, and the darkness He has called night. He has said, Let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the

day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven, to give light to earth; and it was so. To all of them He has given a sun to rule the day; and to many of them He has given moons to rule the night. To them He has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon their earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God has seen that it was good.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE WATER-LILY.

In botany, a beautiful genus of aquatic plants, the flowers of which are large, and contain numerous petals, so as to appear

double. In the morning they raise themselves out of the water to expand, and close again, reposing upon the surface, in the afternoon.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD,
THE PHILANTHROPIST.
PART II.

At the close of our previous sketch of Howard's life, we left him mourning the loss of his second wife, and apparently stunned by the blow. For a time he strove, in the management of his estate, in attending to the welfare of his dependents, and in the

care of his infant son, to divert his mind from the melancholy that had taken possession of him. For eighteen months he remained in seclusion at Cardington, when, by the advice of his medical attendants, he set out for the Continent, where the greater portion of the next four years was spent. From these travels it is evident that he derived much benefit. The excitement of travelling, and the change of scene, proved

a relief to his surcharged heart, while they also afforded a temporary outlet to his unemployed energies. Howard had not at that time discovered his mission; but God was slowly though surely leading him to it. The death of his wife had plunged him into the furnace of trial. This affliction was sent to aid in weaning his soul from mere local ties, and in preparing him for his great work. His travels at this period had the same tendency. They made him acquainted with the languages of Continental Europe, and with the habits and customs of the people, thus giving him a vantage-ground for his subsequent labours. In Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, three years were spent. His course we need not follow; but to the understanding of his character, in order to show what were the motives under which Howard habitually acted, we quote several passages from his diaries. They demonstrate his deep, his fervent piety: they show that a sense of his duty to God was his governing principle, and that his earnest desire was to labour in that field which God should mark out for him. When read with the light afforded by his subsequent career, we must be convinced that they are not mere words of course, but the genuine outpouring of a soul deeply impressed with a sense of duty, and desirous of serving God in everything.

In February, 1770, we find him at the Hague, recording his self-communicating with God in the following terms:—

“I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of His creatures. For some days past I have been in an habitual serious frame, relenting for my sin and folly, solemnly surrendering myself and babe to Him, and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit. I hope for a more tender conscience, by greater fear of offending God; a temper more abstracted from this world; more resigned to death or life; a thirsting for union and communion with God. O, the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope have even I, through redeeming mercy. O shout, my soul, Grace, grace! free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature; but where sin abounds I trust grace superabounds even I have still some hope—what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ. My soul! as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of spirits to bless His word, and thy retired moments, to thy serious conduct in life. My soul! let not the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to thine eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful unto death.”

But the most important aid that we possess for unfolding his character, is a solemn covenant drawn up at Naples, in

May, 1770, inserted in the “Miscellany” for January.

It is affecting to be told that this covenant was renewed with all formality at Moscow, in 1789, a few months previous to his death.

Howard, upon his return to England, about the end of 1770, settled down at Cardington, where he again entered upon those plans for ameliorating the condition of his countrymen which had formerly engaged his own attention, and that of his wife. But the time was now come, when he was to enter upon the work which has given him the distinguished title of “Philanthropist.” Elected in 1773 Sheriff of Bedford, he resolved that the office should not be on his part a mere matter of dignity, and its duties a piece of form. He personally presided in the Court, he visited the prisons, and he witnessed the extortion, and rapacity, and cruelty that had long reigned there.

What he saw in Bedford induced him to prosecute his inquiries, the results of which were of such a nature, as to lead him to resolve upon devoting his life to the reformation of prisons,—a task sufficient to employ all his energies, and to call forth all his benevolence.

It is difficult for us to form any idea of what the prisons of Great Britain were but seventy years ago. At present, if we hear any complaint in regard to prisons, it is that they are too good, too much like palaces, and that their inmates are so well cared for, that many of the labouring poor might envy them. But at that time their state was such, that, even though our limits permitted, the details are of such a character as to be altogether unfit for our pages. Every vice ran riot there. Religious worship and instruction were almost totally neglected; no restriction was put upon the sale and use of spirits to every kind of prisoner; indeed, in some cases, the profits of the sale constituted the only pay of the jailer; men and women were often confined together; gaming was openly permitted, while blasphemy of every kind was habitually indulged in. Prisons were, in truth, schools of iniquity, over the doors of which Dante’s words might with propriety have been engraven,—“Leave all hope, ye who enter here;” for the older prisoners made it their business to corrupt the younger, and thus to make them sevenfold more the children of the devil than themselves. “To rot in prison” was, in those days, no mere figure of speech, as will be evident from the following description of some of the prisons visited by Howard:—

“At Nottingham, the jail was built on the declivity of a hill. Down about five-and-twenty steps were three rooms for such as could pay for them. The poorer and honestest prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception, only one of which was in use at the time, a cavern, twenty-one feet long, thirty broad, and

seven feet high. In this horrible hole human beings were sometimes immured for years."

At Knarborough, the debtors'-room had no fire-place, an earthen floor, and was very offensive from the common-sewer of the town running through it uncovered. A short time before Howard's visit, a man had been put into it; but, knowing the place, he took his dog with him to defend him from the vermin. In a few days, the dog was actually devoured, while its master's hands and face were so bitten as to present to the eye nothing but three great and loathsome sores.

Such was the state of the prisons of England seventy-five years ago, as gathered from the reports of Howard. It seems almost impossible to realise the idea, that in the reign of George III., and almost in the memory of men still alive, such atrocities could have been tolerated in this country. But such was the case. Nor were they easily put an end to. So many had an interest in the continuance of these abuses, that much opposition had to be encountered in redressing them. But Howard was not a man to be dismayed by opposition, or to be daunted by the frowns of officials. By his indefatigable exertions, he succeeded in securing the attention of the Legislature to the enormous evils of the prison-system, and was summoned before a Committee of the House of Commons, to read a report of his survey, and to be examined thereon. So highly were his labours appreciated, that the thanks of the House were conveyed to him by the Speaker for his humanity and his zeal.

In the midst of another year spent in labours of the same kind, he stood as candidate for the representation of Bedford about the end of 1774. Fortunately for the cause of humanity, he was defeated, and thus left at liberty to pursue his great work.

Having now examined a great proportion of the prisons of England, he next resolved upon making an inspection of the prisons of the different Continental States. It is, of course, impossible for us here to follow him in his "circumnavigation of charity." To do so would occupy a far greater space than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that within the twelve years ending in 1784, he visited the principal cities of the whole of Europe, except Turkey, and inspected their jails; he travelled upwards of forty-two thousand miles, and expended on his travels, in relieving the sick and freeing debtors, above £30,000.

During his former tour he had devoted much of his time to the contemplation of the beauties of nature and art. He had revelled amid the luxuriance of the fertile plains of Italy; he had gazed with rapture on the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, and he had displayed his taste in the collection of a gallery of pictures at Cardington. But

the object of his travels, subsequent to 1775, was of a totally different character. Its nature we give in the glowing panegyric of Burke:

"He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and alleviate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity." It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity.

We must not, however, imagine, as on reading these words we might at first sight do, that Howard's main object was to relieve the distress of individual prisoners. This no doubt he did. His sympathy and his purse were always ready at the call of misery and sickness. There were few prisons that he visited, from which he did not depart loaded with the blessings of their wretched occupants. But his great purpose was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of prisons throughout Europe. He aimed at their permanent improvement, and at the adoption of proper regulations for the amelioration of prisoners. Far before his age, he wished to introduce such a system as would make prisons not merely places of punishment, but schools for reclaiming civil-disobedients. To accomplish this great end, it was absolutely necessary that he should make himself practically acquainted with the state of the prisons, not of England only, but of the rest of Europe.

When we remember the awful condition of the dungeons he visited, in which the jail-fever was almost constantly raging, sometimes with such virulence that even the very medical men refused to visit their patients, we are almost led to believe that Howard bore a charmed life. From every danger, he came out unscathed: God was about his footsteps. To employ his own words, "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, 'I fear no evil.'"

"He ate no flesh, drank no wine nor spirits, bathed in cold water daily, ate little, and that at fixed intervals, retired to bed early, rose early. Such was the programme of his personal course. This regimen enabled him to penetrate fearlessly into dun-

geons into which jailers, and Physicians even, dared not follow him. Every morning—though it was then in the depth of a severe winter—he arose at two o'clock precisely, washed, performed his orisons, and then worked at his papers until seven, when he breakfasted, and dressed for the day. Punctually at eight he repaired to the printing-office, to inspect the progress of his sheets through the press. There he remained until one, when the compositors went to dinner. While they were absent, he would walk to his lodgings, and, putting some bread and dried fruit into his pocket, he would sally out for his customary exercise,—generally a stroll in the suburbs of the town,—eating, as he trudged along, his hermit fare, and drinking therewith a glass of cold water, begged at some cottager's door."

His ascetic habits were such as he believed suited to his constitution: they were not adapted as matter of parade:—

"On every occasion he carefully avoided making any display of his simple diet, and was particularly careful not to offer it as a pretext for parsimony. When he arrived at any town where he intended to rest for the night, he would go to the best hotel, order his dinner, with beer and wine, just like any other traveller, and stipulate that his own servant should wait upon him at table. When the cloth was laid, the viands spread out, and the host withdrawn, honest Frode would quietly remove the costly luxuries from the table to the sideboard, while his eccentric master would busy himself in preparing his homely repast of bread and milk, upon which he would then banquet with gusto; equally to his own satisfaction and that of the landlord."

Within a very few years after Howard commenced his labours, his visits had come to be recognised in an extra-official manner; not merely by the keepers of English prisons, but also by foreign Monarchs and governments. Throughout Great Britain the heavy gates of every jail were flung

open at his approach. Though he bore no official character, though he did not carry with him the warrant of a Secretary of State, he had but to name himself, and every room, every cell, was submitted to his inspection. The same was the case throughout the whole of Europe.

No sooner had he arrived at St. Petersburg, for example, than a messenger appeared from the Empress Catherine, inviting him to appear at Court. This invitation he at once refused; saying, that his task was to visit the dungeons of the wretched, not the palaces of Kings. Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was more fortunate; as, after much entreaty, Howard consented to grant him an interview, in order to discuss with him the state of the prisons of his dominions.

Of the fame of the philanthropist we may relate two pleasing anecdotes. When Howard waited, on one occasion, upon the Burgo-master of Ghent, to obtain the usual permission to visit the Bridewell of that city, he was told that the Emperor had given orders for no one to be admitted. "But you, Sir," observed the Magistrate, "are above all rules: you must not, however, impute to me the unhappy change which you will notice." The other story is still more interesting:—

"One of the most distinguished men of that day in Russia was General Bulgarkow, who, with a princely liberality, had endowed, or enlarged, a great number of noble charities. His benevolence soon attracted the attention of his countrymen, who, desirous of honouring themselves by honouring him, about this period made him a present of a gold medal, as 'one who had deserved well of his country.' Perhaps the highest proof of his merit was his reply. He said, 'his services to mankind reached his own country only; but there *was* a man whose extraordinary philanthropy took in all the world; who had already, with infinite toil and peril, extended his humanity to all nations, and who was therefore alone worthy of such a distinction: to him, his master in benevolence, he should send the medal.' And he did so."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed art the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Sarah,	Abergavenny,	Abergavenny,	16	Jan. 25th, 1851.
Austin, Iconora,	Beephams-Moor,	North-Walsham,	16	March 27th, 1851.
Bates, Ann,	Stalham,	North-Walsham,	51	March 19th, 1851.
Broughton, Mr. John,	Tubney,	Wantage,	80	April 9th, 1851.
Dawson, Mr. John,	Marchain,	Wantage,	57	March 5th, 1851.
Nicholls, Mr. Richard,	Zennor,	St. Ives,	85	March 3d, 1851.
Noall, Mrs. Ann,	Trelyon,	St. Ives,	69	March 26th, 1851.
Rust, Mr. Vincent,	Aylaham,	North-Walsham,	76	Feb. 4th, 1851.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1851.

DU BOURG, THE MARTYR OF PARIS.

DURING the reign of Henry II., and under the regency which succeeded, France was full of Protestants. But in order to escape persecuting edicts, they were compelled to meet for worship secretly. Death was the punishment of heresy; and the house in which the Lord's supper had been administered, was liable to be rased to the ground. Of these earlier victims, one of the most remarkable was the Counsellor Du Bourg. He belonged to a noble family, was an eminent lawyer, and a member of the Parliament of Paris. From reading Protestant books, vended through the country by Colporteurs, he embraced the Reformed opinions; and in his place in Parliament, he so openly opposed persecution for conscience' sake, as to incur suspicion; and, along with several others, was arrested by the King in person, and thrown into the Bastile.

In his first examination, he avowed his scriptural faith; but at one interrogatory his courage faltered. When asked if he had received the Lord's supper, he answered, "No." But when, at a subsequent examination, June 21st, 1559, his deposition was read over to him, on coming to that answer, Du Bourg interrupted the Clerk, saying, "In making that answer, I greatly offended God; of whom I implore pardon for having denied before His Divine Majesty that I had received the sacrament of the holy supper, and for having desired to deny before men so great a benefit. Truly I did partake of the holy supper at Easter last, in the assembly of the faithful; nor would I wish to have deferred receiving that great gift from God, presented to me in this sacrament."

Immediately the examiners began to urge him to reveal the full particulars.

Int. In what place, with what persons, did you receive the supper?—under what form; what day?

Du Bourg. On Saturday, Easter-eve last, so far as I can remember. Of the place, the persons, the hour, I cannot speak. The form was that instituted by Christ, and observed by His Apostles and disciples.

Int. Describe the form more at length.

Du Bourg. I can only do so briefly. The holy sacrament was administered by the Minister, after prayers and exhortations from the word of God, to all those who presented themselves, who were not excommunicated, under the two forms of bread and wine, with thanksgiving.

Int. You must name the Ministers, the persons, and the place; and also say on what day you were present at the said supper.

Du Bourg. I cannot do so without offending God. I fear I might draw suffering down upon those whom I might name. I call God to witness, if it

were not for the fear of offending Him, I would willingly say what I know. One thing I can testify, that neither President, nor Counsellor, nor any one who belongs to the Court of Parliament, was present in that assembly, as I should have known them well: with the persons who were there I have not much acquaintance.

Int. In what place were you present at the supper? In what house? Was it in Paris or the faubourgs? What number of persons were present?

Du Bourg. I cannot reply without offending God. I fear I should draw down suffering, as I have before said, upon my brethren and sisters in the faith, if I should give further information concerning this matter. I acknowledge, however, that it was in Paris.

Int. By night, or by day?

Du Bourg. I will not say. (Then recollecting himself a moment, he replied) By day.

Int. Morning or afternoon?

Du Bourg. I can give no further information without offending God.

Int. Fasting, or after eating?

Du Bourg. I have already given my answer.

Int. Were your servants present there—any of them?

Du Bourg. When I went to this meeting, I left a servant, whose name I do not know, and who has now quitted my service, at the corner of a street with my mule, to wait for my return.

Int. You cannot be so forgetful as not to remember the name of your servant: you are required to give it, to say when he left you, and of what country he was.

Du Bourg. I do not know.

Int. Had he served you long.

Du Bourg. A little while.

Int. What servants have you at the present time? What servants had you when you went to the supper?

Du Bourg. I cannot answer that question without offending God, as I fear that it may be intended to proceed against them, though there is no cause for doing so.

Whilst the Protestant Counsellors were pining in the dungeons of the Bastille, Paris was resounding with all the festivities attendant on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth of France to the King of Spain. These rejoicings were interrupted by an event which arrested the arm of persecution, but did not change the hearts of the persecutors.

On the morning of the last day of June, the King caused the re-opening of the tournament to be proclaimed. After dinner, his armour being brought, he commanded M. de Vielleville to arm him. The Marshal, who thought there had been already enough of this pastime, performed the service reluctantly, and said, with a sigh, to the King, as he placed the helmet on his head, that he did it most unwillingly: before the King could ask for an explanation, the Duke of Savoy appeared, armed at all points. The Monarch, as intent upon his pleasure as a child, gaily admonished him to sit firm on his horse, for that he intended to charge him without regard to alliance or brotherhood. Three courses ran the King in the lists that day; on the fourth,—how must the bright and laughing eyes, which, from lodge above lodge, watched that gay spectacle, have been averted in terror from the scene, when the trumpets and clarions suddenly ceased to sound, and death appeared upon the arena; when the soldiers' play was turned to fearful earnest, and the King fell, mortally wounded, beneath the lance of Montgomery!

They bore away the Monarch to his chamber, the door of which was closed

to all except those who ministered around the bed of suffering: even Catharine forbore to enter. The splinters of the lance had penetrated through the eye into the brain. In vain did the most skilful surgeons in France endeavour to probe the wound; in vain for four days did they anatomise the heads of criminals beheaded in the Conciergerie and the prisons of the Châtelet, thrusting the lance into them exactly in the same spot by which it had entered the head of the King. Every day death drew nearer. On the fourth, the fever having left him, he recovered his senses, and sent for the Queen. He commanded her to let the marriage ceremony be immediately performed between his sister Margaret and the Duke of Savoy: then calling for the brevet which bestowed the rank of Marshal upon his faithful attendant and friend, De Vielleville, he desired the Queen to sign it in his presence. He then commended to her the administration of the kingdom, the care of their young son who should succeed him, and also of their other children, and besought her that both she and they would pray for his soul, for that he was assured, from the dreadful pain which he felt, that his end was approaching. He ordered that the Count de Montgomery should not be molested. Catharine then withdrew, and was carried to her chamber, overwhelmed with grief.

On the 10th of July, the King expired.

Near the Château des Tournelles had been erected a large wooden gallery, destined for the *fêtes* and dancing. This was now hung with black, and the body of Henry removed thither, under the care of the Constable de Montmorency. There, day and night, were heard the mournful requiems usual on such occasions; there was mass performed, and prayers offered up for forty days.

The lull was temporary. Hope was entertained that Catharine might interpose, as she had shown considerable friendship towards the Reformers. That hope was soon blasted. Instead of a second Esther, Catharine proved another daughter of Herodias; and, along with the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, urged forward those measures of which France reaps the sorrowful fruits down to this day. Du Bourg was condemned to die.

It was late in the day when the procession issued from the gates of the Conciergerie: the shadows of a December twilight began to gather faintly in the sombre streets of Paris. That night, as some historians say, was Christmas-eve; it being the custom in those days of ignorance, when Christianity was disguised by the ashen pall of superstition, to reserve the execution of great criminals to one of the four great festivals of the Church. Nor was the hour, on the present occasion, altogether unfitly chosen: the death of the martyr might well unite with the songs of the angels in ascribing "glory to God in the highest!"

Although he was strengthened by grace to endure it, yet the ignominy of his punishment, and perhaps, also, the solitude of his spirit, weighed heavily upon the mind of the nobly-born gentleman. Nevertheless, he preserved a tranquil and assured mien. As soon as the cart arrived at the place of execution, the public crier proclaimed the reputed crimes for which he was about to suffer. Once more the civil authorities interrogated him concerning the recent conspiracies; conjuring him, as death was now so near, to speak the truth. "The death," said he, "I am ready to suffer: of these matters I know nothing." He was assisted to alight from the cart, and led beneath the gallows. Being then stripped to his shirt, he heaved a few deep sighs, and, looking round, addressed one short sentence to the people, saying, "My friends, I am not here as a thief or a murderer, but for the sake of the Gospel." A cross was then presented to him to kiss, the Priest of

St. Barthelemy reminding him that it was a token of the death and passion of our Lord. But he, turning away, was raised at the instant in the air, exclaiming frequently and earnestly, "My God, forsake me not, that I may not forsake Thee!" The cry of "Jesu Maria" was heard around the gallows; but the hour of agony was passed, and the soul so greatly tried had entered into a glorious rest. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." A fire was kindled beneath the gallows, and his body, being cut down, was thrown into it, and burned to ashes.*

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

EXAMPLE XIX.

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL TO BE AVOIDED.—1 THESS. V. 22.

THE Divine authority and sacred character of the Christian religion are fully manifested in the purity of its requirements, not allowing of sin in any person, in any form, or under any pretence or circumstance. Systems of human invention generally accommodate their requirements to the indulgence of the flesh and the propensities of depraved nature. Mahommedanism, for instance, has its sensualities; and in Socialism there is that which tends to the disruption of the guards and decencies of society. But Christianity, so far from pandering to fleshly feeling and desires, seeks their mortification and destruction, most distinctly declaring, that those "who are in the flesh, cannot please God," and demanding of all its subjects the denying of "all ungodliness and worldly lusts," with the maintenance of a life of righteousness and sobriety: so that the purposes and delights of the natural man are invariably met with the prohibitions and restrictions of self-denial.

Has the world its charms? Christianity tells man that "friendship with the world is enmity against God," and calls upon him to keep himself unspotted from the world. Have the pleasures of sense their allurements? He is told that, however "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," that "way" leads "down to the chambers of death." Is the companionship of sinners accounted to be pleasing and profitable? By Christian regulations he is forbidden even from "walking in the way of evil men," and instructed to "come out from among them." It may be further observed that the pure character of Christianity not only appears in the prohibitions of sin, but still more in the positive duties of piety which it enjoins; requiring holiness to be a principle, a habit, a nature wrought in the soul so as to form the new creature. There must be a faith working by love, and exemplified by all the fruits of righteousness, and by a readiness to every good word and work. Thus is the life to show forth the praise of Him who is a Redeemer from all iniquity.

Still further: not only must the professors of Christianity be delivered from evil, they must *abstain from the very appearance of evil*. Those, then, who satisfy themselves with avoiding actual transgression, have not fully learned Christ, nor yielded perfect obedience to Him as their Lord. But this requirement is, we fear, condemnatory of the conduct of many who name the name of Christ. "If," say some thoughtless professors, "we watchfully guard against the commission of iniquity, resist it, and depart from it, what more can be necessary?" What more? Why, it is indispensable that you avoid the appearance of it. So, authoritatively, writes the holy Apostle; and he

* From "Du Bourg; or, the Mercuriale. A Sketch of the Secret Church of Paris in the Middle of the Sixteenth Century. By S. Barber."

may be selected as a consistent example of his own teaching. The principle was so strictly maintained by himself, that he did not account things expedient which were even lawful. And why? Doubtless because there might be such an appearance of evil in them as to be dangerous to the peace and purity of others. In the same spirit he also taught the members of the church of Corinth, by precept, and by his own practice, to avoid the appearance of evil in the eating of meat, both in reference to the meat itself, and the place where it might be eaten. The Heathen were accustomed to have feasts in their idol-temples, to which they invited their Christian neighbours; and some, from friendship or other motives, were induced to comply. And such, having a knowledge that an idol was a nothingness in the world; might partake of the food even in the presence of the idol without being guilty of idolatry; but others, not having that knowledge, but believing in the existence of idols, might, from their conduct, be encouraged to eat meat as a sacrifice to a real god, and thus commit sin, and defile their consciences. Therefore, while the Apostle admitted they were neither better nor worse for eating or not eating, yet he admonished them not to use their liberty, which had the appearance of evil, lest by so doing they should become a stumbling-block to the weak; declaring for himself he would so far avoid all cause of evil, that if eating meat were the occasion of offence, he would not eat flesh to the end of his days. In this scrupulous regard for the good of others, the Apostle is worthy of imitation by the Christians of all ages. The duty is now as binding as ever.

Professing Christians should abstain from all *appearance of evil in temper*; avoiding the semblance of passion, of peevishness, of pride. It may be possible for these things to appear where they are not felt: but Christian propriety is not fully maintained by the absence of improper feeling; the occasion for the suspicion of that feeling must not be given. "It is my way," say some; "but I mean nothing, for I do not feel anything of the kind." Then abandon the way, and that without delay, lest your Christian character be damaged, and the profession of piety be dishonoured.

Christians should avoid the *appearance of evil in conversation*; giving no one reason to conclude that they are departing from the truth, or withholding the required truth; and abstaining from all exclamation, having affinity with oaths,—such as, "By the King," "By my word," "By my goodness," "By my honour and faith," "Bless me!" and the like,—together with the unnecessary mention of the hallowed name of God. Harshness of language should also be guarded against, lest there should be the appearance of a severity that is opposed to the meekness of Christ.

Christians should abstain from the *appearance of evil in dress*, both in reference to its expensive character and its frequent change of form. It is not sufficient to say, "I can afford it: it is the prevailing costume." Is there no vain display of wealth in its costly quality? and no love of worldly conformity in its fashion? On the other hand, meanness of apparel in elevated stations, and rejection of the useful merely because it is new, have also their appearance of evil,—the evil of covetousness, and of silly singularity.

Professing Christians should abstain from the *appearance of evil in their conduct*; not walking abroad on the Sabbath-day, unless passing to or from the house of God, or on the errand of benevolence, lest any should conclude vain recreation to be their object. Nor should they visit certain places of public resort, however innocently they could do so themselves, if others might be injured by their conduct. The Christian should live for others as well as for himself. It must not be said, "If I keep a good conscience toward God,

I will not be a slave to the views of others." Remember, the strong are called to *bear*, and to *bear with*, the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves. The follower should not forget that it is recorded of the Master, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." In this respect it is honourable to the cause of true religion that He has many imitators. From the living church many examples might be selected of those who so love the souls of others, and so fervently desire the glory of God, that they are willing even to forego their Christian liberty, rather than be the occasion of offending the feeble, and dishonouring God.

Chelsea.

N.

SCRIPTURE ALLEGORIES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT M. MACBRAIR, A.M.

No. II.—THE BURNING BUSH.

"I WILL now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." (Exod. iii. 3.) Moses did not then understand the symbol; but he afterwards learned its meaning during a sojourn of forty years in the wilderness. The bush was not consumed, because the flame that blazed in it was that of the Divine presence. Had it been any other kind of fire, whether lighted by man or kindled by the elements, the thorn* would have been speedily destroyed.

I was meditating, with Moses, upon this glorious subject, and admiring that the church in which God's presence dwells has burnt for so many thousand years; and that this Divine fire has preserved it amidst earthquakes and storms of every description; whilst every tree of human might and wisdom has sooner or later been brought to nought; when, methought, Satan approached, and asked permission (Job i., ii.) to try to destroy the burning bush of Horeb. Leave was granted. Not that there was any possibility of his succeeding in the enterprise; but in order more illustriously to show, by his failure, the power of the grace of God. The arch-fiend, however, thought not so; but hoped to thwart the purposes of Heaven's mercy toward the deeply-injured people of Israel.

He first called for an Egyptian wind, hot and pestilential, which parched and desolated the surrounding country; but it appeared only to add vigour to the sacred thorn, and cause it to send forth additional shoots. (Exod. i. 12, 20; and the plagues of Egypt.) He then dug round the bush, and cut off all its nourishment from the adjacent soil. (Exod. xvi.) Like a skilful General who prevents any supplies from entering into a besieged city, thinking to reduce it by famine; so Satan bared the bush to the very rock around which its roots were entwined. But his labour proved fruitless. For a dew from above fed it with an angelic kind of nourishment, which was called, for want of an earthly name, manna.†

The Prince of the power of the air (Eph. ii. 2) next forbade the clouds to rain upon the bush, (Numb. xx.) thinking that its moisture would soon be consumed, and that it would perish through its own heat and luxuriant vigour. So the heaven above became as brass, and the arid sand was like a flinty stone. The angels of darkness looked on, expecting to see the commencement of a withering process; but, after waiting for some time, they found that a spring had opened in the rock, by which an abundant supply of water was furnished.

* A species of thorn grows much in the deserts of Arabia, and it is supposed that the burning bush was of this description.

† *Manna* signifies, "What is it?"

The destroyer then mustered the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and equipped them with instruments of destruction, to try what furnished steel would do to cut down the object of his envy. (Numb. xxi.) Through their sturdy efforts, a few rotten twigs were brought to the ground; but not one healthy branch was injured by human arms. (Psalm xci. 7.)

Foiled in all their attempts to accomplish their design by forcible means, the powers of darkness now held a council of war. Various projects were thought upon and discussed, but immediately abandoned as hopeless. At last, an evil spirit suggested that though the bush could not be destroyed by open violence, or by cutting off its earthly supplies, yet it might be overcome by dint of stratagem. He said that he had observed cavities in some of the branches, and rottenness in the bark of others. He, therefore, proposed that a number of their host should go in the form of grubs, and, having obtained a lodgment in these carious parts of the tree, should endeavour to eat into the pith of its wood, and thus cause the separate boughs to decay and die. This plan was approved by the whole assembly, and forthwith put into execution. A host of murmurers crept into the bush, and, penetrating by its cavities and rotten parts, eventually destroyed the vital power of most of its branches. (Numb. xiv. 1, &c.) This lasted for the space of nearly forty years.

Tidings were then carried to the infernal regions, that only two of the old boughs remained, which were altogether impervious to the destroyers. (Deut. i. 30—38; ii. 14, 15.) Satan went to inspect the work; but, to his great mortification, perceived an immense number of sprouts shooting forth from the root, upon which the creeping host could make no impression. As he gazed upon these saplings, they grew with amazing vigour, and the bush became greater and stronger than it had ever been. The evil spirits were thus altogether foiled, and the burning bush grew until it overspread the land.*

I saw that the events of these forty years were an emblem of the church's history from that period to the present. Again and again have the "gates of hell" tried to destroy the burning bush; but, though all the powers of earth have been leagued with them, they have never gained their object. It has only been by the murmuring species, and other insects of worldly genera, that any success has been obtained; and then only for a short season, because new shoots have come forth and supplied the place of the withered branches.

The reason of this seemed wonderful to me. But when I considered the matter, I remembered that He who first appeared as a flame in the bush, and said to Moses, "My presence shall go with thee," afterwards declared to His people, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

Whilst musing upon how this glorious subject would apply to individuals, as well as to the church in general, I heard a manly voice, calm and sweet, proclaiming in my ears, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." On turning to see who was the speaker, I saw a venerable man, with his garments torn and besprinkled with blood; and walking heavily, as if his limbs were injured. Yet there was fire in his eye, and a holy smile played upon his features. I asked, "Who are you?"

He replied, "I am Saul of Tarsus."

"Where have you been to get into this trouble?"

"I have been scourged in the synagogue for Christ's sake; and we spent last night in the prison, with our feet in the stocks." (Acts xvi. 22—24.)

"You preach, Paul, that we should be always rejoicing!" (Phil. iv. 4.)

"Say, were you happy last night?"

"Yes, truly; never more so. We made the prison-walls echo with our praises, till angels came down to listen. Then there was a great earthquake, and a still greater in our jailer's soul; so that the harsh keeper and his family have been converted to the faith of Christ." (Acts xvi. 25—34.) "We triumph in every place." (2 Cor. ii. 14.) "We have been singing the song of victory, and are now going forth to new conquests."

Some time afterwards, whilst meditating upon St. Paul's declaration, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he again appeared to me, under rather different circumstances. He was coming from the sea-shore, drenched with spray, as if he had been in the water; and his benumbed limbs could scarcely support his tottering frame. I asked, with surprise, "What has happened to you, Saul of Tarsus?"

He answered, "A night and a day I have been in the deep." (2 Cor. xi. 25.)

"And were you not frightened at the roaring billows foaming around you, and the wildness of the storm, and the monstrous heads of the curling waves?"

"No: we are often troubled, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair." (2 Cor. iv. 8.) "I had hold of a plank; and I felt my grasp encased by a stronger hand than mine. Besides, an angel of the Lord was beside me;" (Acts xxvii. 23.) "and, whilst musing upon Divine things, the fire glowed in my heart," (Psalm xxxix. 3;) "so that I scarcely felt the cold. Christ's strength is made perfect in weakness; so that when I am weak, then I am strong." (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10.)

The form of this heroic man met my view on another occasion. He now seemed to be almost fainting from weariness and want of food. Upon my inquiring the reason of his having been deprived of needful rest and nourishment, he said, "I have been in the wilderness; and I know how to be hungry, and thirsty, and naked, and to lie down on the bare ground," (2 Cor. xi. 26, 27,) "like my Lord, who had not where to lay His head." (Matt. viii. 20.)

"And how did you feel under these circumstances? Did not hard thoughts enter into your heart?"

He replied, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Phil. iv. 11.) "And, like other Prophets in the desert, I had special manifestations of the Divine love and glory. I had visions of paradise and of the third heaven, so as to swallow up my pain in joy. Indeed, I could not tell whether I was in the body or out of the body, at that blessed time. Human language cannot express what I then heard and saw. It has immovably fixed my hope in God for time and eternity." (2 Cor. xii. 2—4.) "For me to live is Christ, and to die will be gain." (Phil. i. 21.)

Once more I caught a sight of Paul, as he was going into a town, in company with some disciples; and his strange appearance excited my utmost astonishment. "Saul of Tarsus, I have never seen you in such a plight as this. You are covered with dirt and bruises. There is scarcely a shred of your garment left. Your hair is dishevelled and clotted with blood. Your figure is worse than that of a man who has been mobbed in the streets. What has befallen you?"

"I have been stoned by the Jews, who thought they had killed me; but, as these brethren stood around me, Christ bade me rise." (Acts xiv. 19, 20.)

"And was it not awful to see a howling rabble rush forward to murder you; to hear their dreadful curses, and the stones rattling like a hail-storm to crush your bones?"

With downcast eyes, he meekly answered, "Have I ever forgotten the dying Stephen? Could the mob of Lystra be more violent than I was,"

(Acts xxvi. 11,) "when I madly commanded to stone the saintly proto-martyr? When we were gnashing upon him with our teeth," (Acts vii. 54,) "did he not smile upon us in pity, and pray for us with his dying breath?—a prayer which was answered in my conversion. Whilst we foamed and raged, did not Stephen fall asleep," (Verse 60,) "the only tranquil spirit on that mournful day? His dying look, and voice, and prayer have haunted my memory ever since." (Acts xxii. 20.) "They were vividly before my mind when I was recently placed in similar circumstances. So I took Stephen's Lord for my Saviour, and proved more than conqueror through Him that loved us." (Rom. viii. 37.)

As Paul passed on with his companions, I thought upon his first expression, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" and I now seemed to understand more fully what was meant by the burning bush of Horeb.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

Among the martyrs who suffered in the persecutions raised by the Roman Emperors against the early Christians, there were forty who endured martyrdom at the same time, in the city of Sebaste, in Armenia, a country of the East. They all belonged to the Roman army, and were in the strength and vigour of their age. They had received many rewards for their valour, and had been advanced to places of trust. But these earthly honours were not what most occupied their minds: they had become Christians, and were leading Christian lives. The General of the army was a Heathen, devoted to the service of idols; and he thought that, in order to conquer the enemy, he must sacrifice these Christians to the honour of his false gods. These faithful soldiers of Christ did not deny their profession: they refused to offer sacrifice to the idols, and were brought publicly before the judgment-seat on their refusal. When they received the Emperor's order to obey, they answered boldly that they were Christians, and that no tortures with which they could be threatened should force them to forsake their religion. Upon this they were cruelly tortured, and then put in prison, and confined there for a week, being fastened together by chains. It was the end of the winter, which is very cold in Armenia; and an east wind, which blew at that time, increased the severity of the cold. The Judge ordered these holy men to be stripped of their clothing, and exposed to the frost during the coldest part of the night, till the violence of it should cause their death. They went cheerfully to the place of their punishment, which was close to the public baths, that they might see relief at hand, if they were overcome with pain, and ready to deny their faith.

Amongst the various words with which they encouraged each other, they all prayed together to God, that He would preserve their number complete. This was fulfilled, but in a different sense from that in which they intended it; and may remind us of the fall of Judas, and the election of St. Matthias.

One of these forty fellow-sufferers yielded, and was carried into the baths to be restored by the warmth of the fire; but he did not save his temporal life, for he died as soon as he was brought in there. His place was supplied by a soldier who had charge of the baths, and who had been watching the martyrs: he hastened to join them, crying out that he was a Christian. He was bound with chains, and placed among them. At last they all expired from the cold; and their dead bodies were heaped together, and carried away to be consumed by fire. The youngest of all these martyrs, whose name was Meliton, was still living after all the rest were dead: the executioners brought

his mother to him, hoping that she would persuade him to deny his faith, and live. She was a poor woman, and a widow; but she had brought up her son in the knowledge of true wisdom. She now came to him, and found his limbs frozen, his breath short, and his speech gone: he could only look at her, and made signs to endeavour to console her. She exhorted him to persevere unto the end; and then with her own hands laid him on the chariot where the dead bodies of his companions had been placed, and followed him, rejoicing in his victory.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

It must have been a very strange and striking change that passed over the face of a prisoner at the bar, accused of blasphemy and treason, when, instead of turning pale with fear, his countenance shone with so much brightness, that "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

I never saw an angel, and none of those Judges on the bench had ever seen one; but they saw something in Stephen's face that made them think of an angel; and it seems to me that if I should meet one in the street, as some have been met, I should recognise him as a visiter from a better world. Stephen's face answered to the idea of an angel as it dwelt in the mind of the Judges. We all have an image of angelic form and beauty that comes to us in our meditative hours, when thoughts of holiness and heaven, and high enjoyment in God's service, are in our minds. In early life such images have come to us in our dreams; and we have brought with us from the realms of sleep the memory of angels as they have stood around our pillows, or beckoned us to come up higher. Jacob saw them in his sleep, and his dream was never forgotten. Still we do not know how "the face of an angel" looks.

Must it not be a face of exceeding purity? Is not that one thought suggested to the mind by an angelic countenance? Perfect sinlessness is reflected.

But more than this. With the expression of freedom from sin, must there not also be some indication of love to God and all that is good, glowing like the sun, and burning to glorify Him *אֲנִי* it longs to be like? These images of infinite purity and holy love are combined in the idea of an angel. The tame picture of beauty, such as the painters seem to be satisfied with, scarcely answers the type a good man forms of the face of an angel.

Happiness, perfect and supreme, must reign in the heart of angels, and shine in the face. And was it not thus with Stephen, with the scowls of a hostile council on him? Joy was beaming there, so that any one who looked at him would know that he was happy, though bonds and imprisonment and a cruel death were before him.

All God's people ought to wear pleasant faces. There is no virtue in frowns, no piety in sour looks, no sin in a genial smile. If the heart is full of love to God and love to man, it ought to be a heart full of joy.

The face of a Christian ought to be as much like the face of an angel, as it is possible for the earthly to resemble the heavenly. Holiness and happiness should beam in the features. Then the world would take knowledge of Christians, that they live with God and are like Him. Religion would be commended to those who have it not, as the source of highest joy. Angels would dwell with men; or at least we should often say of this or that saint, as we looked steadfastly on him, that his face is as "the face of an angel."

There is no poetry, no fancy, but practical truth, in this. Of all men in the world, the godly have the best right to be happy. And if the heart is right, the face ought to show it. Angels look happy because they are happy; and they are happy because they are always good and doing good.

THEOLOGY.

FAITH'S TRIUMPH OVER THE
GREATEST TRIALS.

A SERMON PRINTED IN 1660.

"By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac : and he that had received the promises offered up his only-begotten son."—Heb. xi. 17.

THIS chapter speaketh in commendation of the faith of many of the Patriarchs ; and Abraham is brought in among the rest. There are two things observable, which Abraham's faith strengthened him to do : one was to give up his country ; the other was to give up his son.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called" of God "to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." To leave our friends and our parents, to take our journey we know not whither, to live among we know not whom, to part with good land for a few good words, this were not an easy thing : sense derides it ; reason condemns it ; but faith can see more in God's promises than sense can understand ; and Abraham will leave his country when God calls him.

The second thing he is to part with is his son,—his only son. He must sail against wind and tide ; he must overcome not only the arguments of sense and reason, but also the pleadings of natural affection. God had given Abraham a son in his old age,—the child of many prayers, and an heir of life, according to the promise : and now God suddenly calls upon Abraham to give back his son, his very son Isaac.

Now, what doth Abraham do ? Doth he expostulate with God ? Doth he murmur ? Doth he repine ? No : he "offered up Isaac." As if he had said, "Lord, what is it that Thou callest for ? Is it for my only son Isaac, the son of my love, the son of Thy promise, the son of my age ? Verily, Lord, Thou shalt have him : it is true I love him well, but I love Thee better : I got him by believing, and I shall never lose him by obeying. Though I am a father, yet, Lord, Thou art a God. Without Thee, he had never been born ; and though I kill him, Thou canst quicken and raise him again. I shall never lose my Isaac, though I offer up my son ; for Thou hast said, 'In Isaac shall thy seed be called.'"

Now, the parts of these words are two : first, we have Abraham's great *trial* ; and then we have his *triumph*. Abraham was tried when God commanded him to offer up his son : he triumphed when, by faith, he obeyed the command. From these two parts I shall collect two propositions. The first is this : That strong and great trials may befall strong and great Christians. And the second is this : That faith will make a man acquit himself, even in the greatest trials.

Abraham's trial was very great.

He was to part with his only son, the child of promise, the child whom he loved. He was an old man, and could not hope that another would ever be born to him. And not only this, but he was to kill him, to slay him, and to offer him up, with his own hand : the tender father must take away the life of his tender child. No one could impose such a trial but a God : and none could answer such a trial but an Abraham.

For the full and clear opening of this point, I desire now to show you wherein the strength of a trial may consist ; and, also, why God is pleased to lay strong and great trials upon strong and great Christians.

The strength of a trial may consist in the nearness of the object we are compelled to lose. For a man to lose his money, is something ; but to lose his child, is much more. For David to lose his servant, is not so much ; but when he loses Absalom, then he cries out, "O Absalom, my son ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !" Yet David had many sons, and Abraham had but one. God is pleased many times to try His servants, by taking away the delight of their eyes, and the joy of their heart, and the hope of their lives.

A trial is also the more severe as it is more sudden. When the Prophet saw the cloud ascend out of the sea, being warned of abundance of rain, he hastened to escape. So, if a person have fore-notice of a cross that will befall him, he may be somewhat armed and prepared ; he may be able, in some measure, to bear his trial. But Abraham had gone on hoping and delighting in his son Isaac, until the day when God called him suddenly to sacrifice this only child.

Now the reasons why God layeth such strong trials upon strong Christians may

be these. First, grace will be obscure, and will scarcely show itself, unless there be trials. To St. Paul there was given a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet him; lest, when he was lifted up to the third heaven, he should be exalted above measure. He was oppressed with trials and temptations, that the grace of God might the more appear in his deliverance. They who have much grace, have also great conflicts: the soul is thus kept busy, and hath little leisure for glorying or admiring its own fulness.

Again, God is wise in all His actions; and so He proportioneth the affliction to the strength of him who is to bear it. A little blast is enough for a tender plant; but an oak, well grounded, may endure the strongest winds. A poor, weak Christian will be cast down by a little trial; but one who hath enriched himself with the promises of God, who hath had experience of His goodness, and who standeth by faith, he can endure a hard storm, he can bear great trials. The more his grace is exercised, the more he gaineth: he goeth "from strength to strength." He can say, with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" he can go through a great fight of affliction, and his faith will make him conquer all.

I come now to the second proposition; and that is this: That faith will make a man acquit himself in the greatest trials. Faith will enable a man to give back his dearest comfort again to God. Though Isaac lie in Abraham's bosom, though he lie at Abraham's heart, yet Abraham's faith will take him thence, and present him to God who gave him. Faith can take a mercy, and be thankful; and faith can part with a mercy, and be content. Paul had learned how to abound, and how to be in want; and this was the lesson of faith. If God give him any mercy, he is cheerful; if the Lord take away any mercy, he sits down with contentment, quieting his soul in patience. If God give him any mercy, he is not swollen with pride; if God take away any mercy, he is not cast down with sorrow. "Lord, I am unworthy of the least of all Thy mercies," saith faith. "Dost thou call for this blessing back again? Here it is, Lord: do as Thou pleasest." Like an honest debtor, he saith, "If thou wilt spare me a little, I will thank Thee; but if Thou wilt have all, here it is."

There is a double manner of acquitting ourselves: there is a yielding to necessity; and there is a pious, cheerful sub-

mission to God's will. A man who wants a lively faith may acquit himself in a trial; for when he sees that floods of tears will not help him, he resigns that comfort, he parts with that blessing, that he can keep no longer. But faith presents the comfort to God again when He calls it back. Abraham offers up Isaac with his own hand. "God," saith he, "is the Lord who gave him; and now God calleth for him again, and He shall have him." Thus faith acquits the soul in great trials, and makes a man sit down with much patience in great losses, to submit to God's call and to God's appointment.

Now, the reasons why faith can thus prevail may be these:—

First, faith can exalt God's will, and submit our wills to God. Remember this. God is the Author of mercy: when He will, He gives us; and when it pleaseth Him, He takes it from us. "It is well to have abundance," saith Nature; and Sense, "We cannot do without it." "No," saith Faith, "I will yield to God's will." "It is good to enjoy this," saith Sense. "It is better to part with it," saith Faith, "when God calls for it."

Secondly, faith can give God the glory of all outward comforts. This is a great means of quieting our souls, to find out the right owner of our comforts. God is the God of our bodies, of our souls, and of our comforts. We are but tenants at will; and whatsoever our outward estate may be, faith overlooks all, and submits all to God, and receives it by God's permission, and hears, as it were, God say, "I must do what I will with mine own." Faith makes a man acknowledge, "Nothing is mine own: my child is not mine own; my riches are not mine own." Faith resigns everything as God's due: faith renders unto God the things that are God's.

Thirdly, faith can make the soul acquit itself in great trials, because faith finds no loss by submission. All our unwillingness to part with any comfort doth arise from infidelity. Either we stubbornly desire to have and hold our comfort, contrary to God's will; or else we fear some damage will redound to ourselves, in parting with such a blessing. But faith sees safety only in obeying God's command and yielding up all into His hands, who is the Father of mercy and God of all consolation. Thus we see Abraham, being put to it about his only son, giving up his child, his Isaac. And God bestows Isaac upon Abraham again; nay, He gives him a further degree of blessing,

confirmed with an oath: "In blessing I will bless thee; and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven." This is ever true: faith makes a man give back a blessing, with this conviction,—that either God will restore the comfort to him, or else He will give him more, or a better, for it.

A fourth reason why faith makes a man acquit himself in all trials is, that faith can find all hopes made up in God alone. Faith doth look upon God as a most ample and universal good, a good that answers for all others, that abundantly makes up all losses. Many broken pieces of comfort must concur here to make up our outward good. Our children, our friends, our health, our riches, many of these are compounded together to make up our good below. But God is all this in Himself, and much more than this, to faith. What is it thou findest in a husband, a wife, a child, or a brother, that thou mayest not see in God? What is there in riches that thou mayest not have much more in God? A friend may counsel and direct thee, but he cannot deliver thee. A child may comfort thee, but who can comfort thee so much as God? Faith sees more in God than in all outward blessings. God and His favour, God and His gracious countenance, these alone support the Christian, these make up his comfort. In the want of all things, faith can comfort itself more abundantly in the favour of God.

A fifth reason why faith can make a man triumph in great trials is, that faith knows upon what terms we possess those outward comforts that we are called upon to resign. We possess them upon noivable titles. Here we have no abiding city. Our place and being here are but for a short time: all the creature is but vanity; it is of a shifting nature, and therefore it is said of riches, "They make to themselves wings." Riches are soon gone, honour is soon gone, life is soon gone. All our comforts are of a changeable nature, and that whercon we set our affection may be taken from us in a moment.

Thus I have opened these two points. There are now two uses which I will make of these two propositions.

The first use is this: Since great trials may befall Christians, then let us prepare for great trials; forasmuch as such afflictions and crosses may befall us.

There are two things that a man should always provide for: one is, while we live, to provide for death; the other

is, while we are in prosperity, to provide for affliction. Our outward condition is but a shadow: it hath a natural aptness to change. "Man is born unto trouble," saith Eliphaz, "as the sparks fly upward:" as if trouble were his natural sphere, wherein he is to move.

Thou canst not assure thyself of life, no, not for a moment, nor of any of these outward comforts. Thou mayest get assurance from God that He will save thee: thou canst not get assurance from Him that He will never try thee. Abraham was sorely tried, and Job, and David, and Dániel, men greatly beloved. So mayest thou be tried: the things nearest thy heart may be taken from thee in a moment. What is life, but a shadow? What is honour, but a blast? What are the things in which we pride ourselves so much? They are but as Jonah's gourd, which perished in a moment, and many times cause us sorrow and affliction. The loss of them is often a greater grief than the want of them: the staff on which we lean too strongly breaks, and pierces our hand. What is the wise man's verdict of all things under the sun? He concludes they are all vanity, nothing but "vanity and vexation of spirit." How little, then, are we to expect from them! how needful is it that we be ready and provided for a change!

For when these changes do befall us, when they strip us of our usual comforts, verily we are put to it. It is not so easy to bear the loss of a dear friend, or to give up wealth and honour, as it may seem. We may be very bold before affliction comes; but when adversities and trials fall upon us, we are soon ready to faint. It is with us as with a ship: when the sun doth shine, and the seas are calm, and the wind fair, then she goes on pleasantly in her motion; but when the storm cometh, what can keep her steady? In our easy days, in our days of peace, in our calm estate, then we can hold our heads well enough; but in our losses and crosses we shall hardly bear up, unless the Lord do mightily support us.

There are in the world some insensible persons, who are like the rock that nothing can break; who are so hardened, that though God do scourge them, yet they feel it not; though God threaten them, they fear not; though God's hand be even upon them, they regard it not. To such persons it is all one whether God bless or whether God curse; whether He speak by His word or by His rod: they feel nothing, they fear nothing.

But there is another sort of persons, who are sensible persons; sensible of God's love, and sensible of God's anger: they know that God is good and wise, and that He doth not strike off our comforts from us but upon some special cause. "Now," say they, "to stay upon God: it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good unto Him. God doth not deprive me of such a comfort but He seeth it best for me."

Beloved, it were good to learn this lesson; else it will cost thee something, in a near trial, to acquit thyself by faith. To submit to God's chastisement, to kiss the rod, to judge the sin, to bend the soul, to better the life, this were an excellent lesson for us in all our trials and afflictions.

Secondly: Since faith is that which will make a man acquit himself in great trials, then get faith, use faith. If there were no other reason but this, that faith is able to support us in our days of trial, and to give us comfort in our greatest sorrow, this were motive enough to make us labour for faith; the day of trial being so common, and we apt every moment to fall into some affliction.

Faith gives us comfort and assurance under every trial. It can eye God as our God; and though the storms be very great, yet God can quiet them. Faith assures the soul that God will put an end to the trial: for though there be changeableness in the outward condition, yet there is safety and stability in God. Though a man may look with a dull eye upon his loss, yet if he can look upon God with the eye of faith as his God, the absence of the creature cannot so much trouble him as the presence of a great and glorious God can comfort and support him.

Again: faith works in us submission to God's will. It fashions the heart and the mind to the condition; it makes us stoop to our burden, and that contentedly, knowing that God will not lay more upon us than we are able to bear. "I became dumb," saith David, "because thou didst it." Zacharias was made dumb because he believed not; but David was dumb because he believed in God. Unbelief procures dumbness as a judgment from God; but faith makes a Christian dumb from complaining: it quiets the soul from murmuring against God: it doth not make a person dumb so as not to pray and to praise God, but dumb in complaint.

Moreover, faith, as it is an active grace, to enable the soul for the per-

formance of duty, so is it also a passive grace, to strengthen the soul to suffer and bear affliction. "To you," saith the Apostle, "it is given, not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake."

Faith will call in strength enough to bear affliction. God is pleased to exercise a Christian with great trials; but faith carries the soul along through all. Faith bears God's trials with God's own strength. There is no cross nor affliction, but faith can find support in the promise of deliverance. Faith makes a man see the affliction, as it were, come out of the hand of the Lord, out of the hand of mercy. Faith discerneth God's purpose of love in the chastening He inflicteth. Faith sees all things measured out by God Himself, and taketh with patience the portion allotted to him. Faith enables a man to conquer himself; it silenceth all murmuring, and makes the soul to bear its cross with patience.

AGAINST MURMURING.

CONSIDER this, Christians, that of all men in the world you have the least cause, yea, no cause, to be murmuring and muttering under any dispensations you may meet with in this world. Is not God thy portion? (Iam. iii. 24; Eph. iii. 8; 1 Pet. i. 3, 4.) Chrysostom propounds this question,—"Was Job miserable when he had lost all that God had given him?" and gives this answer,—"No; he had still that God who gave him all." Is not Christ thy treasure? is not heaven thine inheritance? and wilt thou murmur? Hast thou not much in hand, and more in hope? hast thou not much in possession, but much more in reversion? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee a changed heart, a renewed nature, and a sanctified soul? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee Himself to satisfy thee, His Son to save thee, His Spirit to lead thee, His grace to adorn thee, His covenant to assure thee, His mercy to pardon thee? and wilt thou murmur? Hath He not made thee a friend, a brother, a son, a bride, an heir? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God often turned thy water into wine, thy brass into silver, thy silver into gold? and wilt thou murmur? When thou wast dead, did not He quicken thee? and when thou wast lost, did not He seek thee? and when thou wast wounded, did not He heal thee? and when thou wert falling, did not He support thee?

and when thou wert down, did not He raise thee? and when thou wert staggering, did not He establish thee? and when thou wert erring, did not He reduce thee? and when thou wert tempted, did not He succour thee? and when thou wert in danger, did not He deliver thee? and wilt thou murmur? What! thou that art so highly advanced, and exalted above many thousands in the world. Murmuring is a black garment, and it becomes none so ill as saints.—*Brooks.*

A JEWISH PARABLE.

A POOR man was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man, passing by in his chariot, took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked why he did not lay it on the chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had been allowed to be himself carried in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O foolish man!" was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able also to carry your burden?"

Oppressed and anxious Christian, do you not see in this man your own unbelief and folly? He who has accepted your person, and is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, expects you to cast upon Him all your burden of cares too; and He is able to sustain it.

ETERNITY! O ETERNITY!

IMMORTAL men, are you to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell? and are you losing yourselves among the vanities of this world? Will you never awake? Sleep on, then, and take your rest. But know you that the mists of death will soon gather around you. You will be laid upon a dying bed. Time has gone, and eternity has come. I see you lying there without a friend to help you in heaven or earth. I see you cast back your eyes on mispent Sabbaths, on murdered privileges, on wasted time. You remember the calls you once rejected. I hear you cry, "I had a soul, but prized it not; and now my soul is gone. Ten thousand worlds for one more year! ten thousand worlds for one more Sabbath in the house of God!" I look a little farther, and I see the perturbations of the troubled sky. The sign of the Son of Man appears in heaven. The last trumpet sounds.

That body which had been committed to the grave is organized afresh. It opens its eyes on the strange commotions of a dissolving world. It is forced to ascend. The judgment-seat is set in the clouds of heaven, and the books are opened. I hear you cry to rocks and to mountains to cover you; but rocks and mountains are sunk in the general ruin. The books are opened, and on a black page are spread out all the sins of your life. That page is held up before a frowning universe. The judgment ended, the Judge prepares to speak. God of mercy, save me from that hour! Eternal justice lowers upon His awful brow. His right hand grasps ten thousand thunders. With a look, before which heaven and earth flee away, He turns full upon His foes: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But I return: and, blessed be God, I still find myself on praying ground, and my dear hearers about me. This is not the judgment-day. But, my beloved friends, I expect soon to meet you at that bar, and give an account of my labours among you to-day. It is in full view of that awful scene, that I am speaking thus to you. I would not have you perish; but if you perish, I would clear my garments of your blood.—*Dr. Griffin.*

BEGIN TO-DAY.

LORD, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself; which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from some epinient festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day but to-day: the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal. The farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one, and so on, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant, therefore, that to-day I may hear Thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, hereupon, by Thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.—*Fuller.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

INSTINCT OF THE BEAVER.

A BEAVER arrived in this country in the winter of 1825, very young, being small and woolly, and without the covering of long hair that marks the adult animal. It was the survivor of five or six which were shipped at the same time, and it was in a very pitiable condition; lean, and with the coat all clogged with pitch and tar. Good treatment quickly restored it to health; it grew apace, plumped out, and the fur became clean, and in good condition. Kindness soon made it familiar. When called by its name, "Binny," it generally answered with a little, low, plaintive cry, and came to its owner. The hearth-rug was its favourite haunt in a winter evening; and thereon it would lie, stretched out at its length, sometimes on its back, sometimes on its side, and sometimes on its belly, expanding its webbed toes to secure the full action of a comfortable fire on them, but always near its master. The building-instinct showed itself early. Before it had been a week in its new quarters, as soon as it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way, it immediately went to work. Its strength, even before it was half-grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that it came over his shoulder, and advancing with the load in an oblique direction, till it arrived at the point where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longer ones were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other ends projecting out into the room. The area formed by the crossed brushes and the wall he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building-materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, "judge it." This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the material "judged," and sometimes it was left in its place. It has been asserted, and in some degree proved, that the song of birds depends on that which they first hear; but their nest-making seems to be the result of innate instinct. "Binny" must have been captured too young to have seen any of the building-operations of his parents or their co-mates; but his instinct impelled him to go to work under the most unfavourable circumstances; and he busied himself as earnestly in constructing a dam, in a room up three pair of stairs in London, as if he had been laying

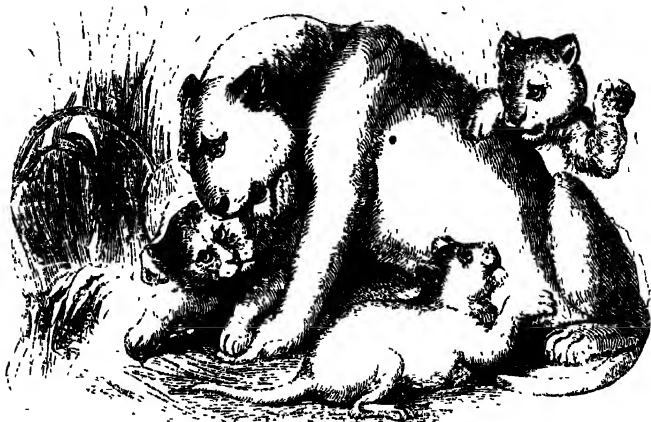
his foundation in a stream or lake in Upper Canada.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

THAT leeches are sensitive to the approach of thunder-storms is well known. Cowper, the poet, gives an interesting account of a leech, which he kept as a barometer, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10th, 1787.—"Yesterday," he says, "it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle, which foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. Not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of early and accurate intelligence he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder,—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him." Dr. Merryweather, of Whitby, in Yorkshire, has constructed what he calls a "tempest prognosticator," with leeches for the basis of the plan. He arranges a frame of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. Accordingly, when a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. Hitherto, after a year's experience, it is found that no storm escapes notice from the leeches. Dr. Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches.

THE LIONESSE.

THE lioness is considerably smaller than her royal mate, and at once distinguished from him by the absence of the mane: her form is more delicately framed, and her movements are more strikingly graceful than those of the lion. She is also endowed with a greater buoyancy of spirit, which compensates in a great measure for her inferiority in physical strength. She is, besides, much more agile and ardent in her passions; so that she is, on that account, as formidable an enemy to meet with as the lion himself. She differs from him materially in the manner in which she carries her head; that



of the lion being alway elevated, giving him that hauteur which has been constricted into elevation of sentiment, while the lioness always carries her head in a level with the line of her back, which greatly detracts from the natural vivacity of her countenance, and conveys a look of sullenness.

There are few animals more tenderly attached to their offspring than the lioness. This inherent property produces in her an astonishing change of demeanour whenever she becomes a mother for, it has been observed, that lionesses which were in the highest state of domestication, have laid aside every vestige of their former docility when they have cubs. On such occasions, all her former attachments are abandoned, and old-established friendship is no longer a safeguard to those approaching her. In this condition, she guards her young with a watchful feverishness, which keeps her in continual excitement, and, on the slightest grounds, she breaks out in violent and terrific fits of rage; and, so tremendous is her fury at times, that the bars seem insufficient to confine her.

The lioness goes with young five months, and produces from two to eight at a birth, and the young ones are generally somewhat striped like a tiger, till they have nearly reached their adult state. They are five years in arriving at perfection.—*Captain Thomas Brown.*

THE PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.

THAT agitation of the surface to which the term earthquake is applied, appears to be due to the same cause which produces a volcanic eruption; namely, the energy of subterranean elastic vapours* struggling to find a vent. Hence, while most common in

volcanic districts, the shocks are most severe at a distance from volcanoes, as if the latter afforded passage for the eruptive energy, which, at other points, fissured and upheaved the surface, in order to effect its disengagement. In some countries, slight tremors of the ground are experienced daily, or after intervals of a few days, but though often sufficiently strong to displace various objects, they excite no alarm from inflicting no damage. Thus, at Lima, on the Peruvian coast, an average of forty-five shocks may be expected in the year. They occur mostly in the latter part of October, in November, December, January, May, and June. Experience also there gives reason to conclude that not more than two desolating visitations have marked the course of a century, occurring after intervals of from forty to sixty years, as, since Europeans have known that region, the eras of considerable catastrophe have been the years 1586, 1630, 1687, 1713, 1746, and 1806. The movements of the surface during an earthquake are variously vertical, horizontal, and undulatory, or whirling. Low rumbling noises, resembling distant thunder, or sharp sounds, like the clanking of chains and discharges of artillery are commonly heard in a great convulsion. Extensive fissures and chasms are frequently opened near the centre of a shock; streams are diverted from their course by the up-lifting of their beds; large tracts are permanently elevated, and the soil suffers in fertility; luxuriant lands often becoming barren wastes after violent commotions, incapable for several years of producing a thriving vegetation. These changes transpire almost instantaneously, the most destructive earthquakes being the shortest in duration, amounting to little more than the paroxysm of a few moments. The great earthquake of Lisbon, November 1st, 1755, was over in about six minutes; the three shocks which

reduced the city of Caracas to ruins, March 26th, 1812, transpired in the space of fifty seconds; and the principal convulsion which levelled the city of Concepcion with the ground, February 20th, 1835, lasted but six seconds. Peculiar atmospheric phenomena are frequent, though not infallible, prognostics of a crisis approaching. Dr. Von Tschudi remarks, that the native Peruvians are seldom wrong in predicting an earthquake from their observation of the atmosphere; and that many persons have an obscure perception of the catastrophe, experiencing a feeling of restlessness, a pressure of the breast, as if a heavy weight were laid on it. It is certain that some animals instinctively apprehend the danger. On the morning so fatal to Concepcion, its inhabitants were surprised to observe the sea-fowl simultaneously change their habits, passing over the city in immense flocks, from the coast towards the interior; and it is a well-ascertained fact, that in the adjoining town of Talcahuano, the dogs all left the place before it fell.

The extent of country through which a shock is felt, called the area of concussion, is proportioned to its severity. This formed an ellipse, in the case of the Lisbon earthquake, the longer axis of which extended three thousand miles from the Canary Islands to Abo in Finland; the shorter axis stretching from the north-west of Ireland to the head of the Adriatic Sea. The rapidity with which a shock is propagated depends likewise upon its intensity; the rate diminishing with increasing distance from the point of greatest intensity.

There are no natural events so formidable and fatal to man as the earthquake; but, happily, while extensive areas of the surface participate in the shock, its desolating effects are confined to comparatively narrow limits; and, as far as experience at present goes, the more dreadful visitations are only known after considerable intervals in particular districts. Southern Europe, Iceland, part of the West Indies, central America, the north and west coasts of South America, northern India, the Indian Archipelago, the shores of the Red Sea, Asia Minor, the countries around the Caspian Sea, Syria, and Palestine, are the principal earthquake regions of the globe. The frequent occurrence of these great physical convulsions in the latter district, the land of the Bible, is indicated by the common introduction of imagery derived from them by the sacred writers. The mountains trembling, and the perpetual hills bowing down; the wilderness shaking; the earth reeling to and fro like a drunkard, and being removed like a cottage, are not imaginative pictures. They are scenes copied from real incidents; and are not only true to nature, but disclose a fact in relation to the phenomena, which nature does not teach, or only very feebly, to the dull apprehension of men:

"The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sion like a young unicorn.
The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire;
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

SUCCESS IN HOME TRAINING.

"You have been very successful in educating your children," said Mrs. J., a young mother, to her friend and neighbour, Mrs. W., whose children were nearly all grown up, and promised to be ornaments to society. "I wish to avail myself of the instruction to be derived from your experience."

"I do not feel competent to give instruction to any one," said Mrs. W. "In regard to this, as in regard to other duties, we do not need instruction so much as we need grace. We can readily learn what our duty is; but to do it is not so easy. I found the Bible very clear in laying down my duty in regard to the education of my children: I could see, very clearly, what I ought to do; but I came far short of doing it."

"You have been greatly blessed in your children."

"I have had unspeakable reason to be thankful for what God has done for them."

"It is understood that you took great pains with their education. I should be greatly obliged if you would tell me the course you pursued. When did you begin the work of their education?"

"As soon as they were born. When a child was born, I felt that God had given it to me to be trained for Him. My first efforts were directed to the care of its health, and to prayer. Prayer I regard as one of the most important parts of the work of education."

"How early did you attempt to communicate religious instruction?"

"Almost as soon as the child was born. Impressions can be made before ideas can be communicated. I took care that it should hear only the tones of affection, and witness only the expressions of love. I think a great impression can be made upon the young mind in this way, before it can receive ideas by means of language. Another thing

I deem very important. The child should see that the parent has intercourse with, and relies upon, a higher power. I would have the first ideas of God communicated to the child by means of the prayers of the parent. The child should see and feel that the mother has one on whose affection she relies with the same confidence the child feels towards the mother."

"When your children were old enough to converse, how often did you give them formal religious instruction?"

"I never had any set time for that duty. I endeavoured to connect religious instruction with all our conversation. I wished them to feel that religious conversation was a matter of course. I wished them to feel that it was as natural to have reference to the will of God in all their amusements and actions, as it was to have reference to the will of their parents. Of course, I laboured to impress them with the conviction that the will of God was superior in authority to the will of their parents."

"Did you early make known to them the consequences of sin in the future world?"

"I took care that they should perceive that the misery with which sin is visited in eternity, is the natural and necessary consequence of sin. The first idea which I aimed to develop was, as I have already said, the idea of God. The next was the idea of duty, of right and wrong. I never gave any reason why they should do right. I took it for granted that the obligation would be recognised as soon as the right was perceived. I think that parents often err, by always attaching the idea of reward to doing right, and of punishment to doing wrong. We are to do right because God made us for that purpose. I believe a child is capable of receiving that truth at a very early age."

"Did you early teach the doctrine of depravity?"

"I did. I aimed to impress this truth in connexion with the way of salvation through Christ."

"Is it not a very difficult work to make a child understand the way of salvation?"

"It depends upon what you mean by 'understanding the way of salvation.' I do not suppose that a child can understand the reasonings and philosophical explanations given by professed theologians; but a child can understand the fact that Christ loved him and died for him. By the aid of the Holy Spirit, for whose influence we should constantly pray, a very young child may be convinced of sin, and be made to feel that salvation can come only through the blood of Christ."

"As your children grew older, did they not sometimes manifest an unwillingness to converse on religious subjects?"

"Most of my children, I trust, became savingly interested in the truths of religion at an early age. I was careful not to intro-

duce religious topics unseasonably; or rather, I had constantly aimed to make them feel that such topics were never unseasonable. I made it the great business of my life, and the burden of my prayers, that my children might be consecrated to God from their earliest youth. God has, I trust, mercifully heard my prayer. If we make it the first business of our lives to train our children for Him, He will give us wisdom and grace, and will bless our labours."

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. B. to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. B. was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room; and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand. "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet. Go up-stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sully.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up-stairs this moment!"

Mrs. B. spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother: she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room, and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. B. said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out, and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her

that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words, until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, Sir," she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master H. withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips as far as he could. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant; or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There, there; not too fast. you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

H. settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped; but, in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised: it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil; or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, —his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this too to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you, over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that tea. I declare I am out of all patience

with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

H. went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make, that the bearing of them all in his mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again, very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back, and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. B. was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident: she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back; but said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim. you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene similar to the above was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behaviour, the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. B. rarely said anything to H. about his unruly manner; but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly, yet firmly, spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage. at least, he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. B., after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order: "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him for ever; but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. B. sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject; but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. B.," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good," Mr. B. spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to H., I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. B.'s face was crimsoned in an instant. she felt the reproof deeply: her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which

she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry; and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed, over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard H.'s voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical: the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she said to herself; and went in to H., who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise: his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under there," returned Mrs. B., as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O, yes! so they are," cheerfully replied H. "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked

up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. B. plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked. "No, mamma," he replied cheerfully: "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother: she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. H. never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice, Mrs. B. found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner; but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper; and, instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. B. to his wife, after H. had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed: their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by: during all this time, the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed: the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good; but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will, and deform his fair young face.

Whenever "mothers complain to Mrs. B. of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give; and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

OUR SERVANTS.

THE CONSISTENT SERVANT.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

THE light of religion has sometimes been carried, by a domestic servant, into a habitation where spiritual darkness previously reigned. The humble witness for her Lord has testified effectually of His saving grace, and a family has in consequence emerged out of darkness into marvellous light. And it is of great moment, both to the individual

and also to the interests of the kingdom of God, that every professor of the Saviour's religion should shine as a light of the world, and be as the salt of the earth. No doubt the Christian reader has often asked the question, "How shall I best promote the honour of my Saviour's name among those with whom I have daily intercourse?" This is an important inquiry, and deserves your most serious consideration. One thing in relation to it I would have you carefully to

regard,—*Christian consistency*; and by that I mean, always act conformably to your station in life, and in harmony with your religious profession. And whatever the character of the family in which you reside, bear in mind you are not to display your religion by assuming the office of spiritual teacher, but endeavour to make a right impression on all around, by the indirect influence of a suitable deportment. Occasions will occur in which servants are called openly to declare, and firmly to maintain, their religious principles, at some cost and hazard; and in this way they may powerfully reprove the deviation from what is right in their unscrupulous employers. If ever they are required to violate the law of God, it will be their duty unhesitatingly to reply, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" and not to fear the temporal loss or suffering such conduct may entail, since it is sure to secure the countenance and favour of God. Joseph's purity and fidelity cost him his place in the house of Potiphar, and secured him a dungeon; but he carried with him into the prison the satisfaction which springs from a good conscience, and the favour of his heavenly Father; and he, who but for that painful trial might have remained all his life a captive in the family of one of Pharaoh's officers, rose by means of it to a station next to the King, and became the instrument of preserving his own family, and "saving much people alive."

But the religious influence which I conceive a servant will generally exert, will arise less from what she *says* than from what she *does*. It is almost impossible to overrate the power of consistency. There are but few people who have not their moments of serious observation and reflection. The piety of the servant which was the drawback with her irreligious employer on her engagement, may become her chief recommendation. A well-governed temper, a desire to please, a readiness to obey, and a respectful deportment, (and without these religion is a mere pretence,) are sure, sooner or later, to make an impression in favour of the servant in whom they exist, and will be rightfully attributed to that godliness from which they spring.

There is an error into which we are all liable to fall; to acquaint ourselves with the duties of others, rather than those which pertain to ourselves. Servants, for example, may be very familiar with St. Paul's directions to masters, while perhaps they have only just glanced at those which relate to themselves. That masters owe many duties to their servants is perfectly clear, duties which are enjoined by Divine authority, and which cannot be neglected or violated without peril to their souls; yet it is no part of a servant's calling to teach a master what those duties are: she is only held responsible for the performance of her

own. On this point you must be clear. It is necessary to your own peace of conscience and the continued enjoyment of the favour of God; while, if your master fail in his, be content to know that he is subject to his Master in heaven, before whose tribunal he must stand. It is not, of course, intended by these remarks, that a servant is bound to continue in the employ of those who habitually violate their duties; but simply that she is not responsible to God for their transgressions, and that, as long as she continues in the service of such, she should act her part with fidelity, doing service not unto men but unto God. In a word, mind that *you* are right, whoever else is wrong; for "every one shall give account of himself to God."

I have often been grieved to hear masters and mistresses complain that their domestic comforts are frequently interrupted by the conduct of their servants. I have thought it worth while to inquire into the precise nature of their domestic grievances, in order to ascertain whether some method might not be adopted for their removal. It is a serious thing to interfere with the happiness of a family. Home should be the happiest place in the world. God gave His Son that in Him all the families of the earth should be blessed; and that person is guilty of a grave offence who acts in a family in such a way as to prevent this blessedness from being realised. How lamentable that this gracious purpose of God is not in every house secured! And why not? Whatever truth there may be in these complaints, I am far from thinking that the fault rests *alone* with servants. Yet they might frequently do more than they do to promote so desirable an object. It is not generally alleged against them that they are dishonest, untruthful, or positively disobedient, so much as that they display a spirit above their station, a love of dress and of personal indulgence, and a want of interest in the welfare of their masters and their families. The charge resolves itself into one of *selfishness*; an evil which cannot be too carefully guarded against. Servants, on entering a family, should at once feel that they are part of it, and that they are bound by the strongest obligations to seek its good; for if one member be at liberty to indulge in ease and the gratification of self, without any regard to the claims of the rest, why may not all? and only let selfishness be the established rule among the members of a family, and there will be a speedy end of concord and affection. When a servant takes up her abode in any family, it would be well if she would always adopt some such resolution as the following:—"I resolve that while I remain beneath this roof, it shall ever be my careful study to do my best to contribute to the happiness of all those with whom I am associated, whether as a servant to my employers, or as the fellow-servant of

others. The peace of this dwelling shall never be disturbed by me, nor the anxieties and cares of its head increased by my negligence. I will endeavour to guard against those feelings of selfishness which cannot be indulged without inflicting injury upon others, and every temptation to forget that my providential lot in this house is not to command, but to obey. I will not serve with mere eye-service, but in the fear of God. I will not be indifferent to the approbation of those I serve; and if diligence, fidelity, and the best exercise of my abilities can secure it, I shall obtain it. Above all, my daily aim shall be to please God, and to secure the testimony of a good conscience. I shall also feel it my duty every day to pray that the blessing of 'the God of the families of the earth' may rest upon us, and that we may so live together on earth as finally to form a part of the great family in heaven." And who can tell how large the accession which would be made to the general sum of domestic happiness, were such to become the universal resolve of domestic servants? And let me say, in reference to religious servants, *consistency demands it of them.*

May I give you a word of friendly advice respecting your conduct in relation to those special favours, gratinities, or indulgences you may receive? What is intended kindly, accept gratefully. Whether they are large or small, deserved or undeserved, never claim them as your *right*. It is not desirable for either masters or servants to be perpetually standing upon their rights. The former may sometimes give beyond the stipulated amount, and the latter may render a service of care and affection beyond the mere letter of the agreement. In families especially, the law of kindness should prevail. But in no instance abuse this liberality, or conclude, when generously treated, that you must needs deserve it all. There are cases in which good servants have been spoiled by presents, as in those instances in which pride, haughtiness, and self-importance are the result. "I can seldom," said an aged and Christian matron one day, "keep my servants with comfort more than two years; for, being rather indulgent, after that time they take upon themselves such airs, that when I have tried a third year, I have generally had cause to regret it." Yet, why should this be the case? It would not be so, if servants were not blind to their own interests; for it is very probable that a servant would not have left such a situation a week, without feeling, upon reflection, that she had taken a very foolish step; and perhaps months would elapse before she would meet with one offering half the privileges and comforts of that she had so lightly and ungratefully surrendered. Learn to know when it is well with you, and contentedly and affectionately serve those who kindly and gener-

ously trust and reward you. Be not restlessly desirous of change, unless you are sure of improving your condition.

Aim at diffusing happiness around you. Place those in whose service you are, under obligation to your affectionate consideration. There is a beautiful instance in Old-Testament story which I select for your imitation. You will find it in 2 Kings v. You are familiar with the narrative. I refer to the Israelitish maid who waited on the wife of Naaman, the Syrian General. He was a leper, and her situation afforded her an opportunity of observing his sufferings. Her heart was touched with sympathy for the afflicted nobleman. I doubt not but she prayed to her God in his behalf; and probably it was in answer to her prayers that she was directed to speak of the Prophet of Samaria. There is great benevolence towards Naaman, as well as faith in God, expressed in the simple words, "And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the Prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." And this generous feeling was the more remarkable, as the temptation on her part would naturally be to animosity and revenge. For she was a captive, a *slave*, and not their lawful servant. She had been forcibly torn from her home, the land of her fathers and her God, by a ruthless banditti, and placed among idolaters, whose sinful worship she condemned as an offence against her Lord. She might have deemed herself under no obligation to show kindness to those who held her in unjust and cruel bondage. But her religion taught her to love and not to hate even her enemies. And we are sure that her conduct had been such, in her new and trying situation, as to gain her a reputation for sobriety and truthfulness. Her sincere and faithful wish respecting her master, not only attracted attention, but gained credit, so that the King and Naaman united to act upon it. And when her lord returned, perfectly cured of his leprosy, his flesh being like the flesh of a child, how must her kind and benevolent heart have beat with joy! And how full was that joy, when she knew that not only was Naaman healed in body, but that in heart he had renounced idolatry, and confessed that there was no God in all the earth beside the God of Israel, her *own* God, and the God of her fathers! She forgot her own wrongs and sufferings in her master's health and happiness. She was *consistent*: she acted in harmony with her religious character and her station in life.

At the close of that narrative, mention is made of another servant, whose character stands out in admonitory contrast to hers; a servant far more highly favoured, the attendant of that Prophet of whom the little maid had spoken so reverently, and in whose miracle-working power as a messenger of the Most High she had such confidence.

The captive maid was faithful among idolaters: Gehazi was unfaithful while the servant of the Prophet. In bondage she sought the good of her heathen master: Gehazi, though free, and enjoying the confidence of the Prophet, belied and misrepresented him for selfish purposes, in a case where his master's honour, and the glory of the Lord, were directly concerned. Under what disadvantages the Israelitish maid held fast her integrity, and displayed the spirit of her religion! while Gehazi, possessing the highest outward privileges, proved unfaithful, covetous, and a liar.* We

are not informed what were the rewards of the "little maid" if she got none from earth, she would receive full satisfaction from heaven. We know the curse that fell upon Gehazi; and fearful as was that leprosy of body, still more distressing was the inward curse which fell upon his soul.

Forget not the *consistent* maid of Israel, and the *inconsistent* servant of a Prophet; and pray that you may have grace to teach you and guide you aright in all the paths of duty, and then great shall be your reward in the inward peace, blessing, and favour of your God and Saviour.

POETRY.

THE FULLNESS OF JESUS

I LAY my sins on Jesus, Lev. xvi. 21.
The spotless Lamb of God Heb. ix. 11.
He bears them all, and frees us Heb. ix. 28.
From the accursed load. Gal. iii. 13.
I bring my guilt to Jesus, Acts xiii. 38, 39.
To wash my crimson stains Rev. vii. 14.
White in His blood most precious, 1 Pet. i. 19.
Till not a spot remains. Eph. v. 27.

tell my wants to Jesus; 1 Pet. v. 7.
All fulness dwells in Him Col. i. 19.
He healeth my diseases, Psalm ciii. 3.
He doth my soul redeem. Gal. iv. 4, 5.
I lay my griefs on Jesus, Heb. iv. 15.
My burdens and my cares Psalm lv. 22.
He from them all releases, Isai. lxi. 9.
He all my sorrows shares. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

I rest my soul on Jesus, Deut. xxxiii. 27.
This weary soul of mine; Matt. xi. 28.
His right hand me embraces, Cant. ii. 6.
I on His breast recline. John xiii. 23.
I love the name of Jesus, 1 John iv. 19.
Immanuel, Christ the Lord; Matt. i. 23.
Like fragrance on the breeze, Cant. i. 3.
His name is spread abroad. Phil. ii. 9, 10.

I long to be like Jesus,— 1 John iii. 2.
Meek, loving, lowly, mild; Matt. xi. 29.
I long to be like Jesus,— 1 Pet. ii. 21.
The Father's holy Child. Acts iv. 27.
I long to be with Jesus, Phil. i. 23.
Amid the heavenly throng; Rev. vii. 9.
To sing with saints His praises, Rev. v. 13.
To learn the angels' song. Rev. xiv. 3.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

My God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer Thyself hast taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast call'd me to resign
What mosh I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was Thine,
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God! to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day!
Blend it with Thine! and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done"

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

BY COLERIDGE.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits

Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this
canting strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man
obtain?

Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain,
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath
slain?

Greatness and goodness are not means, but
ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always
friends,

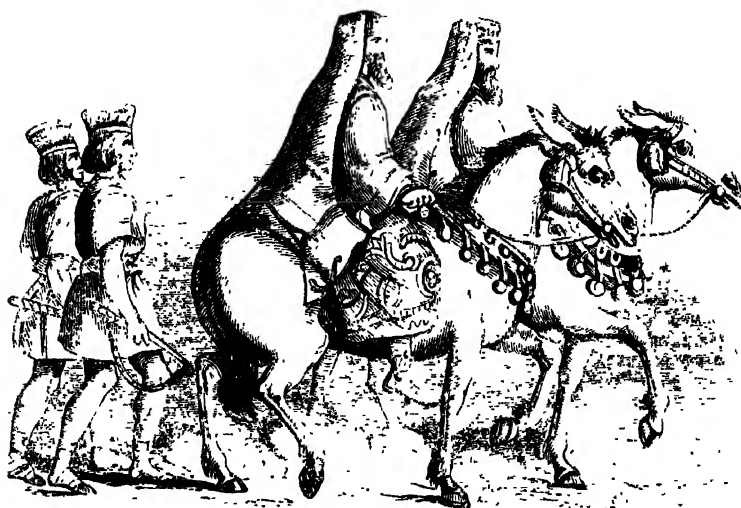
The good great man? three treasures,—
love, and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's
breath;

And three firm friends, more sure than day
and night,—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



WHITE ASSES.

IN Judges v. 10, those who "ride on white asses" are Princes and nobles. It is observed by the excellent annotator in the "Pictorial Bible," that commentators have been rather perplexed by the expression, from not being able to understand that there were asses that could be described as positively white. Some have therefore chosen to refer the whiteness not to the asses, but to their trappings or furniture; while others, taking the Arabic sense of the word, render it "streaked" or "parti-coloured asses," and understand it to mean a sort of zebra. But, in the first place, asses perfectly white are by no means uncommon in Western Asia. They are usually in every respect the finest of their

species, and their owners certainly take more pride in them than in any other of their asses. They also sell at a much higher price; and those hackney ass-men, who make a livelihood by hiring out their asses to persons who want a ride, always expect better pay for the white ass than for any of the others. The higher estimation in which they are held is indicated by the superior style of their furniture and decorations; and, in passing through the streets, the traveller will not fail to notice the conspicuous appearance which they make in the line of asses which stand waiting to be hired. The worsted trappings are of gayer colours, the beads and small shells are more abundant and fine, and the ornaments

of metal more bright. But, above all, their white hides are fantastically streaked and spotted with the red stains of the henna plant; a barbarous kind of ornament, which the western Asiatics are also fond of applying to their own beards, and to the tails and manes of their white horses. As we are unwilling to suppose that the Hebrews

disfigured these beautiful animals in this style, we certainly prefer the simple sense of "white." These white asses being less common than others, and being usually larger and finer, we can easily understand why it should be a sort of distinction to ride them, in a country where horses were not employed.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. JOHN KAY,

OF GOODSHAWFOLD, BACUP CIRCUIT.

MR. KAY was born at Elton-Banks, near Edenfield, Lancashire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His parents, Robert and Ann Kay, were stated hearers in the Established Church; and, though strictly moral in their conduct, knew nothing of the power and consolations of the Gospel. Under their training, John was not likely to become openly immoral; but his childhood and early youth passed away without his receiving any very deep convictions of the importance of vital godliness. His youth was spent principally at Flaxmoss, near Haslingden, where he regularly attended the service of the Church of England. His grandfather, who lived near, and was a devout Methodist, entered into earnest conversation with John, and his younger brother Thomas; and by prayer sought their conversion to God. Such simple and pious efforts could not be lost; and very soon after, John became the subject of serious impressions, and sought Christ as a humble penitent. On his removal to Burnley, shortly after this, his lot was cast in a pious Methodist family. In this house it was his privilege to join daily in family worship. God gently opened his way. He now regularly attended the Methodist chapel. His heart was soon stricken under the word: he joined the Society, and very soon after found peace, through believing in Jesus. This was about the year 1792. He continued steadfast in the faith; and, in spite of sore temptations, grew in wisdom and piety. Some four years after his conversion to God, he was appointed Leader of a class; and continued to discharge the duties of that important office, to the edification of many, for upwards of fifty years.

Several years after his appointment to a class, he was necessitated, on account of his business, to remove to Goodshawfold, about three miles from Rawtenstall. There was no Methodist chapel within several miles. Mr. Kay, however, did not merge his peculiar and conscientious principles, in order to avail himself of services where he deemed the whole "truth as it is in Jesus" was not set forth. He was a Methodist from con-

viction, and set a high value on everything pertaining to a full, free, and present salvation. The nearest Wesleyan chapel was at Haslingden; and thither he went, over rugged hills, every Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, to meet his class, and to attend public worship.

At length, a chapel having been built at Rakefoot, about a mile from Goodshawfold, Mr. Kay united himself with the Society there, and continued, to the day of his death, very efficiently to occupy various offices connected with it. His unusual stability, peaceable disposition, and general moral worth obtained for him a reputation, where he was best known, that nothing but true piety can secure. He was eminently the friend of the poor, and well understood the Saviour's injunction, "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee," &c. To those in his employment he showed a considerate Christian kindness, and manifested a scrupulous anxiety to render to all under his direction "the things which are just and equal;" remembering that he, too, had "a Master in heaven." He did not, however, escape the shafts of calumny; but his consolation was that the accusations made against him were false. With pure heart and conscious integrity, he could lift his hands to heaven, saying, "Thou knowest the way that I take; and when Thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Those who knew him most intimately could not but admire the piety, probity, and consistency which directed his whole character; and one closely associated with him in business said, after his decease, "If there be a man that deserves well of every one, this is he."

For more than half a year before he died, he was unable to attend the service of the sanctuary; but when his heart and flesh failed, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion for ever. The affliction that brought him to the grave was paralysis. The calm and settled confidence of his last days was in remarkable accordance with the habitual and humble piety of a long life. A short time before his death, one of his daughters asked him to lift his hand, if he felt tranquil, happy, resigned. He did so at once, with all his remaining strength; and immediately expired, May 10th, 1847, in

the seventy-sixth year of his age. "The memory of the just is blessed." *

Though Mr. Kay's career was not calculated to arrest public attention, it was of a character that could not fail to be a blessing while he lived; and to excite surprise, when dead, among those who knew him well, that they had not loved him more. The church felt as if a pillar had been removed; and the neighbourhood that it had lost one of its brightest examples of piety and integrity.

None who knew him could fail to mark his wisdom and prudence. His words were few; but he was at the utmost distance from anything cynical or morose. When perplexing affairs arose in the church, Mr. Kay's advice was generally, if not always, sought for, acted upon, and, as a most indefatigable Leader observed, seldom without the best results. His conversation, though it displayed the cheerfulness of true piety, was never depreciated by "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient." Like the wise virgins, he kept his lamp trimmed and burning, by reading of the Scriptures, prayer, and self-examination, endeavouring to conduct himself toward all in humility, charity, and uprightness.

The deep seriousness of his character was enlivened by the joys of vital piety, and warmed by a devout, enlarged liberality. He delighted in promoting the truth. He was a ready and liberal helper in the promotion of various Christian institutions; and what he gave seemed enhanced in value by the cheerfulness and gratitude with which he cast it into the Lord's treasury. Though somewhat taciturn, there was that about him which rendered him a great favourite among the children of the Sabbath-school. What his love lacked in outward display, was supplied by the unvarying kindness of his disposition. His love to God and man, like the heat in the metal, pervaded his whole character. It was quiet, but intense. It lacked the glare of profession; but it filled his heart, and directed his entire conduct. His humble love to God rendered patient submission easy. As a man engaged in business, he had his share of trial; and, in some instances, it was of the severest character; but he was seldom, if ever, known to murmur.

He was earnestly attached to Wesleyan

Methodism, and maintained its discipline firmly, but with the utmost kindness. He was remarkably punctual in his attendance on the means of grace; and received every quarterly ticket, except two, at the hands of the officiating Minister. He had an evident pleasure in filling up his allotted sphere in the church. Being convinced in his judgment, he was no waverer, but steadily maintained his course to the last. Like Obed-edom, the ark rested in his house, and for more than forty years, his neighbours had the privilege of meeting there for prayer and the hearing of the word of life.

Mr. Kay ruled well his own house, having his children in subjection. God's promise has not failed him. In this matter he was an eminent pattern of piety. It is not improbable that Mr. Kay's mind received its first impression of the supreme importance of this duty when he was an inmate of that pious family in Burnley, where he became convinced of sin, and began his religious career. Having been converted to God, and finding himself at the head of a family, he had respect to the *order* of God's commands; and reading, "The promise is unto you and your children," he plainly saw that the very next duty to the seeking of personal religion, was a careful attention to the conversion of his children. He felt that no public duty could excuse the neglect of this. He never lost sight of it. No day passed by but they were assembled for family worship. The salvation of his family was his business; and God, who never fails, sent the blessing. His children have risen up to call him blessed. Three have died in the faith; and all that remain are devoutly serving the God of their father. His example may well encourage every pious parent. Family religion is the strength of the church. What could more certainly promote Zion's weal, and secure permanent increase to the church, than the multiplication of such examples? God has committed the fashioning of each succeeding generation mainly to the hands of parents; and it will be when heads of families shall "command their children and their households after them, to keep the way of the Lord," that God shall bring upon us as families and as a church the glorious things He has promised.

WILLIAM JESSOP.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

A STORY, very singularly authenticated, is told in the "Quarterly Review." The fact occurred in Australia; and its particulars undoubtedly prove, that on the

evidence supplied by an apparition, real or supposed, a murderer was discovered and executed.

The confidential steward of a wealthy settler near Sydney suddenly announced

that his master had been unexpectedly summoned on important business to England, and that the whole of his immenso property had been entrusted to his management till the proprietor returned. Not a doubt crossed any individual's mind as to the perfect accuracy of this statement, and the steward continued during several months to act as trustee for his absent master.

One evening, some time afterwards, a gentleman, who had been acquainted with the English settler, was riding home through that absentee's grounds, when he became astonished to perceive his friend sitting on a stile by the roadside, and he advanced cordially to congratulate him on his speedy return. Before he could speak, however, the Englishman had risen silently from his seat, and, with a mournful expression of countenance, walked slowly towards a neighbouring pond, where he disappeared. The gentleman being on horseback, could not follow; but the scene haunted his thoughts all the way home with astonishment and perplexity: therefore next morning he returned with several assistants, who perseveringly dragged the pond, when, to the

grief and consternation of all present, the murdered body of their departed friend was brought to light.

Immediately the whole party hurried to the deceased proprietor's house, where they arrested the steward on suspicion of murder, and he was brought to trial; but when the particulars were detailed before him of this awful apparition, he became appalled by a sense of his own guilt, and by the startling consciousness that even the grave had given up its dead to witness against him, so that he might not escape a fearfully deserved punishment. The steward then confessed that one evening, seeing his master sitting on that very stile, the whole plan had at once suggested itself to his mind; and that, having come behind his victim, he suddenly struck him down insensible, dragged his body to the pond, and having, as he thought, buried it for ever out of sight, announced the story, which had been so entirely believed, of his master's sudden journey to England. The culprit suffered soon after the extreme penalty of the law; and the whole particulars may be found recorded in the journals of that period, about the year 1830, and in the public records.

ANECDOTES.

THE PROPER OBJECT OF THANKS.

A LADY applied once to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said,—

"When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Stop!" said the good man "you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for the rain, teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

distinguish yourself; and do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." Johnson said once, when some one complained of the neglect shown to Markland, "Remember, he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark."

MAKE THE WORLD SORRY WHEN YOU LEAVE IT.

At one of the evening-parties at Streat-ham, Mr. Cox was discoursing, perhaps not very considerably, on the happiness of retiring from the world, when Dr. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies, saying: "Exert your talents, and

THE INFIDEL REPROVED.

When the Rev. Mr. ——— heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable Minister turned round, and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, Sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE PEONY.

In botany, (as Mr. Maunder well and briefly describes,) a genus of plants belonging

to the natural family *ramunculaceæ*, distinguished for the size and magnificence of the flowers. The species are mostly herbaceous,



having perennial, tuberose roots, and large leaves. The flowers are solitary, and of a crimson, purplish, or sometimes white colour. The ancients attributed many wonderful properties to this plant, but it has

long since lost all such reputation. The tree-prony (called by the Chinese *mou-tan*) is cultivated in that country with great care, and many varieties of it are produced, of all colours.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

JOHN HOWARD,
THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART III.

IN 1784, Howard published the last edition of his work on the State of Prisons, giving in a second appendix the final results of his labours. Full of years and honour, he retired to his favourite Cardington, there in quiet retirement to repose after his labours, and to fulfil his duties as a Christian landlord and parent. Now nearly sixty years of age, his time for active labour seemed brought to a natural termination, while in his last publication he had done all that was possible to enlighten his countrymen regarding the state of their prisons, and to rouse them to a sense of their duty in this respect.

But the formed habits of years were not so easily overcome. To Howard, rest was far more irksome than the most fatiguing labour. With his strict notions of duty

and with wealth, time, and experience at his disposal, he felt that there could be no repose for him in the idleness of ordinary life.

The subject which next began to occupy his thoughts, was that of the plague,—the system of quarantine and of lazarettos, or quarantine establishments. It would seem that his attention was first directed to this topic in 1778, when he embarked from Civita Vecchia for Leghorn, in a vessel which had previously sailed from a port where the plague was reported to have made its appearance. Caught by a squall, the boat, with great difficulty, and after being exposed to imminent danger, reached a small harbour on the Tuscan coast. So great, however, was the terror inspired by the very name of the plague, that permission to land was absolutely refused, and they were compelled again to put to sea. The storm continuing, they were driven upon the African coast, where even the piratical Algerines, governed

more by their fears of infection than by their love of booty, refused them permission to enter the harbour. It was, probably, this event that first directed Howard's attention to the plague; and though, for the time, the subject of prisons occupied all his attention, yet no sooner had he settled down in the retirement of Cardington, than his thoughts reverted to this great enemy of mankind, and he resolved upon undertaking a new voyage of discovery, with the view of making himself acquainted with its causes, its mode of propagation, and its remedies. His plan was, first, to visit those European seaports, such as Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Malta, &c., where quarantine regulations were enforced, and lazarettos established, and then to proceed to Smyrna and Constantinople, where the plague was always raging, in order that he might, by personal inquiry and inspection, become acquainted with the nature of the disease. His medical friends drew up for him a set of inquiries regarding the plague, which he undertook to submit to the most experienced doctors of Europe and the East.

He set out on this new crusade in November, 1785,—this time alone, for, knowing how great was the peril, he would not permit any servant to share it with him. Passing through France, where, in consequence of a resentment cherished against him by those in power, he narrowly escaped arrest, he succeeded, with considerable difficulty, and at great risk, in visiting the lazaretto of Marseilles, and in obtaining plans and drawings of it, as well as a minute account of the practical details of its working. Thence, by way of Genoa and Leghorn, at both of which towns there were lazarettos, he proceeded to Malta, where he continued his inquiries. Having thus obtained all the information that Europe could afford, he set sail for the East, there personally to study and observe the working of the pestilence. He arrived at Smyrna in May, 1786, where for a considerable time he continued visiting those stricken with the plague. Thence, he repaired to Constantinople, where it was at that time raging with considerable virulence. Declining the invitation of the British Ambassador, who asked him to reside at the Embassy, he took up his abode with a physician experienced in the treatment of the pestilence, and at once commenced his visits.—

"The scenes of horror which he witnessed, and the awful dangers into which he ran, compelled him to keep the more perilous of his visits secret. For himself, he seemed as if conscious that he bore a charmed life. He sometimes saw the smitten fall dead at his side. He penetrated into pest-houses and infected caravansaries, whither physician, guide, and dragonman alike refused to follow. From these fearful visits he always returned with that scorching pain across the temples which he had first experienced in

the lazaretto at Malta, though an hour's fresh air and exercise invariably carried it away."

After completing his labours at Constantinople, he resolved upon returning home. But while making preparation for crossing the Balkan, and ascending the Danube to Vienna, it occurred to him that all his information regarding lazarettos was only at secondhand, and that he would be much better qualified to frame a report regarding them if he were himself to undergo quarantine in one. In accordance with this resolution, one of the boldest, probably, ever adopted by any one, he returned to Smyrna, whence he sailed for Venice in a vessel with a foul bill of health. On arriving at Venice, he was subjected to a quarantine of forty days. Of his experience of this he has left a minute account. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils he endured, were far beyond his expectation. But he was not cast down, nor did he ever regret his resolution, but employed his time partly in religious exercises, and partly in translating the regulations of the lazaretto, and writing letters to England. Upon leaving the lazaretto, he was greatly weakened by his confinement; but, various matters of a character deeply painful to his feelings and his affections having occurred in England, he hurried home as fast as possible. One of these was the lunacy of his son, who, left too soon and too much his own master, had plunged into excesses and dissipation, under the effects of which his mind gave way; and Howard, on his return from the East, found him a raving maniac. The other matter was a subscription which had been set on foot to raise funds wherewith to erect in his honour some testimonial of his country's gratitude, and appreciation of his labours. To this project, Howard, with the modesty inseparable from true greatness, expressed at once his decided aversion. From Venice he wrote as follows:—

"Why could not my friends, who know how much I detest such parade, have stopped such a hasty measure? As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. I wrote immediately, and hope something may be done to stop it. My best friends *would* disapprove of it. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltation is my misfortune, my fall."

Upon his return to London, however, finding that the Committee still persisted in their design, he addressed the subscribers through the daily press, expressing his repugnance to the scheme, and forbidding the fund to be called by his name.

Shortly after his return to England, in 1787, Howard made a long, and, as it proved, a final inspection of the prisons and hospitals

of Great Britain and Ireland. In these labours, and in preparing for the press his work on the "Lazarettos of Europe," he spent a great portion of the next two years, endeavouring thereby to assuage the sorrow and anxiety with which he was devoured regarding his son's condition. But at the end of that period, no symptoms of amendment appearing, he arranged the plan of another long tour both in Europe and the East. This resolution he stated to the public in the preface to his work, and added:—

"Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of *duty*; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

It is easy to see from these words, that the philanthropist felt that his race was nearly run. Grief for the loss of his wife, and for the affliction of his son, had preyed, and was preying, most deeply on his mind, while the labours and sicknesses of his active life had at last begun to tell with fearful effect upon his delicate frame. Filled with a presentiment of his death, therefore, he settled all his worldly affairs before bidding farewell to England. At Cardington he took a last farewell of the scenes and friends so dearly honoured and loved:

"He took a tender interest in going for the last time over the ground which he had trodden in happier years; in standing, in the silent eve, beside the grave of his wife; in thinking over all those schemes, so full of pride and hope, which young and happy lovers build up for themselves in the phantom future. Standing one evening with his old gardener in the grounds behind the house, and talking of the past with that affectionate familiarity which most men would imitate at such a moment, the wayfarer observed, in a tone tremulous with emotion, that after many years of planning and acting, he had at length got everything into the state which Harriet would have best liked, and now he was about to leave it for ever."

In the same spirit, he bade farewell to his private friends:—

"To one he said,—'My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to His Divine will.' In parting with another friend, he observed, 'We shall soon meet again in heaven;' and, as he thought it most likely that he would fall a victim to the heat or the plague in Egypt, added, after a pause, 'The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.'"

Leaving England on the 5th of July, 1789,

he travelled through Germany to Russia. At Moscow, in September, he reviewed his whole life, and read over and renewed that solemn covenant which he made at Naples twenty-three years before. From Moscow he proceeded to Cherson, on the Dnieper, principally for the purpose of examining the Russian military hospitals, in which there was at that time a fearful loss of life. While there, a virulent and infectious fever broke out, which Howard caught when visiting a young lady, to whom he had been requested to prescribe. No sooner did his illness become known, than the highest medical aid of the province was provided for him. But in vain: he gradually became worse. From the first he seems to have apprehended danger. What his state of mind was, may be learned from the following reflections, written four days before his death:—

"May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones in this world, as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man, that carries but a night....O, my soul! remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace,—mercies in the most seasonable times; how often, better than thy fears, exceeded thy expectations!Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and finish the work Thou gavest me to do; and to Thy name alone be all the praise!"

On the 19th of January, the day preceding his death, he was visited by his intimate friend, Admiral Priestman, who endeavoured to rouse and cheer him; but Howard felt conscious that his time was come, and that he was now to die. The account of his last hours is full of interest:—

"'Priestman,' said Howard in his mild and serious voice, 'you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other.' And then he went on to say, 'I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die;' and then turning to his friend, added, smiling, 'It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.' This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor

was deep, and his conversion clear and genuine. Few have been more remarkable. A great change was wrought. The misery of loaded guilt was followed by the possession of a peaceful, or rather rapturous, joy. In the fervour of his first love he hastened to his relations, to declare to them what God had done for him, and how happy he was made; concluding that he had only to state his case, to induce them to seek and obtain the same grace. In this he was grievously disappointed. At first they listened with amazement, and then concluded that his mind was somewhat disordered. From one of the relatives he visited he had high expectations, as that friend, he understood, had willed considerable property to him. He had scarcely opened his mind when he was ordered out of the house, and informed that if such notions were not abandoned, and his new associates forsaken, most assuredly he would be disinherited. This intimation damped not his zeal: he went away rejoicing, utterly regardless of worldly wealth. In this state he continued for many years, having no reason to regret that he esteemed the favour of God before the legacy of man. In the pursuits of life he prospered; the Lord blessing him abundantly. His marriage was calculated to promote stability in grace, and the prosperity of his soul; and by it he obtained an addition to his worldly possessions. In the church of which he was a member, he was active and useful. His example was influential, and the instructions he gave rendered him serviceable to many. Thus he lived for years, doing and receiving good, esteemed by all who knew him, and highly beloved in the church of God. At length, however, as worldly goods continued to increase, spiritual health and fruitfulness began to decline. The love of the world gradually gained ascendancy, until at length it became an idolatrous affection. His decline in piety was not sudden. Slowly but surely did the worm of worldly-mindedness progress at the root of spiritual life. His pious partner offered frequent and fervent prayer for him, warned him of his danger, and exhorted him to recover his lost strength, but all in vain. Her anxious care was repelled. He even became angry when she referred to such matters. The friends who had long known him mourned over him, and reminded him of better days: tears would flow, but soon they were wiped away. Zeal for God's glory was extinguished; and though he did not forsake the house of prayer, he ceased to be the devout worshipper. The office he sustained in the church was taken from him; and from being a living, useful, well-doing, fruit-bearing member, he became a nominal, cold professor. Having lost the sensible enjoyment of religion, he became the slave of sensual gratifications. Reports soon began to be circulated unfavourable to his morality: long it was hoped that they were not correct; but ultimately it was found they were but too true. Such, however, continued to be the force of former and better habits, or the power of blinding delusion, that family worship was observed even when he was in such a state that it was difficult for him to rise from his knees. Forbearance was shown to him, but at length he was cut off from membership. The purity of the church required this act of discipline; and it was hoped that it might prove, by the blessing of God, an ordinance of grace to himself. During this period of awful departure from God, riches continued to increase; but the disposition to be benevolent declined with the increased ability to do good. In the course of time the partner of his long life, and the founder of his prosperity, was removed, in the full triumph of faith, to a brighter and better world. Her dying admonitions were faithfully delivered, and again the hope was cherished that he would become a better man. For a season they exerted some influence over him; but, alas! it was only for a season. For awhile he was awed and impressed; but Divine strength was not sought, nor former blessedness

recovered. Death again darted his arrows at his family. Relatives were removed, but stroke after stroke was disregarded. The scythe of the destroyer was cutting around him, and often was the announcement made that he must soon be caught in its sweep; but the solemn voice produced no lasting or really saving spiritual results. He would weep when the dead were named, speak of their worth, refer to the grace bestowed on them, and to the blessed triumph experienced in life's last hours, but was not moved to seek grace for himself. Sometimes he would even relate his own early conversion, and refer to the happiness that once was his. In so doing, his countenance would sometimes brighten, and tears of gratitude would rapidly flow down his cheeks, and he would close the relation with the exclamation, "O that it were with me so now! what would I not give!" But the next hour indifference would regain its ascendancy, and the world its sovereign sway. His seat in the house of God was retained, the word of truth was heard with attention, and at seasons its power was mightily felt; sighs would make known the workings of the awakened and instructed mind; but all this was too frequently felt and lost in the same hour. Thus did this fallen and unhappy man go on day after day, weeping and praying, yet cleaving to his idols. When health began to fail, various means were employed for its restoration, but all in vain. His days were numbered, and to all but himself it was now manifest that not many remained behind for him. He often indulged hope. He continued as anxious, and as intent upon worldly gain as ever. There was no increased concern discovered respecting his spiritual state and danger. If he expressed desire after spiritual good, it amounted only to a willingness that God should restore him to the joys of His salvation; there was no diligent, earnest endeavour to attain that state. Intercourse with Ministers and Christian friends was still desired and esteemed. Oftentimes they warned him with affectionate fidelity, and their close inquiries and plain admonitions were well-received; and if the ready tear, the mournful lamentation, and professed desire for a change, had been all that was required, their efforts would have been invariably successful. The last time he was seen abroad in the busy bustle of life was on a worldly errand; and when remonstrated with for leaving his home in such a state of debility, the plea of necessity was urged. O that he had been equally intent in securing treasure in heaven! Such perseverance and determination would not have failed of their object. He returned home to his bed: in a few days it proved to be the bed of death. What were his reflections there, is unknown; but no roused concern as to his real state before God was exhibited. Lethargy of body, as well as of mind, rapidly ensued. The writer, hearing of his sudden prostration, hastened to his chamber. He was then sinking fast into a state of insensibility. He expressed his want of assured Divine comfort, and audibly responded to the prayer offered. His last will was made in the conscious intervals which were afforded him, and his worldly affairs disposed of. He bequeathed nothing, however, out of those riches with which God had entrusted him, to any religious or other charity. Thus left the world one who had been a burning and shining light, and had run for years a prosperous spiritual course. His fall from the honourable eminence to which he had attained may be traced to the increase of riches, on which he set his heart: this love of riches exposed to other temptations which were too strong for declining spiritual strength. No opinion ought to be pronounced on his final state; but, as his closing moments were without light, comfort, and confidence, it must be admitted his *departure was doubtful*.

Facts such as these solemnly point out the danger attendant on worldly wealth, and the necessity of steadfastness to the end, if we would gain life

eternal. "Once in grace" affords no certain security that any will die in grace. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Chelsea.

N.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST SOCIETY QUARTERLY TICKET, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THE Conference is past. Another Methodistic year has commenced. The September Magazines make their appearance, and meet the appointed Ministers in their respective Circuits and spheres of holy labour. Many of them look back with touching regrets to the friendly and happy circles from which they are now severed. Others are dropping a tear, "sorrowing most of all," from the fear that they shall probably "see his face no more," who was the blessed instrument of their conversion to God, or had often ministered "strong consolation" to their "heavy-laden" souls in peculiar "times of need." O, this rending of heart from heart! It forcibly reminds us that here we have no "continuing city." But, blessed be God, there is "one to come." We are more than resigned to these sorrows: we rejoice that they are "for our profit." They minify earth, and magnify heaven; and greatly assist us as a body in "spreading scriptural holiness over the land." Besides, the peculiarities of *Methodistic connexionalism* afford great facility for adding to our friendships. To a Minister who was about to remove to an unknown Circuit, and who had expressed some regret at the change, a warm-hearted Cornish fisherman said, "O, Sir, that is not much to be dreaded. I went over to Ireland a-fishing a short time ago; and, getting among the Methodists there, in a day or two I felt myself almost as much at home as if I had been brought up among them." This witness is true. Genuine Christians, meeting as "strangers in a strange land," are often quite at home with one another in a few hours. Then, too, there is the quarterly Ticket; at once bringing Ministers and members together. Giving tickets to a single class in the new Circuit has often removed fears and misgivings. And at the close of the first meeting, those present have been ready to "sing for joy of heart,"—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!"

Yes, this is Christian fellowship, to meet in Jesus.

"Jesus! soft harmonious Name!"

The charm of this Name makes us joyful to meet, joyful to stay, joyful to part. When Jesus moves on our spirits, and gently touches "the trembling strings," our melting will is lost in the "harmony of love;" and little is heard or thought of, but, "Master, it is good for us to be here." The God of all peace and consolation grant that many such happy meetings may be realised at the September quarterly visitation!

The text for the quarter is, "*Use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*" (Gal. v. 13.) "Liberty" is one of those inestimable "spiritual blessings" with which we are blessed in Christ. In the preceding part of the verse, the Apostle says, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty." Elsewhere we read, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Again it is written, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there

is liberty." And again, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." This liberty of Christ is freedom from the yoke of the Jewish law, as well as from the condemnation of the moral law; freedom from the bond of iniquity; the joyful possession of the power of Divine grace, and of heavenly love. It is liberty and strength to love God with the whole heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Those who enjoy and stand fast in this blessed "liberty" are heaven-born and heaven-bound.

But this liberty may be abused. Sin may be committed; and men may err from the truth. Hence the caution: "For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." *Flesh*, "the corruption and fault" of your fallen nature, will find "occasion" to commit many sins; such as "adultery, fornication, hatred, wrath, strife," and other "works of the flesh." "Good and evil" are set before you. There is a war in your members: the flesh will struggle hard for victory. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." *You may yield to either*. If you give place to the flesh, you will be full of corruption and enmity, and "bite and devour one another." But, "this I say, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh;" you shall have "victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Now, as the "fruit of the Spirit is love," to walk in the Spirit is "*by love to serve one another*." The importance of love in the service of God is strikingly expressed in the words that immediately follow the text. "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Let it be your study to "walk in love." Consider how vital, how essential, love is to the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus. Mark the expression: "All the law is fulfilled in one word,"—*love*: "love thy neighbour." Without *this*,—this "holy thing," love,—whatever *other* things we *profess* or *possess*, "the curse of the law" is upon us. In the same strain of teaching, St. James admonishes us: "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well." Are we disciples of Jesus? Listen to Him. "This is my commandment, That ye love one another." "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." From want of this love, alas! what frightful things have occurred in the church of Christ! "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another!" Strange language this, to address to the flock of Jesus, under the personal charge of the Apostles themselves! To the cannibals of the South Seas, in their ferocious and heathen condition, it would be natural enough to say such things: they might devour and consume one another. But, alas! that this should be as prophetic as it is admonitory! Children of the God of love consuming one another! It has been so. Surely earth and heaven can but weep over such a scene! "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law,"—this law of love.

How sweet and refreshing to turn to the exhortation,—"*By love serve one another!*" Let love make you all servants one to another. Especially the one who "would be the greatest among you," let him be "the least of all, and the servant of all." What humility, self-abasement, nothingness, does the Gospel call for! "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

One of the noblest enterprises in the service of love, is to "*overcome evil with good*." To gird ourselves for the conquest, we must prayerfully, calmly, cheerfully, obediently, listen to such exhortations as these: "Resist not evil." "Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

"Suffer yourselves to be defrauded." "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Such testing words in the law of love as these will extort from unsanctified nature the complaint, "These are hard sayings, who can bear them?" But they are not only the sayings of our Master, but they form principles embodied in that example which He has left us, as the pattern of our conduct, in our dealings one with another.

Mastering ourselves, and "crucifying the old man" on this point, we shall not find love's other services "grievous." No; with "cheerful feet" we shall run to fulfil them all. "Through Christ strengthening us," we shall meekly instruct those that oppose themselves; we shall refrain from evil-speaking, backbiting, and slander; we shall feed the lambs; we shall bear the infirmities of the weak, not please ourselves, but please our neighbour for his good to edification; we shall visit the sick and the needy; we shall in honour prefer one another; we shall have the law of kindness on our lips in the domestic circle; we shall envy not, but take pleasure in the prosperity of rivals, and frankly acknowledge the excellencies of an adversary: from love to souls we shall take up our cross, and incessantly recommend the Gospel remedy to those perishing around us; we shall intercede day and night for the salvation of the world; we shall give to the cause of God, to the poor and the needy, as the Lord has prospered us; we shall open our eyes and ears, our hands and hearts, to the wants and claims of all men; and, constantly setting the law of love before us, we shall endeavour earnestly, humbly, prayerfully, to make it the daily guide of our thoughts, words, and actions.

B. C.

VIEWS OF DEATH.

DEATH is ever more or less familiar to the Christian. The beautiful imagery, and the solemn admonitions of the word of God, bring it continually before him; and the habitual sense of personal faulty and weakness often impresses it upon him. He learns to look forward to it as near, to appreciate it as important, and to adjust his plans and prepare his spirit for the crisis that may come so soon, and that must be so great to him. The utility of meditation thus solemn and profitable, no man can be at a loss to discern. It cools the ardour of passion, mitigates the eagerness of our contention, corrects the errors of our judgment; brings a man to make up his accounts for eternity.

A process, somewhat analogous to this, goes on in the minds of those who never deliberately bring death into their view. No man ought to be ignorant of the fact that his views of death are daily taking greater distinctness in him, and gaining greater power over him. The experience of a man may begin in utter thoughtlessness of death and eternity, and long habit may make this the confirmed attitude of the soul; so that death never willingly becomes the subject of deliberate and earnest reflection. In this state a mind may long remain, wholly negligent of eternal things, wholly absorbed in the present life. And yet with every month and year some views of the future state will be shaping themselves within him. The man knows that he is not to live here for ever, and some thoughts of the hereafter suggest themselves. He sees others departing—where? His friends, his associates, depart; his own little circle is at length assailed, and the objects dearest to him are taken: he stops not to ask where. Gradually he thinks of his own death in connexion with these changes: he must go where others have gone; he must be gathered to his fathers. But still the moral and religious aspects of death may be all

along wholly unobserved : they do not come into his sight. If he hopes at all, he hopes that he shall fare as his departed friends have done. He takes a purely natural view of death. His individual relations to God, his personal character, his responsibility for privileges and opportunities, his exposure to condemnation, every true and great fact of his condition, is slighted and falsified.

Should, however, this unthinking state of mind ever give place to reflection as life advances, he may learn, as some have sought to do, to regard the various stages of his existence as but parts of one long series, one course of development. As childhood fitted him for manhood, and manhood gave place to and made preparation for his age, so shall life be in reference to the great future. It develops, and trains, and prepares the soul for what shall come after it. With such a view of the future,—looking to it as a simple sequence of the present,—the man addresses himself to the change when death approaches, with a fatal calmness and apathy.

And yet what are the thinkings of such a man worth ? They never prevail against his passions and his sins in this present life ; they do not save him from the innumerable follies and errors of heedlessness ; they do not lead him to seek and find preparation for meeting God, in Christ Jesus ; they are no better than the thinkings of other men, who, in heathen darkness, are plunging perpetually into puerile and gross superstition.

Beyond all these views of death as a thing in the course of nature,—as an introduction to a different scene of existence,—the Bible holds out grander and far more solemn views of it. It is a scene of retribution. We shall reap as we have sown ; our works shall follow us. We shall be judged by the omniscient One : we shall meet a dread and final award. It is a vast and mighty development of all that is spiritual in man, in which *conscience* shall assume its place ; in which *character* shall form the one great bond of society between the soul and its fellows. Alas ! that human nature cannot learn this ! that the pride of knowledge and philosophy, and the hostility of ignorance and degradation, should alike repel the highest, greatest, surest of all conclusions !

With this idea of death I would make my thoughts familiar ; for in view of it death is a personal and momentous thing to me. It is no passage with others through a common change to a common development, and to a common destiny ; but a thing altogether peculiar to me. None is to share with me in the solemnities of that dread inquiry which will ask account of all the privileges of my earthly career. None shall share with me that retrospect of conduct and character on which my view must rest. The circumstances of my probation belong to me alone : none other ever passed through quite the same series of influences ; and my improvement or abuse of them is a most individual and exclusive thing, in which none other has any share. For it God will inquire of me alone ; I alone must make answer, and I alone am to feel the consequences and bear the retribution of my deeds. Soon I shall be far away out of human sight, and stand in sight of God and heaven. The busy footsteps of light-hearted and thoughtless men will pass my door as I hear them now, while I shall be absorbed with this solemn adjustment of my responsible being to the awards of that retributive state. All there will be irreversible, irretrievable, eternal. May the grace of God be given to help me ever seriously to anticipate the hour, and the circumstances, of my introduction into that changeless and enduring condition, and work within me an effectual preparation for this grand crisis of my existence !

THE BENEFITS OF PAIN.

1. PAIN is the never-sleeping guardian of our bodies, to put us on our guard against accidental injury, or wilful violence.

2. Pain has been the cause of increasing our knowledge, our skill, our comforts, our luxuries, while seeking remedies for it, or defence against it.

3. Pain is the means by which we are able to have dominion over the brute creation, and to subdue them to our will.

4. Pain teaches us the value of health, ease, sleep, and all our common every-day mercies.

5. Pain gives us the opportunity of acquiring and exercising fortitude, patience, and forgetfulness of self.

6. Pain calls forth pity, sympathy, and the exercise of many kind and endearing acts of love and tenderness.

7. Pain brings the rich man down to feel a brotherly compassion for the poor man in the same misfortune; raises the poor man to the level with the rich in his power of doing valuable services, by the most trifling, but well-timed, acts of kindness.

8. Pain warns us of the weakness of our bodies, and reminds even the ungodly of the possibility of death.

9. Pain, lengthened and severe, reconciles us to death, and makes us even long for it as a release.

10. Pain is that by which alone all, even the ungodly, are able to understand something of the nature of everlasting punishment, and to long to avoid it.

11. Pain makes us to understand the greatness of God's mercy in giving His Son to save us from pain, and to know the loving-kindness of that Son who bore so much pain for us.

12. And knowing how He felt for us, to learn to bear with meekness our own far less, but more deserved, sufferings.

 PROGRESS OF POPERY.

On this, as on every other subject, (says one,) there are two extremes, one on the right hand and the other on the left, into which men are apt to fall. Some *make light of the danger*, and regard those as mere alarmists who profess to be apprehensive of the return of Popery: they may even think it possible to hold dalliance with it, and, by a dexterous stroke of policy, to disarm it. They tell us that the Church of Rome, although theoretically infallible, and of course unchangeable, is actually subject to the humanising influences of modern civilisation; that its spirit, if not its creed, is changed; and that by mild, conciliatory treatment it may be made a useful ally, instead of a dreaded foe. Such men have no dread of Popery, because, in fact, they have no great dislike to it; and could it only be tamed, so as to be a docile and quiet tool in the hands of statesmen, — could it be detached from the side of political agitation, and enlisted on that of order and obedience to the law, — it might become as useful an engine of government as any other, and a great deal more powerful than some, by reason of its better organisation, and more accommodating principles. But the very extent to which this opinion prevails in society, and especially among those whose influence governs the country, is itself a proof that our fears on this subject are far from being groundless or imaginary; for when we look abroad over the world, and wherever our eye rests, — in Europe, in America, or the British colonies, — we see the Church of Rome imbued with fresh zeal, animated with eager hope, and putting forth all its strength, in one mighty and simultaneous effort, for the recovery of its former ascendancy, and the extension of its cause: when we consider the talent

and wealth that are embarked in the enterprise, the high aspirations and historical recollections by which it is sustained, the union, the discipline, and the organisation which concentrate the whole power of the body on every given point of attack, and the support on which it may confidently reckon from most of the kingdoms of Europe, the connivance which it may expect from all; when we consider these things, and then, turning our eyes homewards, discover indifference, or a disposition to compromise and conciliate, existing in the very land which was once deemed the bulwark of Protestantism, the citadel of civil and religious freedom; when we witness there the sad decay of pristine zeal and steadfast faith, the miserable struggle of mere political parties, and, saddest of all, the divisions of the Protestant Church; when we see these things, let no man accuse us of yielding to groundless alarms, if we discern, in the signs of the times, the dark omens of trials and tribulation to the witnessing remnant of the church of Christ.

But we must equally guard against the opposite extreme, of yielding to unbelieving distrust or heartless despondency in regard to the cause of Christ. Some are apt to become faint-hearted, and, from very fear, to give up the struggle as unavailing, when the powers of the enemy are seen marshalling the host, and appear in a formidable aspect. But be not afraid: "greater is He that is with you than all that can be against you." A season of trial you may have, and such a season as shall winnow the chaff from the wheat, and thoroughly purge the floor; and it is not unlikely that the *last* may be the greatest and deadliest effort of the Man of Sin: his rage may be hottest just before his fall. But the Beast is already wounded; and that wound is mortal: he has been wounded by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;" and although he still survives, and is only exasperated by what he has suffered, he will never regain his former strength, but, sooner or later, must fall before Him who was ordained of old "to bruise his head." There may be much uncertainty as to the precise mode in which the prophetic word will be fulfilled; but as to the fact that Antichrist shall be destroyed, and that a fixed, determinate time is appointed for his destruction, no doubt is left in Scripture. The duration of his kingdom is limited, and is expressed in three different forms: by forty-two months; or one thousand two hundred and sixty days; or a time, times, and half a time (corresponding to three years and a half, which make forty-two months and one thousand two hundred and sixty days); in other words, it is to last one thousand two hundred and sixty years from its commencement; and could we be as sure of the precise time from which this term began, as we are of the length of its duration, we could fix on the very year when "the Lord will destroy him with the brightness of His coming." Many Kings and kingdoms may confederate their forces, and unite in supporting his cause; but they cannot avert nor long protract his doom. Nay, the very union of worldly powers in his defence will be the forerunner and pledge of his swift destruction: for no mortal hand shall smite that fated power; on the contrary, multitudes will throw around it the shield of their protection, and "shall give their power and strength to the Beast; they shall make war with the Lamb, and the LAMB SHALL OVERCOME THEM: for He is Lord of lords, and King of kings." (Rev. xvii. 13, 14.) And then from heaven and earth shall arise that sublime "Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous are His judgments: for He hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of His servants at her hand. Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" (Rev. xix. 1, 2, 6.)

Let no believer, then, be faint-hearted in the hour of conflict. Antichrist may prevail for a time; but he shall ultimately be destroyed. "Her plagues

shall come in one day, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." This is predicted in Scripture, (Rev. xviii. 8,) and held forth as the object of our faith and hope; for in His defeat Christ's victory is insured. We may not fix the time, nor is it needful that we should; but *there is a time* fixed in the counsels of God when Babylon shall fall, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ. There may be many trials awaiting us before that time arrives; but although our *persons* may suffer, *the cause* shall be victorious; and meanwhile, there must be no COMPROMISE, NO ALLIANCE, NO ENCOURAGEMENT; nothing that would connect us, in any degree, with the power of Antichrist: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her plagues." (Rev. xviii. 4.)

THE CONCEALED LOADSTONE.

FOSTER relates a story of certain mariners who steered their course for a particular port, trusting to their compass as infallibly right. To their great surprise and dismay, they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and made slaves. A loadstone had been treacherously concealed at a little distance on one side of the needle.

As the compass thus led astray those who trusted to its guidance, so conscience may lead into error and sin those who implicitly follow its dictates. What the concealed loadstone was to the needle, a sinful will may be to the conscience. Conscience may be thus blinded and perverted, and made to decide wrong.

What is to be done? Are we to decline the guidance of conscience? Are we to disregard its dictates because it may mislead us?

Is the mariner to throw away his compass because it may be so disordered as to mislead him? The answer is plain. He is to see that there is no loadstone or iron placed near it. He is to see that it be so guarded that it may point unerringly to the pole. He knows that it will do so, if it is treated as it should be. And so, if conscience is treated as it should be, it will prove an unerring guide. Deliver it from the influence of ignorance, and blinding passion, and a sinful will, and it will point as unerringly to the right as the needle to the pole.

LUKEWARMNESS.

WHAT are the evidences of lukewarmness?

1. When God has become less an object of desire. The soul does not go out after Him in intense longings as it once did. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

2. When God has become less an object of devout contemplation. "I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches." Once, this was your language: how is it now?

3. When there is less delight in God. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." "We will be glad and rejoice in Thee; we will remember Thy love more than wine." What is your daily experience?

4. When there is less inclination for communion with God. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Is the closet less frequented? or is prayer engaged in more as a duty than a privilege? How is it?

5. When there are hard thoughts of God under the dispensations of His providence; when the soul is restless and disturbed under them, and turns

from one thing to another for relief, without quietly casting itself upon God, and waiting for His time. When under trials and injuries, second causes are too much regarded, and the soul is disposed to consider the instrument, rather than the hand that wields it.

6. When there is a less tender conscience, less sense of God's presence, less circumspection and carefulness in the daily life; when greater latitude is taken, and there is less tender anxiety about displeasing God; and less holy, humble, reverential fear of God.

7. When Christ seems less glorious in His person, and less precious in His work.

8. When there is a decay of love to Christians. "Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him." "If any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

9. When there is a decline in interest, and a slackening of effort to promote the cause of Christ. "He that is born of God is created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works." Hereunto was he called. Do you attend the prayer-meeting less frequently? Do you pray less for others? Do you make less effort to persuade men to attend upon the means of grace? Do you do less personally to interest others in religion? Does your piety flow only in one particular channel, and do you count zeal for piety to be zeal for Christ? Can you read the news of the day with more interest than you can an account of the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world? How do you feel for sinners? As the Psalmist felt? "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law." As Paul? who had great heaviness and continued sorrow in his heart for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh.

I might multiply evidence; but it is enough. And now, what is the verdict? *Cold?* or *Hot?* or *Lukewarm?*

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN GOD'S WITNESS IN THE WORLD.

You who have the Bible, and do not read it, (says one,) or who read it and do not believe it, or who believe it and do not obey it; you are, be assured of this, one of the greatest obstacles to the triumphs of the Divine word.

If your life corresponded to your profession; if your hearts were penetrated by the truths of the Christian religion; if your conduct were conformable to it in all points, your example would be its most effectual recommendation.

The Eternal says to you, "Be ye my witnesses." The witness which God requires of you in order to convince the world, is your love, is your holiness, is your likeness to your Saviour. In refusing Him this witness, you betray His cause; and your impenitence, your transgressions of His law, your love of the world, the contradiction, in short, between your belief and your works, retard the advance of God's reign and the acknowledgment of revealed truth in the world. Be ye awakened; be ye converted yourselves, and, all around you, men shall be awakened and converted.

Disciples of Jesus Christ, the more the practical confirmation of the Christian theory shall be striking, the more your love shall be burning and constant; your zeal indomitable and wise; your piety contemplative and active; your prayers humble and confident; the more, in short, that you resemble your Master, the more valuable and successful will your witness be. Rousseau has said, "Take away the miracles of the Gospel, and the earth will be at the feet of Jesus." We say, Let lukewarmness be replaced by life, worldliness by holiness, selfishness by love in every professing follower of Christ; and where the Gospel shall have accomplished this magnificent miracle,—this miracle which it alone can accomplish,—the whole world shall believe in the Gospel.

THEOLOGY.

THE USE OF GOD'S WORD
IN PRAYER.

Do you ask how the soul may renew its love for prayer? Let the windows be opened, which admit the air and light of another world into the soul. If the soul has been shut up; if it has suffered God's word to get covered, as the skylight of a cell, or the windows of an office, with dust and cobwebs; if it has been unused to look out at the window which gives a view of God, and the things which belong to the soul's peace; if, in other words, there has been the neglect of God's word, the want of a spiritual use of God's word in faith, then no wonder that devotion has been languid.

Throw open the windows, breathe the fresh air, behold the glorious, inspiring objects God calls you to notice. There can be no such thing as fervent prayer, or an increasing love of prayer, without some such use of God's word, without some sight and sense of eternal realities. The soul in prayer is under the influence of the powers of the world to come: whenever you can bring those powers to act upon the soul, it is impelled to prayer, as surely as the wheels of a steamer go round when the steam is forced into the cylinder, and the shaft begins to play. Bring the truths of God's word in vivid, living contact with the mind, and there is no resisting them; make them *burn upon the mind*, and the mind kindles *with them*; and when it kindles, it kindles into prayer.

"Ah, indeed!" perhaps some one answers, "but how to *make* them burn upon the mind, so that the mind *will* kindle, *that* is the difficulty. We have got truth enough already, more than we know what to do with; but the heart is insensible still. And to send us to the truth, that we may be quickened in prayer, is just like telling the servant to pile on more fuel when the grate is heaped already with it, but the fire is not kindled. It is not more fuel that we want, but the breath of the Lord to kindle it." This may be perfectly true, and yet, if you truly and deeply feel your dependence on God's Spirit for the spirit of prayer, you will also inquire how the Spirit of God works. And, remembering that He works with the truth, you will so use the truth, so apply your mind to it, so press it to your own heart and

conscience, that you may be sure of putting yourself in the known train of the Spirit's operations. If you deeply realise your dependence upon God's Spirit, and upon the truth as kindled by the Spirit, you will not excuse your own insensibility or prayerlessness by alleging that dependence, but you will endeavour to put yourself in that attitude and relation with the truth which the Holy Spirit is accustomed to bless.

But to return to our first image: open the windows, and with the eye of faith look through them. Let the air of heaven that is blowing all around them blow into the prison of your soul; gaze steadfastly at the things of glory, which eye hath never seen, and which are revealed only by the Spirit, but by the Spirit through a right use and understanding of the word. Gaze also, not only at Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, but into the doleful regions on the other side of the great gulf, and endeavour to realise how that poor rich man of fine linen and sumptuous fare felt when he awoke from his dream of life, and found himself in everlasting torments. These things will doubtless lead you to pray, if you gaze long enough upon them. "While I was musing, the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue, Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." Musing is but one remove from that state of mind you wish to realise: so is right talking upon the things about which the heart is musing. "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

The most natural way of speaking with one's tongue, after that by such musing the fire begins to burn, is that of prayer: "Lord, make me to know!" Whatever it is that you need to know, whatever that you earnestly *wish* to know, by the Spirit, such musing as the Psalmist's will set you to praying for it. But here also you will need a care. Beware how you foster a habit of indolent, thoughtless, or imaginative musing merely, like the vagrant sighing of an Æolian harp. Wandering thoughts, if they be not curbed, and the soul put again upon the work before it, become wicked thoughts; and then what becomes of the spirit of your prayer? Wandering and wicked thoughts

make a fire burn; they are great kindlers; but it is not the fire of grace, not a fire that breaks forth in prayer.

One of quaint old Thomas Fuller's personal meditations is much to the point, entitled, "Bad at Best." "Lord, how came wicked thoughts to perplex me in my prayers, when I desire and endeavour only to attend to Thy service? Now I perceive the cause thereof: at other times I have willingly entertained *them*, and now *they* entertain *themselves* against my will. I acknowledge Thy justice, that what formerly I have invited, now I cannot expel. Give me hereafter always to bolt out such ill guests. The best way to be rid of such bad thoughts *in* my prayers, is not to receive them *out* of my prayers."

This is good. He means that a right government of the thoughts, keeping evil out of the heart at *all* times, will be sure to keep it out in prayer-time. And would that it were as easy to practise this, as it is to preach it. But there are few things more difficult than this government of the thoughts, as also few things bearing more directly upon the spirit of prayer. Wherefore our blessed Lord has set down another injunction in this form, "Be ye therefore sober, and *watch unto prayer*;" sobriety and watchfulness being things without which the spirit of prayer cannot be expected to exist. And here again we must say that a right use of the word of God is the best agency for such discipline: there is no schoolmaster or governor so profitable as the word whether for reproof, for correction, or for instruction in righteousness. The best and only practical way to learn good seamanship is to go on board a vessel as a man before the mast: you will soon know all the ropes, and how to handle them. And just so, the best way to learn the seamanship of the voyage to heaven, and the best way for the government of the thoughts, and the best way to bend the thoughts to prayer, and keep them diligent in that exercise, is to throw yourself on God's word, and follow where it leads you, in storm or in sunshine; not handling the word of God deceitfully, in mere cold speculation, but as for your life; taking hold on the promises, finding how they work by experience, learning to set all the sails, and catch the gales of the Spirit. You will become a man of fixed thought in this way, and of fervent prayer.

The Holy Spirit saith, concerning the most indifferent actions of a good man, a man of faith, that they are sanctified by

the word of God and prayer. In the word of God and prayer the Divine Spirit is at work with the soul; and with such a union of effort and of influence as these imply, it will not go wrong. The mind will be kept, quickened, and strengthened, as well as the heart. Indeed, in the word of God and in prayer, in the prayerful use of the word of God, the mind and the heart powerfully act and react upon one another. Hence, one of the master-intellects of modern days once put the following aphorism into language:—"Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom *light*, as well as immortality, was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions."

The same great writer, in an aphorism frequently quoted, has declared that "an hour of solitude, passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion, or subtle bosom-sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the *faculty* and form the *habit* of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them." Where the mind and heart are thus at work harmoniously, though it be against some great evil that has got a lodgment within ourselves, the self-conflict is the very thing that gives self-government, the very discipline for the want of which many a naturally noble nature is ruined. It is in such self-conflict that the Holy Spirit teaches the government of the thoughts; and it is in such self-conflict that the Holy Spirit teaches the habit of prayer; and it is in such self-conflict, coming continually to Jesus, that the soul by degrees rises from conflict to victory and peace, and acquires a great *love* for prayer; and when the habit is fastened by love, and love inspires the habit, then the soul mounts up, as on angels' wings,—then that begins to be realised, which was illustrated so wonderfully in the experience of that living and dying youthful saint among the mountains of Nestoria, "My heart is burning, my heart is burning!" When the heart is thus on fire, it carries everything before it; it sets every thing else on fire, it makes every effort easy.

But the soul must come to Christ. This self-conflict is good only at the foot of the cross. If you grapple with your adversary anywhere else, you will be thrown by him. If Satan can get you alone,

apart from the presence of the Saviour, O! how he will sift you! Beware, then, lest thou say within thyself, in a time of apparent peace, satisfaction, and strength, "Mine own hand and mine own arm hath gotten me the victory." If you are on the mount, go and sit humbly, yea, anxiously, at the feet of Christ: it is the only place of safety. And if you are in conflict, pull your adversary, even while wrestling with him, towards the Saviour, and call upon Christ continually. Sometimes it will be little things, sometimes it will be great ones, with which you have to wrestle. Little things are great ones, away from Christ; and great things are little ones, if Christ be with you. Sometimes the Christian, if off his guard, will be caught and entangled, will stumble and fall, at a little thing, so small, that he would have despised the warning, if any one had told him that he would meet his greatest danger there; and would have despised himself at the very thought of giving way to such a trifle, losing his self-command, losing his temper, or perhaps betrayed into greater guilt, by a thing in itself absolutely contemptible. The truth is, it is *never* safe to be off one's guard; *never* safe to be travelling without the Saviour. How beautifully instructive is that incident in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where Christian, after passing safely, and without stumbling, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, beset by the most devilish and malignant adversaries, and after overtaking Faithful, and getting beyond him, suddenly stumbled and fell at some little unevenness in the road, while he was looking back, and was gloriously smiling, not taking good heed of his feet! He had gone over the whole of the hill Difficulty without stumbling; but the first pebble tripped him up. He was off his feet; he was vain-gloriously smiling; he was forgetful of his dependence on his Saviour. Thus we see that a little thing is a great one, away from Christ. A little folly may possess and lead captive the whole heart, if it be caught away from Christ; and a single passion may so bind and absorb the heart, that there shall be no listening to anything else.

A Missionary from St. Helena, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, was once describing the obstacles he had encountered in his efforts to win souls to Christ, or even to gain the first remotest degree of fixed attention with the heart to the subject of religion. "I was at one time," said he, "trying to converse with the Captain of a whale-ship

on the great importance of religion, and the worth of the soul, when he broke out most abruptly, and said, 'It is no use, no use, Mr. Bertram: your conversation will have no effect; no, Sir, no effect whatever. I cannot hear or understand you. I know nothing of your subject. I have been out twenty-one months looking for whales, whales, nothing but whales. I have been ploughing the mighty deep in search of whales; and Sir, I am bound to *have* a whale. And now, Sir, if you could look into my heart, you would see nothing *but* a whale *there*!'" The confession was given with the frankness of a sailor: it was honest, it was true. Whatever it be that absorbs us, apart from Christ, and is made an idol in the heart, prevents, while it is there, the possibility of attending to Him, loving Him, obeying Him. It may be an object of the land or of the sea, a leviathan of ambition, riches, care, and anxiety, or the brook-trout among green pastures; whatever it be that the heart is set upon, away from Christ, *that* is the strong man armed, in full possession. Indeed, it is not every one who will confess with so much honesty and frankness what is in his heart, what prevents him from giving his attention to higher things; but every man has his idol, or his multitude of idols, one to his farm, another to his merchandise. The good Missionary had found some with bags of gold, others with worldly honours, pride, popularity, fine houses, and grand furniture in their hearts; and thousands with sensuality, rum, hatred, ~~venge~~, cruel revenge,—idols ~~more~~ ^{more} seen in reality than all the deformities of heathenism in idol-shape. And he found it true that a man cannot see, hear, or know anything of truth, religion, or God, while there is the whale in his heart.

So the excellent Archbishop Leighton once said, "The heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not, as in many and great affairs. A man may drown in a little brook or pool, as well as in a great river, if he be down, and plunge himself into it, and put his head under water. *Some* care thou must have, that thou mayest *not* care. Those things that are thorns indeed, thou must make a hedge of them, to keep out those temptations that accompany sloth, and extreme want that waits on it: but let them be the *hedge*; suffer them not to grow within the garden." O, that is a heavenly act indeed, that can thus make, out of the very cares and necessary anxieties of life, a hedge, keeping the heart close to God, suffering it not to go astray from Him,

making it tremblingly and anxiously sensible of its dependence on the Saviour, and leading it to incessant, earnest, heartfelt prayer! That is the way to grow in grace; that is the way to have all things work together for good; that is the heavenly alchemy, that turns the basest things to gold: there is such power in persevering, fervent prayer.

HOW CHRISTIANS

MAY MISJUDGE EACH OTHER.

Men usually express themselves and carry it in religion according to their natural humours, and are apt to misjudge others if they comply not with their temper. Some are so pitiful that they could save the condemned; others so choleric that they could condemn the saved: hence the melancholy Christian is offended with the cheerful, and the cheerful with the melancholy: so that not only the world but saints themselves put false constructions upon the carriage of saints. The melancholy man looks on John the Baptist as a choice man, because of his great abstinence and austerity, as well in clothes as in diet; for such humours are apt to think that religion consists much in sadness. "Christ," say they, "wept often, but we read not that He laughed at all;" and scarcely will they believe him to be a good Christian that is not something *hypochondriacal*. Yet the world passeth a clean contrary sentence, and saith, "He hath a devil." Now we should take heed,

1. *That we take not our natural temper and humour for religion.* A man may be moderate by the heaviness of his phlegm, and zealous from the heat of his choler. Our care, therefore, should be, that our sorrow, moderation, and austerity, on the one hand, and our joy, cheerfulness, and zeal, on the other hand, be truly spiritual and Christian.

2. *We should take heed not to condemn other saints that are not of our natural humour,* not to think the sociable and cheerful only to be good fellows; or to think the more depressed, sad, dejected, and retired spirits to be discontented. God hath several sorts of saints, whom He exerciseth (as several members of the body, or several vessels in a house) most to that end to which they are appointed; His Banerges and His Barnabas, His John and His Paul; every one in his own place, according to the gift and grace received. Yea, the same saint is sometimes in the exercise of one grace, at another time in the exercise of another

grace; sometimes most in self-abasing, at other times rejoicing in Christ Jesus; sometimes in hope, at other times in fear. Now, it may be, his zeal does best for him, and thy moderation for thee; his cheerfulness best for him, and thy sadness best for thee. That which, it may be, is an occasion of sin to thee is none to him; and that which would be an occasion of sin to him is none to thee. Judge not, therefore, of another by thyself, nor think that every one must be cast in thy mould.—*Canaan's Flowing; or, Milk and Honey.*

HEART DISEASES.

As the material heart is subject to various diseases which are generally intractable and ultimately fatal, so the moral nature of man, which is referred to under this symbol, is the seat of the most dangerous class of diseases. Thus it is full of unbelief, an evil heart of unbelief; it is rebellious, deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; obdurate, the fountain of all evil thoughts, and the seat of every hateful lust. God knows its depths of depravity, and in His pure presence it must be loathsome. If the pure in heart alone shall see God, what is the hope for man who is wholly defiled? Shall he attempt the renovation of his own nature? and by what means? The heart cannot renew itself. It has within itself no principle which has escaped the general defilement, and hence none which does not itself need renewal. As a broken limb cannot put forth strength to rescue the body from some imminent peril, so no principle in the heart can purify the heart from that depravity in which it bears its full share. The cure is from without. The healing power is from above. The tendency of man's heart is to wax worse and worse. God's mercy alone can arrest the progress of its disease, and apply the sufficient remedy. We have destroyed ourselves, and in God alone is our help. There is no downward tendency in the heart which He cannot counteract; no stain of pollution which He cannot cleanse; no desperate wickedness which He cannot obviate. He can make it a new heart, the very opposite of what it was in its natural state, and fill it with holy thoughts and Divine affections. How cheering the truth that the blessed Saviour has cleared away one terrible obstacle to our salvation, and rendered it certain, if we only go to Him for healing, when without Him it was impossible!

PARENTAL MONITOR.

HOW MAY I TEACH MY CHILD SINCERITY?

That children are naturally indisposed to sincerity must be admitted. A propensity to deceive by word and act is among the bitter fruits of our common apostasy. "The wicked," saith the Psalmist, "are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." One of the first things observable in children is an effort to deceive. To exonerate themselves from blame, or free themselves from anticipated punishment, they falsify their word, or cover up what truth and duty demand should be exposed. Very important, therefore, is it to prevent this, to nip this evil propensity in the bud, and cultivate a frank, open, sincere disposition. How may this be done? I suggest four things—

1. Impress them deeply with the criminality and odiousness of insincerity. This may be done by reading and expounding to them portions of Scripture bearing upon this point, and making them commit to memory those portions of Scripture.

2. Always be sincere with them, never allowing yourself to deceive them in any particular, or for any cause. There is often a temptation, on the part of the parents, to do the opposite of this. It is often quite convenient to deceive a child, but he who does it, does it to the child's moral

injury and his own guilt. He teaches falsehood by example, the most effective of teaching; and the pupil will most surely learn and practise deceit himself.

3. When your children commit an offence, and confess it, commend them for the confession, and forgive them the wrong done.

4. When you detect your child in a lie, invariably punish him for it. Whatever other offence goes unpunished, let not this. If Jehovah regards lying as a crime, that parent who omits severe discipline in case of falsehood, is certainly deserving of censure.

Our Saviour tells us that he who lies *bears Satan's image*. "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own—for he is a liar, and the father of it." And Jehovah hath said, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

While the path of sincerity is straight and plain, and the sunlight of heaven rests upon it, and while it leads upwards to the home of God and truth, the paths of dissimulation are dark and crooked, and lead down to the abode of the Prince of darkness. Can we be too careful that our children should be kept in the way of the Father of lights, and out of the tortuous, snaky course of the infernal serpent?

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

PROVIDENCE

ADMONITIONS.

God saw that the ship in which Paul was pass where the European commerce of events, and that she would be very soon swept, therefore providentially destroyed by it. He either by his Spirit or an interposed; and, cited to Paul the danger, a angel, communi- warn the Captain, and charged him fore- sail, but winter where he was him not to south wind blowing, they set sail. But the they had gained their purpose. The opposing showed that the admonition was the result of Providence, and should have been obedience The admonition of providential interference, was not irresistible,—this would have destroyed man's agency; but it was in harmony with moral government. Now, there are ten thousand cases containing all the elements of this transaction, though less conspicuous, in national and individual life, covering the whole length and breadth of the world's history till now. A railway-

train is seen moving with the velocity of the wind. An evil-minded man has placed an obstruction somewhere upon the route, or it may have been done even by carelessness. On approaching, the engineer's mind is suddenly impressed with a thought of watchfulness, and he perceives the obstruction in time to prevent collision. Again: God may withhold the warning, and permit a terrible destruction, to impress the world with caution and prudence; and to show to man how near the edge of the great precipice from which he steps into eternity he daily walks. The following case is in point: we had it from the gentleman to whom it occurred, some thirty years since,—a man of probity, and of accurate observation. He was in his field, getting in hay. A violent storm came on, and when the rain began to fall, he ran to a fir-tree for shelter, and sat down under it, leaving he must it. After being there a few minutes a strong and sudden impulse to run,

though he knew not why nor where, but as suddenly sprang from his seat, and ran. He had gone but a few paces, when a thunder-bolt struck the tree, and rived it to splinters. There is Providence anterior to natural law. The earth is full of such histories. He knows but little of life who does not know them. We do not say that they occur in every event of life: they are occasional; they are frequent; they are, doubtless, daily. They answer to the great element in Providence of interposition to save or to destroy, — Divine interposition.

Providential interferences of this character, anterior to natural law, are seen frequently in the rise and fall of nations, as well as in individual history. In the one case, a nation springs from the seemingly slightest circumstance in the world, — the neighing of a horse, no matter how made to nigh, the flight of a bird, or the powerful contest of the sword; and nations fall in the same way. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. — *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE DIANA MONKEY

Is so called from the resemblance of the crescent-shaped bar on its brow to the ornament assigned by poets to the goddess of the silver bow. Congo is its native land. It belongs to the *cercopitheus* group. "Its colouring is peculiarly varied and graceful. The head, neck, sides, and middle of the body beneath, are of a deep ash colour, which becomes gradually darker on the outside of the limbs, and is finally converted into a deep black upon the hands. The tail also exhibits the same tendency to assume

a darker and a darker hue, and terminates in a point which is perfectly black.... The face is triangular, and, with the ears, intensely black." The length of the animal is about eighteen inches, and that of the tail about two feet.

"The Diana monkey," add the authorities of the Zoological Society, "is one of the most graceful and good-tempered of its tribe. Like the greater number of them, however, its disposition is more mild and pliant in youth than after it has attained its full maturity. It is fond of being caressed

and nods and grins with peculiar expression when pleased; but after a certain age it

becomes more sedate and seldom indulg in these antics."

OUR SERVANTS.

ADVICES WHICH RELATE TO SEVERAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE OF A SERVANT.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

I HOPE that in your Bible-reading, the Proverbs of Solomon are not neglected. They consist chiefly of observations on actual life and character, and are as practical as they are wise. They discover to us our temptations and dangers, and vividly show the necessary ruin to which sin leads its victims. The path of life is encompassed with snares and perils, and against these you cannot be too earnestly cautioned. Thousands fall into fearful error because they have not been previously warned, and become the dupes of the great deceiver through their ignorance and inexperience. Servants are by no means an exception to this general remark. They often err through the want of better instruction. In cases of perplexity and difficulty they have seldom a friendly and discreet adviser at hand, but are often surrounded by unwise and unsincere counsellors, who recommend a course which is indeed very gratifying to their pride and passion, while it is directly opposed to their true interests. It is hoped that this paper will contain "a word in season" to you, in reference to several circumstances connected with your calling in life.

My first observation refers to the *temper* you should cultivate towards your fellow-servants. If you would regulate your conduct aright towards them, you must sacredly regard the golden rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This rule is very short, very simple, but truly just; and if you will take care always to act upon it, it will save you from many troubles and anxieties. The spirit servants should cultivate towards each other, is one of mutual kindness and forbearance; and this will tend to secure harmony and peace. Do not assume a superiority over, nor attempt an independence of, one another; for this will only prove that you are vain and foolish. Let there ever be an earnest endeavour to accommodate and help each other, and especially in times of sickness. The precept of the Gospel applies to you in this particular relation: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Avoid all quarrelling and brawling. A large family is sometimes thrown into the greatest confusion by the merest trifle, such as a petty

jealousy, or a word thoughtlessly spoken. Domestic happiness is too important and too sacred to be thus unnecessarily disturbed. A lady once told the writer, that she had scarcely ever had to part with a servant for any misunderstanding with herself, but generally in consequence of some dispute among the servants themselves. And let no domestic imagine, whatever may be her abilities and excellencies in general, that an irritable or sullen temper is other than a great drawback; indeed, it often constitutes a sore domestic trial. In servants professing religion, it is altogether inconsistent; for if they do not bridle their temper and tongue, they show that their religion is vain. It is not, however, for a moment supposed that servants meet with nothing to try their temper, or that they have nothing annoying and vexing to endure. I know it to be otherwise: but let them "in patience possess their souls." "Offences will come," and if it be difficult in any particular instance to ascertain by whom the offence came, be you the first to express your regret at the disturbance of the harmony; and if you have at all been the occasion of it, whether intentionally or not, acknowledge your fault, and resolve in future to be more on your guard. If you are the injured party, avail yourself of the least sign of penitence to exercise forgiveness, remembering your daily prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Before a servant complains that she is weary of her place, because there is no peace in the family, let her be sure that *she* has not done anything to banish it. And, further, do not indulge in injurious reflections upon former fellow-servants. If you keep in mind the rule which enjoins you to do as you would be done by, you will not be guilty of this evil practice. You would not like your own follies and defects to be spoken of by others to the damage of your reputation. If you cannot say anything in praise of the absent, be silent respecting them.

A word as to your conduct in the season of *affliction*. Times of sickness occur in every family. They are not unfrequently occasions of great anxiety and grief. They are always accompanied with extra expense to the head of the family, and sometimes with considerable loss. To have affliction in the house must necessarily be attended with inconvenience. No doubt it increases a servant's work, and disarranges her regular plans. But do not add to the pain and sorrow

of the sufferer, by negligence or unkindness. In these circumstances show that you do not regard the additional trouble as a burden. Consider that to a sensitive mind it is a far greater trial to be helpless, and require such attention, than it would be, if in health, to attend upon the sick. You ought rather to be thankful for your health, and to rejoice that you have an opportunity of showing your gratitude to those to whom you are probably laid under many obligations. And should an epidemic disease, as a fever, &c., visit the family in which you reside, you will not, if a good and faithful servant, refuse your share of night-watching and care; nor, above all, would you be guilty of an act so inhuman as that of leaving your mistress in such a time of calamity to struggle alone. It is in these domestic griefs that the real character of a servant is displayed,—then she appears either selfish or disinterested, unkind or tender-hearted. If conscientious, her carefulness and diligence will increase with her responsibility. She will feel that when the head of the house can no longer superintend its affairs, that it becomes her to serve as in the sight of God. A Clergyman relates the following story of a servant-maid, which is recommended to your careful perusal. He says, "Lydia is the servant of a small family, whose mistress I lately visited after a long illness. 'Sir,' said she, 'the girl who has just left the room is a greater comfort to me than I can express. She watches me with the affection of a daughter, and the care of a nurse. When my complaints make me peevish, she contrives something to soothe me. I often observe her taking pains to discover what would add to my comfort; and often am presented with the thing I wish for, before I express it in words. I live without *scrupulous*; for I perceive her to be conscientious even to scrupulousity. My chief complaint is, that she takes so much care of me, that I cannot make her take sufficient care of herself.' 'I have observed,' said I, 'her attention at church, as well as when waiting upon you.' 'My servant,' continued she, 'is a Christian; and, in my late distress, afforded me her prayers as well as her tears. Her parents were too poor to give her any education; but she has taught herself to read, and frequently reads the Scriptures to me. Now and then, while she is reading, her heart is too full to be quite silent on the passage; and then she drops an expression or two, accompanied with such simplicity and meaning as to bring to my mind those words, *I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast had these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes*. In short, I esteem her as one of the most valuable gifts I ever received from an indulgent Providence; and never could have supposed that so much of my comfort depended upon

the faithfulness and care of a poor servant.' " O that every mistress had such a servant in her sickness, and every worthy servant had a mistress equally disposed to appreciate her value! But, as a further inducement to the course I am recommending, I would remind you, that the day of calamity may overtake you. You may very soon yourself be on a bed of sickness; and if you show coldness and neglect where you ought to show kindness, you may prove the truth of our Lord's words, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." And where is the good and faithful servant who has not herself been kindly cared for in the time of need, by those whom she has served? The writer has met with many cases, in which he has seen the generosity of a master or mistress to an old servant in these circumstances, even when years had passed since she left their service. But if it should please God to visit you with illness while residing in a family, do not desire more attention and indulgence than are absolutely necessary, and gratefully acknowledge the kindness which may be shown you, either by your employers or fellow-servants. I will give you an instance of an opposite kind which came under my own observation. A servant was taken ill of a slow fever. As soon as her complaint was ascertained, she was placed in a large airy bed-room, under the care of the family doctor, and an experienced nurse. Rather than send her to the hospital, the family, at considerable expense, removed for a few weeks into the country. In about a fortnight the fever reached its height, and she began to recover. The doctor ordered a small portion of port-wine twice a day, which was duly given. In a few days the nurse stated, that the servant requested the master to advance a portion of her wages, in order that she might buy some wine. "No," was the reply, "she cannot afford to purchase wine, and I shall gladly furnish her with what she requires." But her request did not proceed from any wish to save her employer; and judge the surprise and grief with which he heard it, that this desire had arisen from a suspicion that he had not allowed her the quantity the doctor had ordered! Here we see kindness met with the spirit of ingratitude. Such conduct can scarcely be too severely reprehended. How chilling to the heart of kindness, and calculated to dry up the sources of generosity! and, if you abhor it in another, carefully avoid the least approach to it in yourself. To distrust those who are displaying a kind solicitude for our welfare, is both base and sinful. You cannot too carefully watch against all such feelings, if you have any regard for what is due to others, or for your own peace, or for what is right before God.

While servants do well to cherish and promote the spirit of union among themselves, and a proper regard for each other's

interests, they must never be parties to a combination for the purpose of vexing and injuring their employers. For instance, if, in the judgment of a master, a servant is unsuited to his place, or has committed a fault by which his confidence is destroyed, and the servant in consequence receives notice to leave, it would be a wrong act if the rest were to make common cause with the inefficient or offending servant, and insist upon leaving also. Yet instances have been known in which servants have entered into mutual pledges to remain or go together, and by this means have ensnared their consciences, and injured themselves. Nor should any of you, when leaving a family, endeavour to unsettle the minds of your fellow-servants. Do not seek to involve them in your own misfortunes; for that will not help you. And when you are about to engage yourself to a new master, take care to give the true reason for leaving your last situation, though it should seem to your present disadvantage; for, if you attempt to deceive, you are sure to be exposed when your character is inquired after. And supposing that it turns out you were really in fault,—that you had neglected duty, or spoken offensively, or in any other way acted imprudently,—if you ingenuously confess it, and express your regret for it, it will be at once seen that, from your sincerity and sorrow, there is hope respecting you for the future.

I must not forget to put you on your guard against *evil company*. The influence of companionship is very great, and if the principles and practices of an associate are irreligious, the consequence will, in all probability, be fatal. Take the following advice, and ponder it well, which was given some years ago to persons of your class, by one who had seen much of the world and its temptations:—"Bad company is so mischievous, that when a young servant is observed to be entering into it, every person of compassion and discernment recoils at the sight. Who, that has seen anything of life, does not know the mischief of a vicious conver-

sation and example? What will not an unprincipled tongue dare to assert? What so sacred that does not serve it for a jest? What character or service will it not teach others to despise? What corrupt maxim or vain project will it not recommend? I have known a short conversation quite unhinge a sober mind. I have observed a few hints plant disorder and wretchedness in a once-contented breast, that could never afterwards be rooted out. I have even been surprised to find how soon a bad example would transform one that had long been humble, diligent, and conscientious, into the very reverse. In a word, such a tongue is, indeed, '*an unwholy evil*,' and '*full of deadly poison*;' (James iii. 8;) and the danger is the greater because the poison is often mixed with something curious and entertaining, or is presented under the notion of friendship. The venom, thus sweetened, creeps into the heart before even its danger is suspected. but beware of this deadly cup as you prize your safety; the more pleasing you find it, the more deadly it is."

A word from the same pen on a subject nearly allied to the former, is worthy of your most serious consideration. "*Character*," he observes, "especially among females, is easily blasted, so as to be irrecoverably lost. If any consideration can lessen the crime of the villain who attempts to strip you of it, it must be his not considering the depth of ruin into which he would plunge you. Should he, however, be cruel enough to neglect the consideration, surely you will not forget, that the want of reputation, and the despair which attends it, fill our streets with prostitutes; murdering both body and soul at once. Depend upon it, that he who would dishonour you has no sincere affection for you, and the moment you suffer him to pass the bounds of the strictest decorum, he must lose even his *respect* for you. Detect ruin in its first approaches. Particularly avoid dangerous occasions, and whatever you find likely to rob you of your resolution."

THE MONITOR.

THE SIN AND FOLLY OF SCOLDING.

"Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil"—
Psalm xxxvii. 8.

1. *It is a sin against God.*—David understood human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold; for it is a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.*—No one ever did,

ever can, or ever will, love an *habitua* fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them, may bear with them; but they cannot love them any more than they can love the sting of nettles. Many a man has been driven to the ale-

house and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.*—A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finding person in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Look to that woman yonder. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she cannot secure the good-will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, and do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor ever will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.*—Good family government is the blending authority with affection so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. Now, those who fret may inspire fear; but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding a child, fretting in the presence of a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though unendowed with reason, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. There is a mother: she frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough with them. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them; treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long, running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a proper manner. She raises her

voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, &c. The children cry, pout, sulk, and the poor mother has to do her work over again and again. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her views, and join her in the methods which she takes.

5. *Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.*—As one who frets never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell such a person anything disagreeable. People conceal as much as they can from a fretter. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. Husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. A man who would brave a lion, likes not to come in contact with nettles.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.*—The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if order and neatness be a characteristic habit. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right.

7. *It is a mark of a vulgar disposition.*—Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to such influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling; and when they grow up, they pursue the same course with their own children, or those entrusted to their management; and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting, shows either a bad disposition, or else ill-breeding for it is generally ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES HALKYARD.

MR. JAMES HALKYARD was a native of Delph, in Saddleworth. His mother was a member of the Methodist Society in that village. After having adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour for many years, she died at length in the triumph of faith. Often with cries and tears did she supplicate the throne of grace on her son's behalf; but he lived after the course of this world, following the desires and inclinations of his sinful heart. His companions in trade were wicked and ungodly men. Yielding to temptations, he became a drunkard. In September, 1824, he was induced once again to attend the Wesleyan chapel, Delph. There he heard the late Rev. Edward Jones, 1st, preach,

from, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock! if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." (Rev. iii. 20.) The word was applied with power to his conscience: he was pricked in his heart, and it might then be said of him, as it was said of Saul of old, "Behold, he prayeth." From that time there was a change in his outward life. He connected himself with the Wesleyan Society. He sought the Lord, sorrowing, for about three months; and then, by faith in "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," he "believed with the heart unto righteousness," and "with the mouth made confession unto salvation." "Beauty" was

appointed "for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The Lord heard his cry, and brought him up "out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set" his "feet upon a rock, and established" his "goings, and put a new song in" his "mouth, even praise unto our God."

On the Christmas-day following, in the lovefeast at Upper-Mill, he bore delightful testimony to the fact, that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin. His own load of guilt was removed, and the language of his heart and lips was, "O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." "Being justified by faith," he had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." After his conversion, his regular practice before going to work in the morning was to spend an hour in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. This practice he continued as long as health permitted. He said it prepared him to pass through the trials of the day, and to endure the scoffs of those amongst whom he had to labour. There was now a real change in his life. It was evident to all by whom he was surrounded, that "old things" had "passed away," and that "all things" had "become new." His family saw and felt the change. His wife was led to dedicate herself to God, and cast in her lot with His people. The family-altar was erected. Instead of the former discord, there was now peace and unity in their household. He became very active in the Sabbath-school, and was made useful to the children. He was regular in his attendance on the means of grace. He was always to be found at the class-meeting at the appointed time; and from the week-night prayer-meeting he was seldom absent. After having been a member for some time, and given the most satisfactory evidences of a renewed life, he was appointed an assistant-leader, and, ultimately, a leader; which office he sustained for a number of years. For a length of time he was wont to walk four miles to meet his class; and not till death had entered his family, and removed his partner to her eternal rest, did he cease to attend to the important trust committed to his care.

He had a numerous family, and many were the cares and trials through which he was called to pass. His faith was often tested. But when passing through providential darkness, as it regarded the things of time, he always expressed a strong confidence in God, that all things were working together for his good. Grace was given according to the day, his strength was made perfect in weakness, and the Lord delivered His servant out of all his troubles, and enabled him to glorify Him. When he was compelled to give up his class in Delph, he united himself with the Society at Mount-Pleasant, in the Oldham Circuit. There he continued a member to the day of his death.

When his last affliction came, he felt the presence of the Lord cheering and animating him. When surrounded by his children, a part of whom were about to be left without a guide, he was enabled to commit them to the care of Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children with me."

His heavenly Master called him to enter into rest on the 9th day of May, 1847, aged fifty-two.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

W. M.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN TRAVIS.

MR. JOHN TRAVIS was born at Upper-Mill, near Delph, Yorkshire, in 1796. His father was an acceptable and useful Local Preacher, and his mother a devout member of the Wesleyan Society. Of both of them he was early bereft. His mother died when he was only twelve weeks old, and his father when he was little more than four years of age. They both died triumphantly, and left their son John a real legacy of many fervent prayers, filed for him in heaven, and an example of practical piety worthy of his imitation.

After the death of his parents, a gracious Providence placed him under the care of relatives who were sterling Methodists, of decided religious principles, and of unequivocal piety. They regarded John as their foster child; and had he been their own son, they could not have manifested more sincere concern for his happiness and welfare than they did. Often in after-years he referred to the spiritual advantages which he had derived from their prayers and instructions.

Though he was thus cradled and brought up in Methodism, he did not surrender his heart to God until the twenty-fifth year of his age. The occasion and immediate means of his conversion was the death of his foster-mother. This event produced a powerful impression upon him.

Twelve months after his conversion, deeply impressed that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance, a door was readily opened for him, and he began to labour as a Local Preacher. Like many young beginners, he met with difficulties and opposition; but, as he commenced neither to please himself, nor any other man, he proceeded boldly to reprove sin, and point the sinner to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And he had considerable fruit and success in his efforts to save souls, as not a few have testified at Langley, Derby, Burton, Leicester, and other places. In the year 1832, he took a step which he afterwards sincerely regretted. He departed from the Wesleyan Society, and joined another section of Methodists, in expectation that he should, amongst his new associates, find greater scope for usefulness.

and a larger field of labour, than in the old body. In this, however, he acknowledged that he was mistaken; and, after a careful review of the position he occupied, he determined to seek for re-admission to the Society which for a season he had forsaken, but which he declared he had never ceased to respect and love.

After being more than an ordinary time on trial, he was restored, to some extent, to the confidence of his brethren; and at length to his place on the Plan of the Leicester Circuit, and there his name remained until his work in the church below was ended.

As he approached the close of his earthly career, he was wont to say, "Death has no

sting! I daily walk and am familiar with death. By the grace of God I am conqueror: thanks be to God! 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'" He expressed a deep concern for the spread of the Gospel, and the salvation of sinners. He lamented that the professing members of Christ's church did not more cordially hold up the hands of their Ministers. "More fervent prayer and unfeigned love amongst them," he said, "would go far to secure a revival of pure religion." He died on Sabbath morning, June 20th, 1847.

THOMAS EASTWOOD.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE HINDU SISTERS.

One day, a person found two little girls begging in the streets of Calcutta, and took them before a Magistrate. The youngest of them was a fine, healthy-looking child, and her bright eye and pretty form delighted all that looked upon her; but the oldest was weak, thin, and sickly, and seemed almost starved to death. The Magistrate asked her how it was that she was so thin, and her sister so stout. "O!" she answered, "I do not often get much to eat; for when any food is given me, I always give it first to my little sister, and she eats her fill, and, if any is left, then I get it. sometimes it is only a very little bit I get, and often she eats it all, and then I have to go without." This simple story touched the kind heart of the Magistrate, and he asked more about her history. She told him that their mother had died when they were very little, and that they did not recollect much about her; but that their father had carried them from place to place for a long time, till at last one day he was taken ill, lay down under a tree, and soon died, leaving his little girls all alone in a wild and howling wood. The little girls wept much when they saw their father die, and could not bear to leave his body. The hungry jackals came to devour it; and they tried to drive them away, but could not. The screaming vultures flew quickly backwards and forwards above their heads, waiting for them to go, and then intending to pounce down and help the jackals to devour the body. They shouted and waved their little hands to frighten them off; but when their strength was spent, and they had seen the jackals tear the body of their father, they turned away, and, hand in hand, weeping as they went, set off to try to find a path out of the wood, and then to seek some place where kind people might be found to feed

or take them in; and so they had wandered until the man found them in the street, and brought them here.

The kind Magistrate took them to his house, and then sent them down to the Orphan Refuge, kept by Mrs. Wilson, who very kindly took them under her care. Here they lived a long time, and very delightful it was to see their love for one another. Every night, when they lay down to rest, they did so locked in each other's arms; and whenever food was set before them, the oldest never touched it, however hungry, faint, or tired, till her little sister had had her share. Mrs. Wilson loved them much, and taught them to love that Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come to me." At last they were baptized. The elder was called Priscilla, and the younger, Rhoda.

Little Rhoda was a sweet child; but Jesus soon fitted her for heaven, and when she was only about six years old, He took her up to glory. During her last illness she never murmured, though her sufferings were very great, and often asked to have her favourite hymns repeated to her.

One of these was that beginning,—

- "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched."

Another thus:—

"There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above."

She also delighted to repeat to her companions the infant's hymn:—

"Little children, come to Jesus;
He has kindly said you may:
When you pray to Him and praise Him,
He will teach you what to say."

"He will take your hands, and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy,—
No one else can make you so."

About a week before she died, she became quite blind; but still always said she was happy, and at last fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

Priscilla is now grown up to a woman, has married a Native Teacher, and is very useful in the Mission.

You see from both these stories what a blessing the Gospel is to poor Hindu children, and how well the prophecy about Jesus Christ is fulfilled through it, "HE SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN OF THE NEEDY."
—*Missionary Magazine*.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

"To err is human;
To forgive, divine."

A LITTLE blind boy was asked what forgiveness was. He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly toward those that love you and

confer favours upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and treat you ill,—to be like the cinnamon-tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the axe-man that wounds it,—this is hard! But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and what His true children do. Here, then, little folks, is a test to know if you love Christ. "If ye love them" only "that love you, what thank have ye?" How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, you are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Remember, now, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words. A Missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." This accords with what Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

POETRY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

REV. xvi. 23.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;

All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,

And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love:
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers,

No broken sunshine there.
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.

The dwellers there are not like these of earth,

No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;—

Whence, and how, came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation, they to glory came;
Bond-slaves deliver'd from sin's crushing load,
Brands pluck'd from burning by the hand of God.

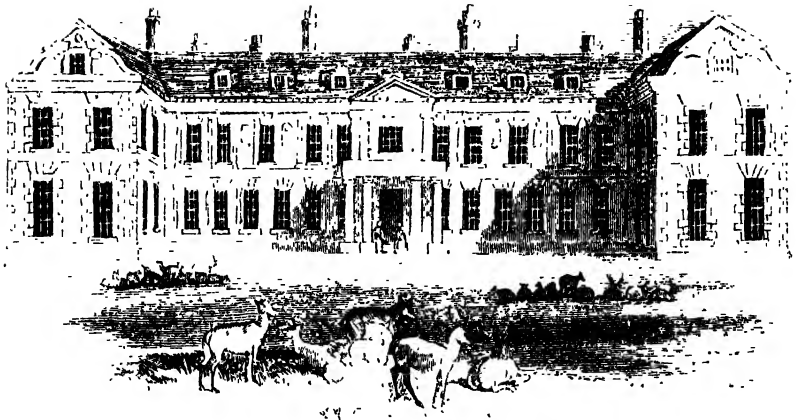
Those robes of theirs are not like these below—

No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow?

Whence came that radiance white?
Wash'd in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light those robes of theirs became;

And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wonder where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



STRATHFIELDSAY, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

As you enter from Berkshire into Hampshire, a few miles to the eastward of Salisbury, you arrive at Strathfieldsay, a parish partly in the hundred of Reading, but chiefly in the hundred of Holsot, in Hampshire, one of the most pleasant and rural in that county, and retaining all the quiet and seclusion of the most remote hamlet. On the left hand of the road you have a view of the seat of the Duke of Wellington.

Strathfieldsay appears very ancient. It is probably as old as the time of Richard II, when it belonged to the Dobridgecourts, who kept it till 1636, when the Pitt family purchased it. The style of architecture seems, however, rather that of James I., though the whole has been much altered, and the front towards the park is new. The rooms are, in general, low and small. The good ones were added by Lord Rivers. But in the house there are no fine paintings, no

splendid furniture, none of those attractions which bespeak either new or ancient nobility. The owner, it is said, spends little on his property.

Strathfieldsay was given to the Duke of Wellington by the nation, on account of his distinguished military services. After the battle of Salamanca, in 1812, he had £100,000 voted to him, and vested in the hands of trustees; in the year after he had an additional sum of £400,000; and after the battle of Waterloo £200,000 more. These several grants having now amounted to a considerable sum, the trustees appointed to carry the intention of Parliament into effect by the application of funds to the purchase of an estate, and the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the Duke's rank, at length purchased the manor of Strathfieldsay. It is holden of the Crown; and all that is required for the keeping of it, is to send to Windsor, every anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a tri-coloured flag.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

WHAT mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of

light travels over one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our

eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second, or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly

recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking sense? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained. — *Herschell*.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

Thus writes Grant Thorburn, of New-York —

In the year 1793, when Louis XVI. was beheaded, and the French Revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going Radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to *banish* myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship "Providence," and landed at New-York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath-day." I arrived at New-York on a Saturday; and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A.M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea — our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "You can go where you please, but I will go to church — the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath-day;' and, had I no respect for the fourth commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

"They went to the fields, I went to the church: they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one-ponny bill in the plate at the morning, afternoon, and night service, —

total, threepence. They continued going into the country; and, in process of time, the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake, and ice-cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P.M., half tipsy; and, having been caught in a thunder-shower, their coats, hats, and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock, A.M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars (£2. 10s.) lighter than when they started. I went to church; rose at five o'clock, A.M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labours of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics — some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought-nail maker, was poor — the *cut-nail* machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents (£1. 3s.) per week. Never mind: at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding shipmates had fine coats and hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars (upwards of £20) piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the potter's or some other field; while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution, and common sense to take care of it, am as sound in mind, body, and spirit as I was on this

day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore, at Governor's Wharf, New-York. Besides, it is a fact for which my family can vouch, I have been only *one* day confined to the house by sickness during all that period.

Now, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and the fields for the labouring man.

THE WILES OF THE DEVIL.

As an enemy, when he besiegeth a city, surroundeth it at a distance, to see where

the wall is weakest, best to be battered; lowest, easiest to be scaled; the ditch narrowest, to be bridged; shallowest, to be waded over; which place is not regularly fortified, where he may approach with the least danger, and assault with the most advantage. So Satan watches about, surveying all the powers of our souls, where he may most successfully lay his temptations; or whether our understandings are easily corrupted with error, or our fancies with levity, or our wills with forwardness, or our affections with excess.—*Faith.*

POPERY.

THE POPISH DOCTRINE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A ROMISH PRIEST.

THE Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, published in 1564, as the doctrine of the Council of Trent and of the Romanist Church, added to the Nicene Creed twelve new doctrines which are not in the Bible. One of those erroneous and new doctrines is what is called transubstantiation, and is thus expressed—"I profess that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really, and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a change of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which change the (Roman) Catholic Church calls transubstantiation. I count also that under either kind alone, Christ whole and entire, and a true sacrament, is received." The words *Mass* and *Eucharist* are merely other names for the Holy Communion.

The folly of this unscriptural doctrine of transubstantiation, was once the means of the conversion of an English Popish Priest in a very curious way. The Rev. Thomas Gage, a Romanist, native of Surrey, went to Spain, became a Dominican Friar, and laboured long in Central America as a Romish Missionary, and returned to England in 1637, after twenty-four years' absence. He publicly recanted, by preaching a Protestant sermon at Paul's Cross in 1642; and appears to have become a Nonconformist, and to have obtained the living of Deal, and afterwards that of Acris, in Kent, in the troublous times at the end of King Charles the First's reign.

His account of his conversion, which took

place in the Spanish city of Portobello, near Panama, in Central America, is as follows.—"I was one day saying mass in the chief church, when, after the consecration of the bread, being with my eyes shut at that mental prayer which the Church of Rome calleth the *memento* (remembrance) for their dead, there came from behind the altar a mouse, which, running about, came to the very bread, or wafer-god of the Papists, and, taking it in his mouth, ran away with it, not being perceived by any of the people who were at the mass; for that the altar was high by reason of the steps going up to it, and the people far beneath. But as soon as I opened my eyes to go on with my mass, and perceived my god stolen away, I looked about the altar, and saw the mouse running away with it; which on a sudden did so stupefy me, that I knew not well what to do or say, and calling my wits together, I thought that if I should take no notice of the mischance, and anybody else in the church should, I might justly be questioned by the Inquisition; but if I should call to the people to look for the sacrament, then I might be but chid and rebuked for my carelessness, which of the two, I thought would be more easily borne than the rigour of the Inquisition; whereupon I turned to the people, told them what had happened, and that I knew not what to do, unless they would help me to find the sacrament again. The people called a Priest that was at hand, who presently brought others also; then they lighted torches and candles to find out the malefactor, and after much searching for the sacrilegious beast, they at last found, in a hole of the wall, the sacrament half eaten up: which with great joy they took out: and as when the ark was brought again from the Philistines to the Israelites, so the people now rejoiced for their new-found god, whom with candles and torches, and joyful and solemn music, they carried about the church in procession.

"Myself was present on my knees, shaking and shivering for what might be done unto me, and expecting my doom and judgment. And as the sacrament passed me, I observed in it the marks and signs of the teeth of the mouse, as they are to be seen in a piece of cheese gnawn and eaten by it. This struck me with such horror, that I cared not at that moment whether I had been torn in a thousand pieces for denying that mouse-eaten bread to be God. I called to mind all philosophy, and resolved within myself that the thing which I there saw gnawn, was not a mere accident or appearance of bread; but some real substance, eaten and devoured by that vermin; which had certainly been fed and nourished by what it had so eaten. But no Papist would be willing to answer that the mouse had fed on the substance of the body and blood of Christ; therefore it had fed upon the substance of bread. And thus God had made use of so mean and base a creature to confute transubstantiation, and convince me of what I had before begun to doubt, that certainly the Church of Rome had erred grievously in this point of doctrine. For here, in Rome's judgment and opinion, the body of Christ on one altar was gnawn and eaten, and, at the same time, in another place and upon another altar, in the hands of another Priest, it was to be found not eaten and gnawn; the which are two contradictions of the same thing at once; namely, that it was gnawn and eaten, and that it was not gnawn and eaten. These impressions were so strong upon me, that I was fully now convinced in myself that bread, really and only, was eaten in a bodily sense upon the altar, and by no means Christ's risen and glorious body which is in heaven, and cannot be upon earth, subject to the hunger and violence of a creature. Here I desired, like David, that I could have the wings of a

dove to fly to my own country, England, and there be satisfied upon the point, and be at rest of conscience. And I resolved that if I should be questioned for my carelessness or contempt of the Romish sacrament, I would willingly sacrifice my life for the truth, which, as yet, I had been no otherwise taught than by that Spirit which, as Solomon observeth, in a man, 'is the candle of the Lord.' I conceived that this was some comfort to my soul, which my good God would afford me in my pilgrimage, that I might more willingly bear whatever crosses might befall me in my journey and way to England. The part of the wafer that was left after the mouse had eaten her fill, was laid up, after the solemn procession about the church, to be eaten by some Priest afterwards. And because such a high contempt had been shown by a despicable vermin to their wafer-god, it was commanded through Portobello that day, that all the people should humble themselves and mourn, and fast with bread and water only. I was not questioned; but I feared lest among so many soldiers and foreigners as were at Portobello at that great fair, I might be mischieved by their blind zeal for what I had done; and I thought it best to keep in my lodgings for a day or two. But no trouble fell upon me for this accident."—(See Gago's "Survey of the West Indies." Folio. 1648.)

This history is so natural, and such an accident so likely to happen to any Romish Priest, that probably many have been thrown into the like doubts, but, not having the same honesty of purpose, have gone on either forcing their conscience, or else secretly becoming infidels. For the doctrine is a false doctrine; and, therefore, the belief of it quietly leads souls to infidelity, or to darkness of conscience.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.

DR. CHALMERS described once what happened at Manchester, when he consented to preach a sermon, for some public object, at a large chapel in that town. He had not been thinking about the matter, after he had given his consent to preach; but his eye was attracted by seeing his own name in a printed paper, like an immense play-bill, posted on all the walls about the town. This was the *programme* of the ceremonial for the day. There were to be "prayers, anthems, choruses from Handel's Oratorios, and a sermon by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh." Excessively annoyed at all

this display, he refused to take any part, or to preach on the occasion. The directors expostulated, and represented what would be the effects of his withdrawal, and of the disappointment of the public. The matter was compromised; and Dr. Chalmers was to sit in the vestry till the proper time for him to come out and preach his sermon. But his troubles then only began; for, unfortunately, an Anthem, with full instrumental accompaniments, was appointed to follow the sermon. The orchestra, being placed immediately behind the pulpit, and more occupied with anticipations of their own performance than with anything else, the

musicians annoyed and disturbed the Preacher through the whole sermon by their preparations and preliminaries for the grand chorus. "Actually," as the Doctor exclaimed,

"tuning their very trombones at my ear before I had finished."—*Doan Ramsay on the Life and Writings of Chalmers.*

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



THE CARNATION.

A KIND of dianthus, or pink, much esteemed for its beautiful and fragrant double flowers. It is usually grown in rich, light, loamy soil, in which sand enough is mixed to prevent the stagnation of water; and is

propagated by either cuttings or layering. Many varieties are cultivated. Success in their management requires attention to a number of minute details, for which the reader must refer to those who have written at large on floriculture.

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

PART I.

MR. Buxton was born on the 1st of April, 1786. Even in early boyhood he manifested the earnest, resolute, thorough-going character which marked his riper years. "He was," says his biographer, "a vigorous child, and early showed a bold and deter-

mined character. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned, that when quite a child, while walking with his uncle, Mr. Hanbury, he was desired to give a message to a pig-driver who had passed along the road. He set off in pursuit; and, although one of his shoes was soon lost in the mud, he pushed on through lonely and intricate lanes, tracking the driver by the footmarks of his pigs, for nearly three miles, into the town of

Coggeshall; nor did he stop until he had overtaken the man, and delivered his message."

Having the prospect of inheriting considerable estates in Ireland, Fowell Buxton was sent to study at the Dublin University. When he entered on his studies there, he was far behind the most of his fellow-students, having, according to his own account, learned little or nothing at school. But having come to that time of life, when, as he afterwards wrote to one of his sons, a young man must make a turn to the right or to the left, he fortunately turned to the right. With the most indomitable perseverance, he gave himself to his studies. "I considered," he says, "every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions." He made good his resolution. At the first examination he took the second place; at the next, and at all succeeding examinations, he took the first place; and so distinguished himself, that, at the close of his college career, he was requested to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the University, with every prospect of a triumphant return. This honour, however, he declined.

Soon after leaving the University, circumstances having occurred to disappoint his expectation of being placed in independent circumstances, he found that his fortune must depend upon his own exertions. Accordingly, he entered into negotiations in different quarters, with a view to establishing himself in business. For a time these were unsuccessful. "I longed," he says, "for any employment that would produce me a hundred a year, if I had to work twelve hours a day for it." At length his anxieties were brought to a close by his uncles, partners in Truman and Hanbury's brewery, offering him a situation in that establishment, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. This offer he joyfully accepted; and into this new situation he carried his characteristic energy.

"From his childhood," says his biographer, "the duty of active benevolence had been impressed on him by his mother, who used to set before him the idea of taking up some great cause by which he might promote the happiness of man. Upon settling in London, he at once sought opportunities of usefulness." He took a part in all the charitable schemes of the poor and distressed district of Spitalfields in which the brewery was situated, "more especially those connected with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers."

The impressions produced upon his mind by the instructions he received from his mother, seem to have been deepened by his intercourse, in his college-days, with a family to whom he was afterwards united by marriage,—that of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham-Hall,

near Norwich. Of one member of this family all of our readers must have heard,—the celebrated Mrs. Fry. It was during a tour in Scotland, with some members of this family, that "his attention appears to have been drawn, with increased earnestness, to the subject of religion. When at Perth, he purchased a large Bible, with the resolution, which he steadfastly kept, of perusing a portion of it every day; and he mentions in a letter, dated September 10th, 1806, that quite a change had been worked in his mind with respect to reading the holy Scriptures. 'Formerly,' he says, 'I read generally rather as a duty than as a pleasure; but now I read them with great interest, and, I may say, happiness.' 'I am sure,' he writes again, 'that some of the happiest hours that I spend here, are while I am reading my Bible, which is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured, that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a superior Being, or so inclined to endeavour to submit myself to the direction of principle.'"

On returning to Dublin from this tour, he experienced a providential escape, which he thus describes:—

"In the year 1806, I was travelling with the Earlham party in Scotland. I left them to return to the college of Dublin. In consequence of some conversation about the Parkgate vessels, with my present wife, then Hannah Gurney, she extracted from me a promise that I would never go by Parkgate. I was exceedingly impatient to be at Dublin, in order to prepare for my examination: when I reached Chester, the Captain of the Parkgate packet came to me, and invited me to go with him. The wind was fair; the vessel was to sail in a few hours; he was sure I should be in Dublin early the next morning; whereas a place in the Holyhead mail was doubtful, and, at best, I must lose the next day by travelling through Wales. My promise was a bitter mortification to me, but I could not dispense with it. About eight or nine o'clock the vessel left, and of the one hundred and nineteen persons who embarked as passengers, one hundred and eighteen were drowned before midnight."

It was not, however, till some years after he had entered on his duties at the brewery, that religion seems to have gained that ascendancy over his mind which gave shape and colouring to the whole of his after-life. In the commencement of the year 1813, he was visited by an illness which brought him to the brink of the grave. The salutary effects of this affliction may be learned from the following extract from a paper, written after his recovery:—

"I was seized with a bilious fever in January. * * * When the disorder had assumed an appearance very alarming to those about me, I spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. I had been, for some years, perplexed with doubts: I do

not know if they did not arise more from the fear of doubting, than from any other cause. The object of my prayer was, that this perplexity might be removed; and the next day, when I set about examining my mind, I found that it was entirely removed, and that it was replaced by a degree of certain conviction, totally different from anything I had before experienced. It would be difficult to express the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. 'Now know I that my Redeemer liveth,' was the sentiment uppermost in my mind, and in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I stood justly condemned; but I felt released from the penalties of sin, by the blood of our Sacrifice. In *Itim* was all my trust."

Christmas-day of the same year he set apart for "balancing his mind," as he was accustomed at the brewery to balance the books; and in reviewing God's mercies, and his own improvement of them, he thus bears testimony to God's goodness and faithfulness:—

"In the evening I sat down, in a business-like manner, to my mental account. In casting up the incidental blessings of the year, I found none to compare with my illness: it gave such a life, such a reality and nearness, to my prospects of futurity: it told me, in language so conclusive and intelligible, that here is not my abiding city. It expounded so powerfully the scriptural doctrine of atonement, by showing what the award of my fate must be, if it depended upon my own merits, and what that love is which offers to avert condemnation by the merits of another: in short, my sickness has been a source of happiness to me in every way."

In the following anecdote, told in a letter to his wife, may be seen the earnest of that disinterested regard for the welfare of others which so characterized his after-life:—

"Spitalfields, July 15th, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at St. Hoar's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince; that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him, or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse; but in vain. At

last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast: happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London; and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden-Town and London; and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I throw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck: he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad."

A day or two afterwards he thus wrote:—

"You must not scold me for the risk I ran: what I did, I did from a conviction that it was my duty; and I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it. I do believe that if I had shrunk from the danger, and others had suffered in consequence, I should have felt more pain than I should have done had I received a bite."

We now come to that period of Fowell Buxton's history when he came forth out of the retirement of private life as the eloquent and earnest advocate of the suffering and destitute:—

"The winter of 1816 set in early, and with great severity; the silk-trade was almost stagnant, and the weavers in Spitalfields, always trembling on the brink of starvation, were plunged into the deepest misery. It was increased by the constant influx into the parish of the poorest class of London work-people, who could find no lodging elsewhere. A soup-society had been long before established; but the distress far exceeded the means provided for its alleviation. Under these circumstances, it was determined to hold a meeting on the subject at the Mansion-house."

The meeting was held; and Mr. Buxton, who had been visiting and relieving the poor, came forward to plead for them. His speech attracted universal attention. Letters of congratulation poured in from all hands; and, amongst the rest, one, the first he received, from that distinguished philanthropist, Mr. Wilberforce, with whom, in after-years, he was to be closely associated in his labours of love. The speech was published and re-published.

"By this one meeting at the Mansion-house," says the report of the Spitalfields' Benevolent Society, '£43,369 were raised. Two days after it had been held, Lord Sidmouth sent for Mr. Buxton, to inform him,

that 'the Prince of Wales had been so pleased by the spirit and temper of the meeting, and so strongly felt the claims that had been urged, that he had sent them £5,000.'

It was thus that Mr. Buxton's public career commenced. He stepped forward to plead the cause of his poor neighbours; but he was not one of those whose sympathies extend not beyond their own immediate neighbourhood: imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, he had learned to call every man brother:—

"One day, while walking past Newgate with Mr. Samuel Hoare, their conversation turned upon the exertions of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry, and her companions, for the improvement of the prisoners within its walls; and this suggested the idea of employing themselves in a similar manner."

"The exertions of Mrs. Fry and her associates had prepared the way; public attention had been drawn to the subject; and in 1816 the 'Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline' was formed."

Of this Society Mr. Buxton was appointed one of the Committee, and a deep interest he took in its operations. He was not satisfied with giving it his countenance. he gave it his earnest support, and his unwearied exertions. The following letter, written to his wife, is expressive of the views and feelings with which he launched forth on that path of labour for the good of others, along which his course lay for the remainder of his life:—

"After I had written to you yesterday, I went with Charles and Peter Burford on a visit to Newgate. I saw four poor creatures who are to be executed on Tuesday next. Poor things! God have mercy on

them! The sight of them was sufficient for that day. I felt no further inclination to examine the prison. It has made me long much that my life may not pass quite uselessly; but that, in some shape or other, I may assist in checking and diminishing crime and its consequent misery. Surely it is in the power of all to do something in the service of their Master; and surely I, among the rest, if I were now to begin and endeavour, to the best of my capacity, to serve Him, might be the means of good to some of my fellow-creatures. This capacity is, I feel, no mean talent, and attended with no inconsiderable responsibility. I must pray that I may at length stir myself up, and be enabled to feel somewhat of the real spirit of a Missionary, and that I may devote myself, my influence, my time, and, above all, my affections, to the honour of God and the happiness of man. My mission is evidently not abroad; but it is not less a mission on that account. I feel that I may journey through life by two very different paths, and that the time is now come for choosing which I will pursue. I may go on, as I have been going on, not absolutely forgetful of futurity, nor absolutely devoted to it. I may get riches and repute, and gratify my ambition, and do some good, and more evil; and, at length, I shall find all my time on earth expended, and, in retracing my life, I shall see little but occasions lost, and capabilities misapplied. The other is a path of more labour and less indulgence. I may become a real soldier of Christ; I may feel that I have no business on earth but to do His will, and to walk in His ways; and I may direct every energy I have to the service of others."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blasphemy are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Burton, Miss Emma,	Sutton,	Mansfield,	19	Nov. 21st, 1850.
Fulton, Mrs. Alicia,	Youghal,	Youghal,		March 9th, 1851.
Hamblin, Mrs. Letitia,	Wandsworth,	Hammersmith,	72	Feb. 27th, 1851.
Hancock, Mrs. Ann,	Whitechurch,	Whitechurch	66	April 8th, 1851.
Hope, Mr. Wilfred,	Darey-Lover,	Bolton,	21	Oct. 5th, 1850.
Hopkins, Mr. Jonathan,	Biddulph,	Congleton,	49	May 14th, 1850.
Lawrance, Mr. George,	Whitby,	Whitby,	25	Aug. 25th, 1849.
Lee, Mrs. Frances,	Woodborough,	Mansfield,	81	Nov. 1st, 1850.
Palmer, Mrs.,	Youghal,	Youghal,		April 7th, 1851.
Proud, Mrs. Mary Ann,	Wandsworth,	Hammersmith,	36	April 9th, 1851.
Robinson, Mr. William,	Tintwistle,	Glossop,	27	Feb. 3d, 1851.
Shaw, Mr. James,	Biddulph,	Congleton,	19	Jan. 18th, 1850.
Stephenson, Mrs. R.,	Sutton,	Mansfield,	70	Nov. 12th, 1850.
Tabor, Mrs. Mary Ann,	Naylor-street,	Third Manchester,	46	March 5th, 1850.
Taylor, Sarah,	Jow-Moor,	Bradford, West,	23	April 21st, 1851.
Tennant, Mr. John,	Hawsworth,	Olney,	72	July 4th, 1851.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

OCTOBER, 1851.

NOTICES OF THE REV. THOMAS JONES,
LATE OF CREATON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.*

THE REV. THOMAS JONES was born at Hafod, near Aberystwith, April 2d, 1752.

"When at the age of ten years," he says, "I well recollect to have had very serious thoughts of eternity. And one day, being in the field alone, musing on the world to come, I tried to find where eternity terminated. To assist my childish mind, I tried to find an end to the vast space that surrounded me, and imagined a wall built at the extremity of it. Then it occurred to me that there must be something still beyond this; and that, however far we went, there would be still room to go farther. Then, thought I, so must it be with eternity; and then I wept, because an *end* could not be found. From that time to the present (1830) no particular subject has more frequently or more deeply impressed my mind than that inconceivable, mysterious, and awful term, *ETERNITY*. Often have I been obliged to have recourse to it, in order to rouse my soul from torpor and stupidity. When other means failed to impress me, this seldom failed. Yet I never durst dwell but a very short time in meditating on it, being far too overwhelming a subject for my feeble mind. As meditation on this word, eternity, has been so beneficial to my own soul, I would advise others to make the same experiment."

But it was not until some years after he had been ordained a Minister of the Church of England, that he came to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; and it was not until after that change that he became the Curate of Creaton, in Northamptonshire. Here he laboured for forty-seven years, with a very small income, living all the time in a little, quiet inn, the occupants of which seem to have been respectable and well-disposed people. His simple and affectionate ministry became extremely popular, and he often had hearers from fifteen or twenty parishes. Of these, many became "lamps" in dark places. He mentions "one good woman, who, for many years, kept a turnpike-gate, and who was constantly speaking to all, who came in her way, about redemption and mercy, salvation and immortality; and God blessed her faithful exertions to many a poor sinner. The good Mr. Shaw, of Kilkenny, (Ireland,) preached three times one Sunday, at

* "Memoir of the Rev. T. Jones. By the Rev. John Owen, Vicar of Throssington."
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Creaton; and this good woman heard him every time. Next morning he drove up to the gate she kept, and was going to pay her, but she said, 'O, Sir, you have nothing to pay: you paid me yesterday most abundantly.' Mr. Shaw was struck with this novel conduct, and stopped a considerable time to converse with this daughter of Abraham; and he declared, many years after, that he never enjoyed a conversation more. Through the kindness of God, we had not a few such characters in our circle."

The following is an interesting example of the way in which God's word finds out the sinner:—

"A horse-dealer, of the wildest cast, was persuaded one Sunday, by some of his neighbours, to come to Creaton church: he was brought to the knowledge and love of God, and became a devoted servant of Christ. His wife persecuted him most bitterly for two years; but she said to him one Sunday, 'I will go with you to hear your favourite Parson.' She came; but the moment they mounted their horses to return, she began to pelt her husband with very angry words, and said, 'Shame! Shame!' He asked her, 'For what?' She said, 'For going to your Parson, to complain of your wife.' This he denied; and she insisted that it must have been so; 'For,' she added, 'how could he else speak of the quarrel we had the other day? He mentioned the very words that passed between us.' He then assured her that he had never spoken to the Minister in his life, though he had attended his ministry for two years. This pacified her. In about a month, she again said to her husband, 'I have a good mind to hear your Parson once more.' She came; and she returned home weeping, and a penitent. Ever afterwards they came together for years, and a more devoted couple I never knew. They lived and died most happy in the Lord."

The following are a few extracts from Mr. Jones's letters. A trial hard to bear is poverty, and to a poor man it is hard to sustain the loss of promotion. Mr. Jones was just about to be presented to a better living, when it turned out that his kind friend, Mr. Ramsden, was not the legal patron. The following sentences were written on that occasion:—

"I was reading this morning in the Book of Deuteronomy, that the Levites had no inheritance among their brethren. Then am I a Levite; and I have prayed scores and hundreds of times that I might have my portion, not in earthly but in heavenly things. The late disappointment was the trial of my faith, that I might know what is in my heart, whether I am willing to be poor or not. I bore the trial better than I expected Thomas Jones would have done. One glance at heaven and eternity blots out all creation, and makes worldly gain and greatness to appear a delusive dream, or a cloud that vanishes by a breath of air."

Again:—

"On the ground of my expectations, I had built some airy castles in the clouds; at which any weary traveller on his journey to the moon is welcome to take rest, and to refresh himself free of all expense." Then, in a more serious strain, he proceeds thus: "It is now very evident that the Lord never designed this great income for me; and I never wish to obtain what God does not wish to bestow on me in love, be it ever so flattering to our vain ambition. Thus the Lord leads His children home in ways of darkness, which they have not known; but at every-tide it shall be light. Jacob's star will soon appear, leading on to eternal day. When we come to stand on Mount Sion, and from thence review the intricate and mysterious way we have been conducted through the wilderness to our eternal rest, our hearts will be filled with adoring gratitude, love, and praise."

In another letter he says: "We sometimes speak of trials, conflicts, and

afflictions, as if they were sure to do us good. It is certain that they are designed to do so; for it is said of the Lord's corrections, 'He, for your profit.' After all, we lose the benefit of many of the medicines He sends us, because we do not take them according to His prescriptions. We frequently forget who sends them, and for what purpose. Whenever we fight against our troubles, or sink under them; we are sure to be wrong; and should His corrections last always, we are wrong if we grow weary of them. The wisdom of God is better able to judge, than our feelings and wishes, how frequent, how heavy, and how long, our trials ought to be.

"One of the hardest lessons to learn is, to make a right use of our sufferings, of what disturbs the mind, or, of what pains the body. The moment troubles come, we consult flesh and blood, and ask, 'What do you think of these things?' 'O,' says the flesh and the old man, 'they are enemies: let us fight against them.' He alone will manage his trials well, who makes the Bible his constant study, drinks deep into its spirit, listens to its counsels, and walks by its rules. A good head, a simple heart, and an entire reliance on Jesus, will teach and enable us to endure all things, and to grow rich by our losses."

We give one other extract from a letter to a brother in distress:—

"In spite of all we know of the ways of God and of His dealings with His children, we too readily fall into a common error: we give a *perpetuity* to the passing shadows of time which does not belong to them. When we sing the songs of Sion, and bask in the glory of Tabor, we triumphantly cry, 'My mountain shall stand fast for ever;' but we soon find ourselves at the foot of the hill, and entering into the dark valley of the shadow of death; and when clouds and darkness surround us, we strike the deep-toned notes of the bassoon, and say, 'Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be no more entreated?' But both pains and pleasures are on the wing, passing by, and succeed each other, as days and nights. The pillar that leads us on through the wilderness shows to us its bright and its dark side by turns, to teach us both our need of God, and His goodness to us. When we drink of the waters of Marah, we should then expect soon to drink of the well of Beith-lehem. And when the sun is perpendicular over our heads, we should not forget that, in twelve hours, we shall have the whole earth standing between us and the sun: yet, even then, the day will soon return. I have understood this better by observing the ways of God in providence towards myself and others, than by reading in the Bible that it is so. 'The world passeth away, and nothing in it continueth in one stay.'

"You cry out for a pair of wings. If you had them, you would not, I hope, willingly make use of them, till your mate and the young pigeons could fly with you. Ah! my brother, where are now the troubles of Robinson, Gillbee, and Foster? They are no longer tossed on the waves of a restless sea, but rest on the bosom of their Lord, and triumph in Him for ever."

Many of his "Maxims" remind us of the quaint old Puritans:—

"He who would avoid sin, will not sit at the door of temptation.

"The trees that stand most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.

"The world has only an outward glitter: the church of God is glorious within.

"Be serious without gloom, and merry without levity.

"Fools alone will carry to-day the troubles of future years."

Mr. Jones died January 7th, 1845.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS."

MAY not this Divine injunction refer to spiritual things, and to the care a man is bound to take of his spiritual opportunities and privileges, as well as to temporal things?

All our means of grace are invaluable. All impulses heavenward, and all elements and means of impulse, are inestimably precious; and, in proportion as they are so, they are to be carefully husbanded. There can be no abuse or waste of God's mercies with impunity. Even men of the world believe this, in regard to the blessings of God's providence; but how much more certain it is in regard to the blessings of His grace! Industry, care, and economy are requisite, or you cannot prosper.

Men admit this almost intuitively; for it has become a proverb of life in regard to this world; but how much more, in regard to another! For if frugality and diligence be so great, important, and necessary virtues in this life, if not only industry and energy in application, but a saving and putting to use of all good opportunities, be requisite for success here, much more must it be so in spiritual things, and for hereafter. Do you ever expect that any man will gain wealth who is careless in his business habits, or a spend-thrift of his money before he has gained it? Do you ever expect that a man will become rich, who in his business neglects the details, the small opportunities, and takes no care of the fragments? Do you expect any man to prosper who will attend to nothing but great bargains, and constantly subjects himself to losses by waste and heedlessness of daily transactions? No; you expect no such thing. How then can you dream of a man growing in grace or becoming rich in spiritual things, whose habits in regard to religion are in like manner careless? If a man restricts all his religious opportunities to the Sabbath, and lets every day of the week be a day of waste and worldliness, if at the end of the year his spiritual affairs do not look dark and gloomy, it is merely because he does not and dares not take any accurate survey of them. He balances his books in his worldly business every week, every day, but leaves the account for eternity to the day of judgment.

Now, though men may waste opportunities and neglect duties devolving upon them as spiritual beings, and even as members of Christ's church, and may carry on such neglect for a time with great impunity here, yet God takes account of all this. All the fragments wasted will be gathered up and presented at the judgment, if not here; and whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap. If he sows neglected opportunities and duties, he will reap an appropriate harvest; nor will he be able to put in as a plea in bar of judgment, that he had his farm and his merchandise, and his new barns to take care of, and that God gave him such increase in his worldly goods, that he had to neglect his spiritual affairs to take charge of them. There may be such excuses now proposed, where God as yet does not openly answer: men may say now, "My property increases so rapidly, and my business presses so strongly, that I cannot attend your meetings; I have no time: my business must be attended to; if not, it will go to ruin; and it is not my duty to God to neglect my business engagements." But if you hear any such excuses at the judgment, you will hear a new thing in the universe. There will be thousands ruined there for ever, by taking care of wood, hay, and stubble here, and taking so much time for that, that they could not attend to God's business, could not take care of their own souls. They could take care of their property, the best possible care; but, alas! not of their piety. They could set an example to their friends, acquaintance, dependents, and families, of punctuality and diligence in attending to their own business, but careless-

ness, neglect, waste, and ruin in regard to God's. There must come a reckoning for such things; and when it comes, alas! what unexpected and dreadful shipwreck and ruin will there be of hopes for eternity! "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward!" That is a terrible announcement to the man who has left his books to be balanced at the judgment.

Now, the truth is, that many men treat as mere fragments what God regards as His most precious trusts and blessings committed to our stewardship. Some of our most common but heavenly opportunities are of this nature. Many of the impulses heavenward, the starts of life and resolution, the quickenings of purpose and energy, the liftings toward God and eternal things, which are granted from day to day, are of this nature. A single impulse toward God, the excitement of a single heartfelt breathing after Him, in such a world as this, with such a nature as ours, is precious beyond all price, and the means of meeting or securing such blessings are beyond estimate important. But if a man regard such things as if they were the fragments, things to be taken no particular care of, he may be sure he will soon lose the possibility of wasting fragments: God will not long give him the opportunity of throwing them away. A man must take God's appointed ways of keeping up his piety, or his piety will decline. A man must put himself in the ordinary train of the Spirit's operations, or the Divine Spirit will cease to visit him. He can no more expect to be blessed in the neglect of such opportunities, than a man desirous of getting from one place to another can expect the locomotive of the rail-cars to call for him, and take him up at his own dwelling, while he refuses or neglects to present himself for the train, at the hour of departure.

Nevertheless, just such folly as this is committed by men in God's affairs, and in the concerns of their own souls, when they would despise themselves, and be despised by others, if they acted in the same way in their earthly business. If men, for example, neglect the ordinary duties of members of Christ's church, in the performance of which the Spirit of God is wont to meet, refresh, and bless the children of God, God will cease to meet them on extraordinary occasions; and, at length, if their neglect be continued, will cease to meet them at all. If they cease to take an interest, or are careless about gaining and keeping a share, in that blessing which Christ bestows by His presence in the assemblies of His people, then it is an intimation that Christ will take, and act upon; and as they desert the interests that are dearest to His heart, He will leave them to the interests that are dearest to theirs. But it is a terrible experiment for men to make. It is practically saying to God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." Hence the Lord's command and warning: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, *as the manner of some is*; but exhort one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." This "*manner of some*" was a manner indicative of ruin. Men may have a thousand excuses,—their ships to build, their merchandise to look after, their calls to make, their time so much occupied that they have no room left; or, what is more customary than all, their being so tired with their own business all day, that they have no strength for God's in the evening, or their getting back so late from the world at night, that a meeting for prayer is impossible; but again we say, this "*manner of some*" is a manner prophetic of ruin.

Men so absorbed in the world may go on quietly for a season, but a breaking up must come. They may seem to prosper in the world; but there is a private mark stamped upon such prosperity that God understands, and perhaps Satan also knows, even if they have forgotten it. God granted their

request, but sent leanness into their souls. There can be nothing but leanness in the souls of those who habitually put God's services to wait upon their own convenience. They may seem to be going on decently and in order, but they know not what spirit they are of, nor what would be their confusion if God should suddenly call them to judgment. They know not how little prepared they are to meet God in any of His chastising providences. That man of God, Cecil, records how he was once in this careless frame, when a plain country Minister preached a sermon by which it pleased God to shoot an arrow into his conscience. The Minister merely said, with inexpressible simplicity, that men might get on well enough in the morning, and please themselves at noon, but the cool of the day was coming, when God would come down to judge them. That cool of the day! The glow and delusion of the world would soon be all over, and the soul must meet God, must see Him as He is, must account to Him for all the privileges and responsibilities of its stewardship. For Cecil, it was as if a bolt from the Almighty had fallen at his feet. Thou man of the world, busied in earthly cares, plans, anxieties, successes, remember that the cool of the day is coming, when, if thou hast not time now, while God in mercy is waiting on thee, to adjust thy business with Him, thou must take time for judgment; and it is a very different thing meeting God as a Judge, from meeting Him as a Saviour.

Would to God that the Lord's own people would think more of this! God is a kind and gentle Master; but he cannot have His goods wasted. When He calls us into the kingdom and church of His dear Son, it is as He calls labourers into His vineyard, where He has work for every man to do. Now if it be found, when the time of reckoning comes, that the man whom He sent to take care of His own vines and grapes, merely went and built a pleasant lodge for himself, and took a little patch of ground for his private cultivation, and very rarely even went into the vineyard to help to take care of that, then it cannot but be that his neglect and selfishness will have their reward. The waste or misappropriation of privileges is often followed with severe punishment here. St. Paul declares this, in rebuking the neglectful and irreverent manner in which some, without preparation or self-examination, attended unworthily upon the Lord's supper. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." God rebuked them: "For," adds Paul, "if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But *when* we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." That is, the principles of God's administration with His professing people in the matter of discipline for their sins, are very different from those on which He governs the world. When the ungodly world are judged, it will be for everlasting condemnation. But God visits the sins of His professing people beforehand, and judges them now with chastisement, that they may be redeemed from evil, and not perish for ever. If they would avoid God's judgments therefore now, they must live near to God, endeavouring to be faithful in His church, in His service, and in the faithful use of those privileges of which the sacrament of the Lord's supper may be the highest, but by no means the only one essential to their own usefulness and to God's glory. If they neglect these things, and still do not meet God's judgments, then, according to the rule laid down by the Apostle, that is far from being a sign in their favour, but is rather a sad foreboding that they are given over to have their judgment with the condemnation of the world. There is nothing, therefore, that should fill a man with more trembling and anxiety, than to find himself, notwithstanding a state of lukewarmness and neglect of his church-duties and spiritual privileges, in a state of continued worldly comfort and prosperity. "My flesh trembleth," says David, "for fear of Thee; and I am afraid of Thy

judgments.^v But if a man be wandering from God, he has still greater reason to be afraid of his *prosperities*, afraid of being left *without* God's judgments, afraid of God saying of him, "Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone." Sometimes God's most terrible judgments come thus in the way of seeming prosperities, made idols, and set up in the heart and the life instead of God's service. If a man could see the end from the beginning, he would sometimes sooner march into a burning furnace than pray and labour for the continuance of such prosperities.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. XXII.

FIDELITY WITH THE DYING.

Few duties are more distressing to the sincere Christian, than to be called to visit the dying, ignorant of, or careless about, their souls' condition ; and frequently it is difficult prudently and faithfully to discharge the duty binding, in such circumstances, upon all sensible of the worth of immortal souls. Suffering is almost sure to excite sympathy, and to enlist on behalf of the sufferer the tender sensibilities of our nature. From the fear of increasing bodily disease, and giving pain of mind, there is a danger of shrinking from fidelity to the interest of the soul. You may see, it may be, a young person in whom the certain doom of early mortality is evident, yet clinging to, and anxious for, life, ready to rest upon any-reed of hope, however feeble, that may encourage the fervent desire for continued existence. Yet it may be necessary to intimate that hope is fallacious ; that disease must and will, sooner or later, prove fatal. Then a struggle arises between the tenderness of the creature, and the real love of the Christian. Or, the afflicted one may be the head of a large dependent family. The members of it are all solicitude for his recovery, and he himself is fully alive to their claims on his exertion and protection. Here, too, for his family's sake, life is longed for ; and, it may be, the mind is diverted from a proper preparation for eternity. You fear to give alarm ; you wish not to increase misery ; and by this feeling you are perhaps deterred from the performance of incumbent duty. But what feeling should prevail ? This question would easily be answered, if due reflection were only given to the value of the soul, and the unchangeableness of the eternal state awaiting that soul. Doubtless discretion should be exercised, and plainness of dealing should be clothed with the kindness of affection ; but love to the immortal spirit, just about to depart into the presence of the Judge of all, should reign over every other consideration. Even at the risk of offending for a season, attempts should be made to preserve "the brand from the burning." Various are the classes of character, and diversified are the circumstances, where fidelity, on the principle of love to the soul, is imperatively due and demanded.

The grossly ignorant and profanely wicked form a numerous class. These have walked in darkness, in heathenish darkness, amidst the blaze of Christian light ! Without God ; knowing only that name to blaspheme it, and take it in vain. Life has been one unbroken course of transgression. In this state, the hand of death arrests them ; but they have "no bands ;" for they have no fear : and why ? They have no knowledge. The sinfulness of sin is a subject they never studied ; the guilt and pollution of sin they have never seen : of its consequences, therefore, they have no dread. And yet, if they are informed of the law they have broken, and of the righteous wrath they have incurred, they will plead, and even trust to, their ignorance for

escape and safety. But such must be told that their ignorance was wilful. The sun shone around them, but they would not go forth into its light. They have felt the spirit of condemnation, but they have withstood its influence. If other means fail, the terrors of the Lord should be employed to awaken them to concern. "I am willing," said an ignorant and wicked man to a Minister, "I am willing to be saved;" as though he was conferring a favour on the Saviour by that willingness. But there was no sorrow for the past, no confession of sin, no alarm about the consequences of transgression, no fleeing to Jesus. But cases such as these are not altogether hopeless. When faithful dealing has been exercised, hardened, thoughtless sinners have been awakened in the very article of death, and have found the mercy of an eleventh-hour salvation. Such cases the writer has witnessed, although he has known too many who have died in the darkness of ignorance, and in the carelessness of unconcerned indifference.

The self-righteous especially need fidelity. It is frequently more difficult to awaken these to a sensibility of their state, than it is to arouse the fears and inquiries of those who have been openly wicked. They have avoided gross immorality; they have been very conscientious in the observance of some particular duty; and, it may be, that they have attended a ministry where they have been taught that this was all that is required of them. To convince such that they need any other Saviour but themselves is extremely difficult. The relation of facts will best illustrate these sentiments. A Minister was called to visit a very pharisaical old lady. He endeavoured to show her that she was a sinner; but this she positively refused to admit. On his observing, "Why, we are all sinners in the sight of God," he received for answer: "Yes, yes; you may speak for yourself: no doubt you know what sort of a life you have lived." Thus intimating that he might be aware of wicked conduct, but that she was without sin. Frequently this class of the dying have been found to be as destitute of fear as they were confident of future happiness. When close inquiries have been put respecting the foundation on which this confidence was placed, it has been discovered to rest upon mistaken views of personal goodness, or some act deemed to be worthy or meritorious. "Why," asked a Minister of an aged man, "do you expect to go to heaven?" The reply was, "I have said my prayers at night, and paid every one his own, and expect heaven at last." This man had been remarkable for his honesty, and in this he trusted; though, for many years, he had been a violent persecutor of his pious wife. In another instance, the same Minister was delighted by the professed experience of a dying youth, who said he possessed great peace and comfort, and declared his willingness to die, and readiness to appear in the presence of God. After some further conversation, the Minister was about to retire, thankful to God for such a witness to the sufficiency of His grace. But before leaving, he was led to inquire, "When did you find that peace: how long have you had that blessed hope of heaven?" Then, to his astonishment, the young man affirmed that, in his own esteem, he had never known the absence of them. "He had always loved his mother; and he had never said a bad word, nor told a lie in all his life." This was the source of his peace, and the foundation of his confidence. These facts prove that fidelity with the dying is an imperative duty; that the visiter should not be satisfied with the profession of the visited, but test their professions by the word of God. It may be distressing to have to undeceive them, to sweep away their baseless expectations; but not to do so, would be to participate in their deception. And shall souls be destroyed through the fear of giving them pain? Who would take such a responsibility with him to the bar of God?

Antinomians may be met with, and require great fidelity. They have known God,—known Him as a Saviour from sin into the enjoyments of grace. Dependence is placed on former experience, or they may conclude that sin in them brings glory to God, and so they sin, that grace may abound. Such, with feelings the most ungracious, having lived a life most unholy, will meet death without dread, and profess in that solemn hour a full preparation for an eternal state. Many are found thus to act, supported by their received creed; and others, from ignorance of the Gospel scheme of salvation. When such come into contact with one who is fully assured that the pure in heart only can see God, he will see the necessity of speaking and sparing not; and the law of condemnation must be brought to bear on such cases, as well as the pure requirements of the Gospel. Searching examination will be necessary to detect the devices of such self-deceivers. Plausible and pleasing language must not be allowed to satisfy the visiter: fidelity requires close personal dealing to remove the veil that hides themselves from themselves, and perils their eternal interests. An individual in the north of England, who had been a member of a Christian church at one period of his life, thought that his end was approaching, and expressed his desire to have prayer made for him, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to him. One who had known him, and his manner of life, called upon him. He professed to be in a blessed state of mind, but to all appearance was very near the close of life. The visiter was surprised, but delighted, to find him apparently so ready for his departure. But there was one point on which he desired to have information. He knew that the dying man had lived on very bad terms with his wife; and he was anxious to learn if a good understanding had taken place, and if now a spirit of forgiveness and affection was cherished. He prudently stated how well it was to die in peace with all men; and inquired if he could forgive his neighbours, if any had offended him? He replied very readily that he could, and did from his heart. "Then," added the visiter, "perhaps your children may have grieved you frequently; and I hope, as a father, you have no ill-will towards them now?" To that inquiry he replied that he loved them; and that if at any time they had displeased him, he truly gave them his pardon. The visiter expressed his pleasure on hearing this, but further observed, "There is your wife: it may be that in your long life things have happened to cause you to quarrel with each other; if so, I hope you can now forgive her also." With a look and spirit that astounded the visiter, the man, who supposed himself just on the verge of eternity, exclaimed, "No, I will rake hell with her first." It need not be added, that he was deemed in an improper state to receive the memorials of a Saviour's dying love. Now, had not the visiter been aware of the facts which enabled him to test that dying man's state of soul, he might have passed into eternity with all that malignancy of feeling, under the fatal notion that he was a monument of saving grace. What result followed the faithful admonitions and warnings given, eternity may unfold; but the fact illustrates the imperative necessity of *fidelity with the dying*.

Chelsea.

N.

THE RELATION OF LIVING AND DYING.

"To live is Christ,—to die is gain:" there is the relation of cause and effect between these two affirmations. We look at this now only as matter of experience; of actual occurrence. It is not theory, but cheering fact, they who so live do so die. The explanation is easy. Where there has been such living, there is a treasure laid by, where neither death, nor any rifling hand, can reach.

It is laid up in Christ: being there, it is safe; when all other treasure must go, this abides to enrich and bless the departing soul.

We may follow such an one through a course of Christian service to the final hour,—the hour of his conflict. Such having been the spirit and tenour of his life, there is no doubt with him, or with any one else, that death will be his gain. All is clear, serene; for his bed is made, as it were, on the outer edge of heaven; and the balmy breath, and the entrancing songs, of that world seem almost to come over and touch his spirit. It follows that his soul's hope in Christ was never brighter or firmer; his soul's wealth laid up in Christ, to be realised in heaven, never appeared so near to him, so inalienably his; never did it so swell out in magnitude, and assume to itself such more than golden preciousness, as when, having lived to Christ, he lies down to die in Christ. The successful worldling may have his locked and coffered millions: he has nothing in that hour. That man in Christ may have no worldly thing; the rough boards of his coffin, and the rude shoveling at his grave, may both be the work and the fruit of charity; but his soul, as it lies there in that extremity, is really clothed with the riches of immortality; and, as it leaves the body, it goes at once into the possession of the Uncreated and the Infinite. How sublimely true, that death,—that most dreaded thing, that ghastly thing, that ruthless invader of our frames, our ties, our joys, our hopes, our homes, blighting everything on which falls his cold touch, how wonderful that it is so,—even death is gain! What thanks do we owe, that we can so confidently say it, have so often heard the dying say it, "Death to me is gain!" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

LOVE OF THE TRUTH.

It is John Newton who somewhere says, that he never knew any person who appeared to be actuated by a sincere love of the truth, who did not come right after a while, however far off he might have been when he began to feel this motive operating. The case of the Rev. Thomas Scott is a remarkable illustration of this remark. When he commenced his correspondence with Mr. Newton, he was a Socinian, and was solicitous to engage his correspondent in a controversy on the points of difference. Mr. Newton, however, while he avoided controversy, still entertained and expressed the hope that Mr. Scott would come to a right belief, because he thought he perceived in him a sincere desire to know the truth.

This is one of the first lessons which they learn, who are taught of God. The Holy Spirit, when he would lead any one to the saving knowledge of the truth, produces in him a spirit of humble docility. The soul, led by the Spirit, thirsts for the knowledge of the truth. This is a very different thing from ardent attachment to particular opinions, which have been imbibed from education, or from connexion with a particular sect. Such attachment cleaves to error as tenaciously as to truth.* A man may be willing to lay down his life in defence of his opinions, and yet may be destitute of the love of truth. The genuine love of truth makes its possessor willing to relinquish his most cherished opinions as soon as it shall be satisfactorily demonstrated that they are not true. The love of truth renders a man not only earnest in the pursuit of the beloved object, but impartial in his judgment of evidence. He fears deception, and admits new opinions only after the evidence has been thoroughly sifted and weighed.

This disposition is commonly accompanied with a deep sense of ignorance and liability to err. The lover of truth cannot be satisfied with mere plausible appearances; he must have solid ground to rest upon: he

therefore digs deep, until he comes to a rock. And as the Holy Bible is the treasure of Divine truth, he searches the Scriptures daily to find out what God has revealed. But, conscious of his liableness to be misled by ignorance or prejudice in interpreting the oracles of God, he is incessant in his prayers for Divine illumination. Such an one trusts little to his own reason or human authority: he wants to hear what the Lord saith. And they who search for truth as for hidden treasure shall not be disappointed. There is a gracious promise, that if we seek we shall find. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

POWER OF THE CROSS.

THE thoughtful Heathen, as he retired from the temple and the bleeding victim, out of a conscience still pressed down under the weight of its own wretchedness, exclaimed, "O that I knew where I might find Him!" The Hebrew, turning from the smoking altar and the atoning Priest, still cried out, "Wherewith shall I appear before God, and bow myself before the Most High!" The Hindoo mother, returning childless from the river that has swallowed up her babe, feels the sting of guilt still ranking in unmitigated agony! The body of the devotee is crushed beneath the wheel; but, ah! the wound was far deeper. From that mangled, bleeding corpse, his soul is now set free; but yet uncleansed, and in all her guiltiness, that soul appears before God. Thus it is in our own country, and at the present day. A man, feeling the agony of a guilty conscience, may flee everywhere but to Calvary, and there is no relief for his anguish. But let him hear that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" let him cast himself for salvation upon Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin; let him learn and practise the precepts of the Gospel, and he feels in his spirit that his deadly wound is healed. The peace that passeth all understanding is shed abroad in his soul. The Spirit itself witnesseth with his spirit that he is a child of God. From the dominion of sin, from the tyranny of passion, from subjection to a sensual and transitory world, from the intolerable anguish of a wounded spirit, the Son has made him free, and he is free indeed. Being justified by faith, he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoices with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN?

CHRISTIANS sometimes look far away to heaven. But that rest is not far off. The clouds that hide the shining world are thin: they are transient, and soon will obscure no more. The journey may end this hour: one short step may place the Christian in the world of light. One dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes, and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful, and eternal, succeeds it. A pang may be felt for a moment, and then it flies away for ever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory, ensues. How soon, O, how soon, the Christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears! Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces! how holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home our heavenly Father is fitting for his children, and not feel his soul athirst for its enjoyment and employments? Well, those delights, the happy clime, those ever-verdant plains, are not far distant.

THEOLOGY.

INCONSISTENCIES.

CHRIST's real people are His servants, His subjects, His friends. But of many of His professed people it may be said, What strange servants! Always at work for themselves, doing nothing for their Master! What singular subjects! taking the reins of government into their own hands, and making their own will a law unto themselves. What heartless friends! preferring the company of the vain, and the friendship of the world, above communion with God.

The most important things are the most neglected. In proportion as subjects deserve attention, it is denied them. The life of man is chiefly taken up with trifles. Compare what men are doing, with what they are leaving undone, and you will see, with surprise, how much the latter transcends in importance the former.

He that does good, without being good, pulls down with one hand what he builds up with the other.

He who by inconsistency becomes a stumbling-block in the church, is the grief of the church, the jest of the world, and the gazing-stock of fallen angels.—*Dr. Nevins.*

DELAY.

"I AM waiting," says the sinner. For whom does he wait? For God? God is ready for him. Waiting! What folly to wait for one's self to act!

Every sinner being dependent on the aid of the Holy Spirit for a disposition to embrace the Gospel offer, it cannot be safe for him to delay his surrender to Christ, except on this condition, that God agrees to it. If He agrees to a postponement, let it be so. But where has He given His consent? Has He not, on the contrary, threatened most severely all who hesitate?

He is in a sad way whose income never met his expenses, and whose expenses are daily becoming greater, while his income is daily becoming less. It is just so with every sinner who defers repentance. He is like a man unskilled to swim, who is, by every step he takes, going further from the shore, and into water of greater depth, besides becoming every moment more and more exhausted: the man plunges on,

while ten thousand voices on the shore call and conjure him to stop and turn; and that which calls loudest, and conjures most earnestly, is the voice of God: "Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die? As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but that he turn from his wicked way and live."

What can exist hereafter that does not now exist, to give sinners the disposition to repent? What inducement will there be that is not now? Circumstances may indeed change. Adversity may overtake a man. He may be sick, he may be afflicted, and he may feel himself to be drawing near to death; and, under these circumstances, he may have some inclination to religion which he has not now. But it is not every kind of inclination to the subject that will answer the purpose. A man may have a disposition to be saved, yet no disposition to trust in Christ. Now the former without the latter is of no avail. The awakened sinner has some disposition towards religion; yet how long he remains, notwithstanding this, without the willingness to be a Christian, and sometimes dies without it! So sometimes the sinner on his death-bed is exceedingly solicitous about his salvation, and it seems as if there was nothing he would not do to secure it; and yet, after all, he is not willing to give his heart to God.

He knows not what he does, who puts off repentance from the certain present to the uncertain future; or, if he knows, he does a deed of daring which would signalise the most nefarious spirit in the dark dominions of eternal death.

To-morrow exists not but in anticipation. It is but the reflection of time, the shadow of a day, that recedes continually as we advance, till it is lost in eternity. To-day is all of time that we have. Should any ask, how long a time it will require to make up the mind rationally, deliberately, and fully, to embrace Jesus Christ as the Saviour; I answer, Just as long as it takes a drowning man to make up his mind to let go the little twig which he has in his hand, and lay hold on the spar that is thrown out to save him.

Delay is refusal; and refusal is base ingratitude; and ingratitude is full of danger. When men say, "We will repent, and be reconciled to God, by and by,"

they say, "We will not repent and be reconciled." *All *honest* purposes of repentance relate to the present time.—*Ibid.*

EVIL-SPEAKING.

PERHAPS no single cause contributes more to banish the Spirit of God from the houses and hearts of men than evil-speaking. There are sins of more flagrant enormity; but what sin is more extensively diffused! Evil-speaking! Who is without sin in this respect? How common it has become! How much of it there is every day, everywhere, in the city and in the country, at home and abroad, in every large concourse, and in every little company, and even in the soliloquy of the closet! Who is not among its actors and its objects? We sacrifice others on this cruel altar, and then we ourselves become its cruel victims. How easily we slide into this sin!—*Ibid.*

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DOCTRINES OF THEOLOGY.

III.—THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

FIRST, *The doctrine is fraught with consolation.* It is a rock on which we can fix our feet, while the mighty torrent is sweeping away everything around us. Awful indeed is the idea of a Being dwelling from age to age amidst the plenitude of perfection and felicity, to whom time is as a moment, and the universe as a span. What is man, that He should regard him? Yet He condescends to be our Friend and Protector; consoles us by the assurance, that although we are as the flower of the field, which is withered by the passing blast, yet His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting, and His faithfulness to children's children. To Christians this consolation belongs. The unchangeableness of His character secures to them the performance of His promises, a welcome reception when they come to Him with their requests, succour in the season of need, and happiness stretching beyond the boundaries of time, uninterrupted by death itself, and prolonged through an infinite duration. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the

Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isai. liv. 10.)

Secondly, *This doctrine is fitted to awaken solemn thought.* It is like the cloud which interposed between the Israelites and the Egyptian army: it has a dark as well as a light side. It ensures the execution of God's threatenings, as well as the performance of His promises. It destroys the hope which the guilty sometimes fondly cherish that He will be all lenity to the frail and the sinful, and that they will be much more lightly dealt with than the declarations of His own word would lead us to expect. We oppose to these deceitful and presumptuous speculations the solemn truth, that God is unchangeable in veracity and purity, in faithfulness and justice. There is another delusion which this doctrine is fitted to dispel. The thought of hell as a prison from which there is no release, is awfully alarming; and men unable to work themselves into a complete disbelief of its existence, have sought to relieve their minds by converting it into a purgatory, or a place of temporary punishment. The Judge will relent, and let the criminals go free. Future sufferings will prove corrective, and prepare for a restoration. But here again God's immutability meets us. It is utterly vain to expect from Him what is inconsistent with His nature. What He is at present He will always be. As fire will always burn, so His holiness will always abhor, and His justice will always pursue with vengeance, the workers of iniquity. There can be no hope of escape without a change in themselves; and that change must take place, if it ever take place at all, before death. This life is the season of trial: the world to come is the place of recompense, and there the allotment is final. This is all fixed, and, being founded on the principles of eternal justice, is as immutable as God Himself.

PREACHING CHRIST.

* *Not* ceremonies, but Christ; not only morality, but true piety; not the cross in baptism, but "crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts;" (Gal. v. 24;) not bowing to the name of Jesus, but to the authority, and government, and law of Jesus; not a white garment, but the linen of saints, righteousness and holiness. I do not at all deny but civility and morality are duties, very goodly pearls, necessary and becoming. O that there were more of them to be found among us! Nor do I deny but that many useful

sayings, good precepts and rules, may be fetched from heathen authors,—Plato, Seneca, Tully, Plutarch, &c. But we need not borrow jewels of Egyptians, blessed be God! nor go down to the Philistines for the sharpening of our mattocks. It is the Gospel of Christ which is the power of God to salvation. There is no need of quoting a philosopher when we have a Paul. What examples can we produce and propound so exact and curious as is that of Christ, “who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth?” He spake so as “never man spake,” and He walked so as never man walked.—*Slater*.

cannot answer all the quirks and captions of a wrangling sophister, yet he may see a reason (as before) for what he believes, and for his firmly adhering to it.—*Edward Veal*.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

THERE are, in the word of God, examples of the love of money, no less than the love of souls; but these are not such as should invite us to imitate them. The love of money made Balaam unite with the enemies of God, to his destruction; it made Achan violate an express command of the Almighty, which occasioned both his own death and that of all his family; through it, Demas became an apostate; it occasioned the fatal lie of Ananias; and under its influence Judas betrayed our Lord into the hands of His enemies. These are not instances to tempt Christians uselessly to hoard up the wealth by which they might do abundant good; even if innumerable proofs were not furnished by every day's experience of the mischief which the love of money does to professed Christians and their children.

Not without reason has St. Paul declared, that “the love of money is the root of all evil.” For it leads to pride and luxury, to injustice and fraud, to contention between nearest friends, to strife in families, to imperturbable hardness in the sight of human suffering, to absorbing selfishness, to the dislike of spiritual religion, to the neglect of secret prayer, to dangerous association with the world, to a useless life and a doubtful death, to the loss of all generous sentiments, and the ruin of the immortal soul.

NEW HERESIES OFTEN OLD.

WE find by experience, that as there be some doctrines more especially known and published in their respective times and ages, so likewise several ages and many times and places have their peculiar errors, either new ones first forged, or old ones new burnished. The devil makes it his business, and even sets his wits upon the tenters, to furnish the world with variety of lies, suitable to the various humours and interests of men; and when one error is detected, begins to smell rank, and go out of date, through the power and prevalency of the truth, he carefully provides another to succeed it; and if a new one be not at hand, as if his invention failed him, he many times conjures up some old dead one, and makes it walk about in a new dress, and pass for some new or newly-revived truth, when, indeed, it is but the apparition of a long-since buried error. As merchants are wont to observe what commodities please most in such and such places, and at such and such times; and accordingly take care to supply the markets: so the devil looks what wares will vend best in such a country, at such a season, what will be the most grateful to the lusts and interests of men, and then will be sure to supply them with those most which he sees take most. And though we do not say that every private believer is bound to be a school divine; to be exact in all the niceties and controversies which may arise about matters of religion; yet, sure, every one that is capable of it should labour so to understand the doctrine of religion, as to be able to know what is truth, and what is error; and to be so established in the belief of the truth, as that, though he

If persons who have money to spare for a thousand superfluities, or even for a thousand mischievous indulgences, do almost nothing for the spiritual welfare of others, what a condemning contrast do they exhibit between their prayers and their conduct! Day by day they say, in the language of devout zeal, “Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.” And while the devil reigns over the world with undisputed dominion, and under his power men in general openly disregard the will of God, they will do nothing to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Are their prayers real? Then why not strive to secure their accomplishment? Are they false? Then are they daily uttering that falsehood before the Omniscent. Either let men

live to promote the kingdom of God, or cease to pray that it may come. If they will live so as to confirm the world's sensuality, septicism, and ungodliness, then let them never more utter the petitions which they do not mean; and if they will not labour for the world's conversion, let them not pretend to pray for it.—*Noel.*

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

ONE great recommendation of the whole doctrine of justification by faith is, that it brings out clearly and unequivocally the personality of God on the one hand, and the personality of the sinner on the other. All schemes of false religion tamper with one or other of these two things,—the personality of God, or the personality of the sinner. But the great doctrine of justification by faith brings a personal God and a personal sinner face to face; God personally dealing with me personally. It is not that God deals in the lump with the church; it is not that God sanctifies in the mass the church, and then that I am admitted, through some mystical ceremonial rite, into the benefit of the blessing which the church has received.

There is no such procedure on the part of the living God: it is the very error of Popery and of Puseyism, that it makes God deal thus in a wholesale way. No; it is not thus that God so deals with one church on earth, as to have it in a state of acceptance and peace, and then that I am ceremonially admitted into the benefits of that peace. God personally deals with me personally. It is not through the church I come to my God, but through God I come to His church. It is not first a wholesale procedure on the part of God towards the church collective, that wholesale procedure becoming available through the admission, often unconsciously, of one and another into the communion of the church; but it is that God deals with us according to our rational nature, according to our nature as men, reasonable, intelligent, conscientious, free, living agents. The living God comes to me as a rebel against His authority, asking no questions about the church, but asking questions about His law, His authority, His government, charging me as a rebel against His throne, a breaker of His law, responsible personally and individually for my transgression. He comes to me, and through

the blood of His Son, He makes terms of peace with me, drawing me to Himself; and then He makes a church out of believing souls on earth, and ultimately a church in heaven; not by any wholesale process, but by units,—one by one, soul by soul, man by man, being brought personally, individually, to His bar. They are dealt with, they are made to confess, they are reconciled, they are accepted, they are adopted into a participation with the very Sonship of Christ Himself, and each one as thence proceeding as no more a guilty man, but an accepted and adopted child; thence proceeding to glorify God on earth, and enjoy Him here and hereafter for ever. The entire community of saints is at last completed; the whole family in heaven and earth is formed, named after Christ, its true and only Head.—*Dr. Candlish.*

ETERNITY.

WHENCE, my brethren, do you derive your confidence that your dying day is so remote? From your youth? "Yes," you reply: "I am as yet only twenty, thirty, years old." Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No; it is not that you have advanced twenty or thirty years, but that death has gained twenty or thirty years upon you. God has given you thirty years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are His debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term when death awaits you. Take heed, then: eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. ETERNITY! ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb,—Ever, never—never, ever,—and for ever.

During these fearful vibrations, a reprobate cries out, "What is the hour?" and the voice of a fellow-wretch replies, "ETERNITY!"—*Bridaine.*

THE WORLD.

THE world useth a man as ivy doth an oak; the closer it gets to the heart, the more it clings and twists about the affections: though it seem to promise and flatter much, yet it doth indeed but eat out his real substance, and choke him in the embraces.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

TEACH CHILDREN HOW TO USE MONEY.

Show the child early the use of money; its use in obtaining necessities, and in promoting works of benevolence. Train the child in the right direction as to the estimate of money, as to its use, and as to the objects on which it should be expended. In after-life he will have much to do with it: teach him betimes to handle it aright. It is of much practical importance that young children should be accustomed themselves to have, to keep, and to use money. They should not only by precept be taught, but by experience trained, to know that it is wrong to throw it uselessly away, and to know the blessedness of giving for the good of those that need. There is more power than most of us are yet aware of in the practice of letting children have some pence of their own, to be laid out according to their own judgment, or given in charity on the impulse of their own will. Of course, there will be a continuous effort to imbue the child's mind with correct ideas; but there should not be direct interference with the freedom of his act. I would rather see an occasional mistake, which might afterwards be turned to good account, than make him a mere agent in executing my order. It is not his hand, but his will, that is to be exercised, and influenced, and trained. It is but a little act, the miniature, as it were, of a good deed; but it derives its importance from being the act of a little man,—one who will soon be acting a man's part on the wide arena of the world. The infant is the germ of the man. The infant's habits, and likings, and actings are the rivulet, already settling its direction, which will soon swell into the strong stream of life.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

PARENTS, PRAY.

ALL our instructions without prayer will do no good. Go to God to sanctify all. By prayer carry thy children, servants, to the blessed Jesus in the arms of faith, and beseech Him to bless them, by laying His hands on them, as Isaac did. (Gen. xxvii. 1—29; xlviii. 9, 14; with Matt. xix. 13; Mark x. 16.) How pathetically did Abraham plead with God for Ishmael! "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" (Gen.

xvii. 18.) Bathsheba calls Solomon "the son of her vows." (Prov. xxxi. 1, 2.) Austin was the child of Monica's prayers and tears. O pray, then, pray earnestly: "O that this my son, daughter, servant, might not die for ever! Thou, Lord, art the Prince and Lord of life! O speak powerfully to their poor souls, that these pieces of my bowels, that are now dead in trespasses and sins, may hear Thy voice, and live!" Cry out to God, with that poor man in the Gospel: "Lord, have mercy on my son!" (Matt. xvii. 15.) If a mother, do as the woman of Canaan did: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David: my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." If He seem not to hear, and to be silent, go nearer to Him by faith, and cry: "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" If His answer seem to be a repulse, do not then desist, but rather gather arguments from His denial, as she did; and conclude, that if He once open His mouth, He will not shut His hand: and if importunity may prevail with an unrighteous man, then much more it will obtain with a gracious God. Never leave Him, therefore, till, by laying hold on His own strength, thou hast overcome Him. At last thou mayest hear that ravishing voice: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" and see thy daughter "made whole from that very hour." (Matt. xv. 21—28.)—*J. g.*

"IT'S ONLY ME."

A lady had two children,—both girls. The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centred in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard a childish footstep on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favourite.

"Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired.

"No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "it isn't Sweet: it's only me."

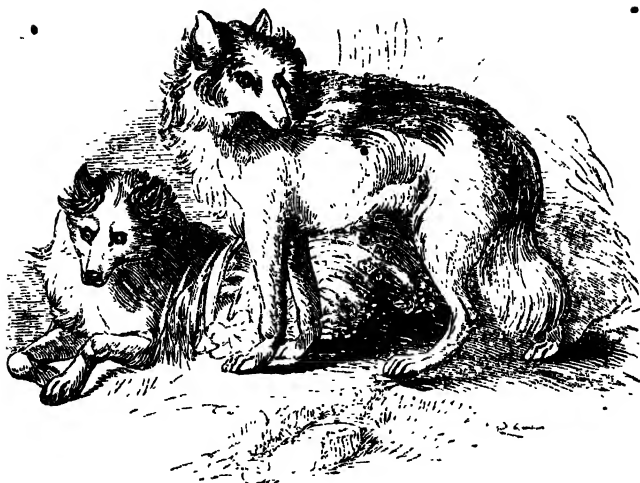
The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour "only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HARE-INDIAN DOG.

This animal is small and slender. "Its body is covered with long straight hairs,

the ground-colour of which is white, marked with large irregular patches of greyish black, intermingled with various



shades of brown." It has been suggested that this variety of the dog "was perhaps formerly generally spread over the northern parts of America; but, being fitted only for the chase, it has, since the introduction of guns, gradually given way to the mongrel race sprung from the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and this very breed, with occasional intermixture of European kinds." It seems now to be peculiar to the Hare-Indians, and other tribes frequenting the banks of the Mackenzie river and Great Bear Lake. The only individuals of the race known to have been seen in Europe, were presented to the Zoological Society by Captain Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson. "Their air of frank and unsuspecting confidence is

combined with an unusual share of gentleness and good temper. They seem perfectly at their ease, and soon become familiar, even with strangers. In their native country they are never known to bark. They appear to be extremely valuable to the Indians by whom they are bred. 'The Hare-Indian Dog,' says Dr. Richardson, 'has neither courage nor strength to fit it for pulling down any of the larger animals; but its broad feet and light make enable it to run over the snow without sinking, if the slightest crust is formed on it, and thus easily to overtake and tease the moose or reindeer, and keep them at bay until the hunters come up.'

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

"Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone."

"Go away, Willie: I do hate to be teased when I am reading," said Annie M— to her little brother, who was begging her to get him a drink of water.

"But, Annie, I cannot get it myself; and I am so hot and thirsty: please do."

"I tell you I don't want to go down stairs now: can't you wait for Bridget? she will be home soon."

"O, why can't you get me some water?" cried the poor child impatiently, and, bursting into tears, he threw himself sobbing on the floor.

"I won't get you a drink now, because you are cross, and cry for it," said his sister;

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and she tried to believe that she was behaving very properly, in punishing her little brother for his fretfulness.

Annie went on reading her book, and soon forgot all about little Willie, who, after going bitterly for a while, fell into a troubled sleep. His face was flushed, and the breath came quick and hot from his parched lips.

The children had been left at home for a day with the nurse, while the mother visited a friend in the neighbourhood. Annie was ten years old, and Willie was nearly five. She was quite old enough to take charge of her little brother, and amuse him; and this she was generally quite glad to do, for Willie was a merry, happy child, and loved his sister very dearly. They almost always were good-natured and happy; but sometimes Willie was fretful, and sometimes

Annie was selfish, and did not like to take trouble; and when she was cross, Willie was ten times worse than if she had been good-natured.

After a long time Bridget returned from her errand, and found Willie still lying on the floor asleep. She took him up, and laid him on his bed in the nursery. When Mrs. M—— came home, she found her little boy in a high fever: he could not be roused up, but lay in a heavy stupor. He was immediately put to bed, and everything done for him that was thought likely to relieve him. In the morning he was no better, and a physician was sent for, who pronounced him in a dangerous condition. He had all the symptoms of scarlet fever, and was quite delirious. Annie stood by, anxiously watching to hear the doctor's opinion; and when he told her mother that the child was very ill, and would need the most careful attention, she could not help sobbing aloud. The doctor told her not to be frightened, for he hoped her little brother would soon be well. Annie did not cease crying at these comforting words; for she could not forgive herself for her unkindness to her brother. O, how her heart ached when she thought of her cruel neglect, and how many times she said to herself she never would be so unkind again!

For two days Willie lay in a state of great suffering. He did not seem to know any one; even his mother, whom he loved so dearly, called him in vain. He never spoke again; and on the morning of the third day he died.

No one knew, when Annie threw herself, with a wild despairing cry, on the bed beside her dead brother, how hopeless and bitter was the sorrow of her heart; for she knew that never again in this world could she atone for her cruel words,—those last words that Willie had ever heard,—so cold, so selfish, and cruel. O! that was indeed the bitterness of death. If he had only lived to speak to her, to tell her he forgave her unkindness, to give one kiss of reconciliation and love, she thought it would not have been half so hard to see him go down to the cold grave. But now all was over. The little brother she had loved so well was gone for ever. All his pleasant ways and loving words came thronging back to her heart, and she could only reënter her own selfish cruelty to him when he was sick and suffering. She tried to comfort herself by saying, "O! if I had only

known he was sick! If I had thought to look at him, I might have seen he was not well, and then I am sure I would have done everything for him. O, how thoughtless, how selfish, how cruel I was!"

After the funeral, when they had returned home, and Annie sat by her mother in the still evening, she told her, with many tears and sobs, how unkind she had been to her little brother on the first day of his sickness, and how very dreadful it was to know that she could never ask his forgiveness, never hear his sweet voice to tell her he loved her again.

Her mother wept bitterly too; but she told Annie that her little angel brother could feel no sorrow or pain; that he loved her even better now than he did when he was on earth; for he was redeemed from all sin, and could feel no anger or resentment, but that his heart was full of compassion and love.

After this confession, and her mother's comforting words, Annie felt more composed and resigned than she had before; but she never could quite forget, and never cease to regret, the last harsh words her darling brother had ever heard from her lips. It was a lesson to be remembered for ever, and its influence was felt by her through all her life. When she felt tempted to speak unkindly, she thought that "these may be our last words," would come with a pang to her heart, and she was humble and gentle as a lamb.

Years passed by, and Annie grew to be a woman, loving and beloved by all, but in her heart she never forgave herself for her last words to Willie.—*Friend of Youth.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A boy was once tempted, by some of his companions, to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind, that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

It was during a short voyage, that I became acquainted with Joseph Hughes, a

Sergeant in the 93d regiment of Highlanders.

My attention was first arrested by his

sickly aspect. He appeared to be about twenty-six years of age, and, when in health, must have had a manly bearing; but his figure was now yielding, and his countenance pale and worn. There was, nevertheless, something in his eye, to which his insidious disease gave more than natural brightness, — an expression of intelligent resignation. There was no impatience in his demeanour, yet no insensibility. There was calmness, but no hardness. It struck me that he was not only resigned, but had *good reasons* for resignation.

This I ventured to hope, but at the same time could not repress the question, "What if he is unprepared to meet his God? He is evidently on the borders of another world. In a few days, perhaps, his state for eternity will be unalterable. Still *to-day* it may be altered. The case is pressing: how shall I act?" While I thus pondered, perhaps in guilty hesitation, Providence removed every obstacle for the accomplishment of my half-formed purpose; for, in passing through the cabin, towards the deck, I saw the Sergeant employed in reading a Testament. My heart bounded, and I gave joyful thanks to God. I soon joined the object of my anxiety, and the speedy union of our feelings showed that we loved the same Saviour.

He informed me that in early life, although not blessed with religious parents, he had possessed the privilege of receiving the instructions of a faithful Sabbath-school Teacher.

I inquired if these were the means of leading him to the Saviour?

"Yes," he answered, "they were the first means that were used, and I think they were the most effectual."

"Was your heart impressed while at school?" I inquired.

"O, not in the least," he answered, "or, perhaps, I should have considered longer before I exposed myself to a soldier's life. I was a Sabbath-school scholar at the time I enlisted."

"Strange," I observed, "that while wandering so far from home, and while mixing so young with all the irreligion of your comrades, with no friend to counsel or guard you, strange it was that these truths were not driven from your mind!"

"Ah! but," said he, his whole countenance glowing with emotion, "*my Sabbath-school Teacher never forgot me!* Many a time, when in foreign lands, his earnest desires reached me; often he added short sentences to my father's letters, the whole of which, indeed, he often wrote, crying to me, to mind my soul. Often, often, these cries were repeated; and, like one drop after another upon the hard stone, they left marks behind them."

"And you were softened at last?"

"Ay, Sir, at last: I had a kind Teacher, and a still kinder Saviour. For the Saviour **saw that** I could easily stand out against

Him, while I remained in the thoughtless company of my comrades. So he took me aside; he left me alone. There happened to be a small station in one of the West India islands, which required only a few soldiers, and I was appointed to it. It was a dreary place. It was a wilderness. But it blossomed like the rose before I left it. I began, almost as soon as I came, to reflect very much; and as I reflected, I began to get uneasy. I thought much of the shortness of life, and the coming of a day of judgment; and these thoughts, along with the dullness of the station, made it more agreeable than otherwise to read my Bible. I always thought the Bible was dull, and I guessed that it would just suit me. So it did; but in a different way from what I expected. Every verse I read brought some recollections of the Sabbath-school; and the more my mind was filled with such thoughts, the more miserable I became. The truth is, my case could not bear examination. God and I were opposed to each other: how could I be otherwise than wretched?"

"Did you ever venture," I inquired, "to express your feelings to any one?"

"No; I may say, I was quite alone. There was, indeed, a Chaplain who came occasionally to the station, and my anxious eyes often followed him to watch an opportunity of speaking. But, ah! I fear his case was worse than mine. What would I have given had he been 'sent of God!'"

"But at this time, I remembered that there was a small company of pious soldiers who met together for religious conversation, and kept some religious books for lending to their fellow-soldiers. They were stationed in another island; and to them I wrote, begging the loan of a book. This they joyfully complied with; and more than this, for they sent me a little encouragement. O, precious words! They were like cold water to a thirsty soul! It was strange, that before this time, although I had often heard of Jesus Christ, I never saw what *use* He was of. Every prayer I offered ended 'for Jesus's sake;' and the truth never struck me after all."

"Now I began to see that unless Jesus had died, all hope for mercy was not only vain, but the very hope that a holy and just God would ever bless a sinner, had some-thing, blasphemous in it. It was just hoping that God would lie, and disgrace His whole character; for He is 'of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;' (Hab. i. 13.) and 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' (Ezek. xviii. 4.) But when I saw that the *Saviour* died, then came the beauty of the words, 'I am the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' O, the lovely plan! God is honoured, and the sinner saved, by the same Redeemer. For 'Christ hath magnified the law,' and he who 'believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.'"

After hearing this pleasing account, I became desirous to know how far the reason which soldiers often give for not bearing the Christian profession was a just one. I therefore asked whether he found it difficult to make known his Christian character, after being removed to a more populous station.

He openly said that, at first, he had great difficulty; "For," observed he, "I was proud, and could not bear to be looked down upon, and considered weak. But go forward I could not help doing; and soon the jokes grew old, and the jeers less frequent, and I was at last allowed to take my own way."

"You do not think, then," I added, "that there are serious obstacles to a Christian profession in the ranks?"

"O, no! no! True, if a man be insincere, if he appear religious just to please his superior officer or so, (our Colonel was a truly pious man,) he is sure to be made wretched; * * * for the soldiers are always on the watch. But let a man bear as much love to Christ as shall rule his whole conduct; let him be honourable, and regular, and obliging, and he is sure to be respected. He may sometimes be falsely accused, and dealt unfairly with, but his patience will outlive that; and the more opposition he outlives, not only the more strength does he get to his soul; but the more respect he gets from ungodly companions. O, that every soldier were but a Christian!"

Thus our short, but interesting conversation closed. It was Saturday night on which it was held. On the next day the weather was uncommonly fine, and our vessel reposed quietly on the water, which was nearly calm. In these favourable circumstances we assembled on deck to worship God. A Bible was placed upon the companion, which had been covered with a large flag, and a considerable number of soldiers, and sailors, and others gathered reverently around it. We offered fervent prayer that this peaceful Sabbath might prove a true spiritual rest to our souls; and when we lifted up our voices, one might have supposed that the smooth waters rejoiced to be the bearers of our praise to their great Creator, for the sound vanished from our lips, and quickly swept along the surface. When the Scripture was read, solemnity was added to the calm; for thoughtfulness well became us all when we heard it said of the Divine Saviour of guilty men, "He is despised and rejected of men. He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." (Isai. liii. 3.)

Immediately at the close of the service, the sails of our vessel, urged by gentle breathings of wind, began to strike the masts. Soon the breeze filled them. It came from a favourable direction, and gave gratification to all. The coincidence between the conclusion of our engagement, and

the commencement of the favourable breeze, seemed, I thought, to dispose several who were not previously so inclined, to read some tracts with which they were supplied; so that, during the remainder of the day, the deck was whitened with opened tracts, and enlivened by animated countenances.

The Sergeant was not upon deck. The air was too strong for his weakened lungs. I therefore hastened to his cabin, to give him information of our engagements, as I thought he would be pleased to know that others had enjoyed a privilege, although it was denied to him. But I was mistaken in this latter particular; for, as I turned to descend, there sat the Sergeant upon the cabin-stairs; and there he had been during all the service. The exertion, however, of sitting, and the slight excitement which his feelings had experienced, made him exceedingly weak; and he retired to rest.

On my return shortly afterwards, he said, "I have an uncommon thirst to-day." Misunderstanding him, I said I would procure some water; when he answered, "It is not *that* water, it is *heavenly* water that I need. I long to be filled with the riches of Jesus Christ. Without Him I have no happiness; and without all I can obtain of Him I cannot feel satisfied."

I inquired if he had much enjoyment of the presence of his Saviour.

"Yes," he answered; "when this weary body does not weaken my mind; but much is the pain I suffer because of the hours of the day when my thoughts lag far behind. This is my greatest affliction, my greatest sin. It distresses me much."

I observed, that perhaps it should not be called a sin, because God had weakened his body; and if we loved Him with *all* our strength, even when small, it was all that He required. As I had not done so before, I ventured to ask whether he thought that he would soon see Jesus "as He is" in a higher world.

"O yes," he replied: "I am nearly gone to Him."

"The prospect," I remarked, "must be pleasing; for then we shall love Him as we ought."

"Ah, yes!" he said; "but how feeble is my faith!"

"Then truly," I observed, "we may draw happiness from the thought, that both what we suffer, and the length of time that we do suffer, depend on the perfect will of God."

"O man!" (a common expression with the Scottish people, when the magnitude of the feeling exceeds every smaller distinction,) "O man!" with great energy he exclaimed, "*that is it*: that is just my resting-place. I am here because my heavenly Father wishes me to be here; I suffer because He wishes it; and I shall die wherever He

gives the word. Sweet repose I have on that truth."

The ingenuousness and humility displayed by this trembling, but true believer, was very pleasing. He had no brilliant expectations, no rapturous feelings; but he had the "Spirit of adoption," whereby he could call the great Sovereign of all his Father; and upon His mere will he was contented to repose. Truly, if a soldier implicitly submits to the mere will of his commander, well may a Christian submit to his God. He is possessed not only of unquestionable authority, but of perfect love. "O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will!" said another Christian. "Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me; for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished."

The breeze which we received at noon increased to a gale as the night approached. It drove us rapidly before it, until, early on the second day, having completely spent itself, we were left becalmed and motionless, within sight of our haven. The morning was extremely beautiful, and peace and gratitude were shed over our spirits.

Having now resumed his usual military habit, the Sergeant came and reclined his feeble frame upon a seat on the deck, expressing uncommon gratitude for his present peaceful circumstances. While viewing with most lively interest the different objects around him, and while his attention was directed to two lofty peaks, which indicated the place of his nativity, a gentleman on board, whom I knew to be unacquainted with the Christian's experience, being attracted by his sickly and intelligent appearance, kindly said to him, "You must be happy indeed to see your native hills again, my friend."

Slowly turning his pale countenance, he said, calmly and pleasantly, "No, Sir: I shall be done with them all soon."

Strange was the look of mingled surprise and suspicion which the gentleman sent towards me, while he seemed to say, "Can this be true?"

Yes, it was true! With perfect collected-

ness could he contemplate death. Sound reason had he to expect a peace more calm, more grateful to the wearied spirit, than any that the earth affords. His conversation was in heaven; and this incident proved that he had so mingled his feelings with those of the purified and the perfect, that he had already ranked the scenes of this world among the "former things" which had "passed away." (Rev. xxi. 4.)

Reader! You cannot but wish that "your latter end may be like his." O then, *commence* as he did, by carrying your sins to the Saviour.

In a short time we crossed the bay in which our vessel was anchored, and landed within a few miles of the Sergeant's house. I was unsuccessful in procuring a seat in the stage suited to his tremulous frame, and he therefore was seated on the top. As, with some effort, I stretched my hand upwards to bid him a last farewell, the thought was natural, "My friend shall soon, soon be exalted far above all the attentions of any friend on earth." Ah! how speedily was this accomplished! Fourteen short days afterwards he left the world.

After having seen his parents, who were anxiously waiting his arrival, his solicitude speedily turned towards his former Sabbath-school Teacher. He was the only Christian friend he had in his native land. He was the one on earth whom he especially longed to see; for, kind as were his parents, they could not, alas! at that time, participate in his Christian feelings. His Teacher still lived, and he still loved his now Christian pupil: but he lived at a distance, and it happened that at this time he was confined by sickness; so that the last and fondest wish of the dying soldier, for some kind reason which is now explained above, was not acceded to. "Nevertheless," says the kind Teacher, "I did not forget him; but wrote to him, and encouraged him to 'hold fast the beginning of his confidence firm unto the end'; and his last message to me was, 'All my hopes rest upon Jesus, who died for my guilty soul.'—*The Church in the Army. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Innes.*

BIOGRAPHY.

ELIZABETH OLIVE.

ELIZABETH OLIVE entered the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, Great Berkhamstead, March 10th, 1844. She was particularly well-behaved and attentive as a scholar; but, owing to her reserved habits, nothing was known of her religious feelings till January, 1846, when, with two others, she began to meet in class. It was then found that

already, through the instructions of her Teacher, the Holy Spirit had convinced her of sin, and her mind had been kept alive to the subject of the necessity of salvation, until, having had more deep and distressing convictions at some special religious services which were held at Easter, she was enabled, while praying in secret, to lay hold of Christ for pardon and acceptance.

Singing and speaking of the love of Jesus were now her delight. One of her favourite hymns was that beginning,—

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!" &c.

Her Sabbath-school companions recollect her exclaiming, when full of the joy in believing, as they once sung that hymn, "O, how happy I am! I feel as if I could fly away!" From the time of her conversion she bore the fruits of the renewing Spirit in her life. While she had health, which was till Christmas, 1846, she steadily and punctually attended the chapel and the school. She was modest and plain in her dress, guarded in her speech, and of a gentle, retiring spirit.

For some time after she became ill, she hoped to recover, and did not make frequent allusion to her prospects for eternity; nevertheless her answers, when Christian friends conversed with her, always satisfied them that she was securely resting upon her Saviour. On a certain occasion when she understood that her mother had expressed a fear that she was not fit to die, she said, "I could fly away to my Saviour this moment, if my time was come. I have been many times up-stairs and prayed for you, mother,

when no eye but the eye of God was upon me."

As her health declined, her Leader and friends visited her more frequently, and were led to praise God on her behalf, for the grace of God that was in her, and that they found her confidence in Christ grow stronger and stronger, and her prospect of heaven more bright.

Two days before her death she shouted, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb! Happy! Happy! Hallelujah!" and she called upon all to praise God, saying, "Shout, shout aloud! Praise God! do praise God!" Those around her endeavoured to sing the hymn,—

"O happy day that fix'd my choice," &c.,

the first verse of which she repeated; but they were overwhelmed by their feelings, and were unable to proceed. At the same time she closed her eyes, and appeared to be dying; but opening them after some minutes, she said, "There He is, and His holy angels! Do you not see Him, mother?"

She praised and glorified God to the end. The last words her parents could hear were, "All is well!" She died, July 18th, 1847, aged seventeen years.

THOMAS COLLINS.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE JOINT-STOCK FERRY-BOAT.

THE cultivators of a district acquire as their joint property a boat, to be used for the purpose of conveying produce to the opposite side of an inland lake. They agree upon a scheme of management, which is accurately written out. One of the clauses provides that on no pretence whatever shall more than twenty tons be put on board at one time; that being, after due admasurement, considered the utmost amount of burden that was consistent with perfect safety. A few of the farmers who reside near the shore are appointed managers of the concern. The constitution of the company, in which they have concentrated, is placed in their hands, and the various members return to their own homes. Operations have begun, and the prospect is good. Daily the boat leaves the shore with her burden, and the whole neighbourhood reaps the benefit. One morning, when the boat was fully loaded and ready to start, one of the managers said to his brethren, "I have twenty bolls of wheat here: if I do not get it over by this trip, I shall lose my market; it will be a great accommodation if you will permit me to put it on board." "Anything to accommodate you, Sir," replied the Chairman; "but it is against the rules.

We might be liable for the consequences."

"There is no danger," replied the other: "the lake is as smooth as a mill-pond; there is not a breath of wind. The rule is made for a stormy day: the boat will carry forty tons in such weather as this." The reasoning seemed good, and the favour was granted. No accident occurred. Next morning the craft was at her moorings, ready for another load. In a few days another member asked and obtained a similar indulgence. Again, on their return, the boatmen reported that all was well. Forthwith, instead of an exception, overloading became the rule. Day by day the managers exceeded their powers for their own advantage, mutually accommodating each other, in the absence, and without the knowledge, of their constituents. At length, unscrupulous by long habit, and emboldened by uniform success, they exceeded all the bounds of prudence. Such was their complicity, and mutual consciousness of wrongdoing, that no one dared to refuse what any one was pleased to ask. "Not one or two, but all the managers, must have accommodations at the same time. One day, although the sky looked squally, the boat was loaded with forty tons, exactly the double of her specified burden, because every one of the

managers needed something for himself; and all, in spite of misgivings, were obliged to comply with the demands of each. Off went the boat, at her accustomed hour, with the water up to her gunwale. The managers stood on the shore, and looked after her with some anxiety, till she was out of sight in a haze. In the evening news arrived that at mid-passage a ripple had risen on the water, the boat had filled and sunk, and the whole cargo had been lost. Disastrous was the result; but though there had been no disaster, there was dishonesty. The community of proprietors had concluded a bargain with the directors for a certain definite risk, leaving them on that point no discretion. Behind backs the managers took more than was bargained for, and that in favour of themselves. They cheated their neighbours. Even while the trick was successful, it was dishonest. The guilt an action does not depend on its discovery.—*Rev. H. Arnold's "Race for Riches."*

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

THE rich may marry as well as the poor. In this they sin not. But to marry for the sake of money is a degradation of the human being, and a prostitution of the good ordinance of God. It is fraught with danger to present peace and future salvation. Filthy lucre! Never does the love of gain appear more loathsome than when it stalks forth, peering and prying into societies and families in quest of a fortune to determine a marriage. History indicates that the Lord in providence peculiarly defends the integrity of his own appointment in marriage. I know of nothing in which sin more surely finds the sinner out than in this. In many cases occurring from day to day on the wide theatre of the world, and exposed to public observation, the fortune-hunter is bitten to the quick. The man who chooses a wife, as other people would choose a purse, according to the amount of money it contains, is running his head against one of the fixtures inserted by the Almighty in the constitution of things. In that constitution there is a self-acting apparatus of retribution. The rash step of the selfish transgressor has set the machine in motion. Its unseen lever is lifted over his head. In due time it will fall, and it will not miss the mark. He will be left to drag a life of disappointment; to pine unpitied in an unhappy home.—*Ibid.*

FRETFULNESS UNDER TRIAL.

IMPATIENT fretting, murmuring, and quarreling against God's dispensations, this was poor Jonah's great stumble. Peevish man! "Dost thou well to be angry," and that with thy God? "Yea," saith he

"even unto death." (Jonah iv. 9.) The most foolish answer that ever dropped from the mouth of man. Aaron was better instructed. He knew it was not safe kicking against the pricks; that nothing was to be got by striking again, by repining against God, but more blows; and therefore, when God had killed both his sons at a blow, he humbly "holds his peace," his heart and tongue were both silent. (Lev. x 2, 3.) True, indeed, we may not be senseless and stupid under sufferings. Had all the martyrs had the palsy before they went to the stake, their sufferings had been far less glorious. But yet, though we may not be stupid or stoical, we must be patient and submissive. Though we may not be like the Caspian Sea, that neither ebbs nor flows, yet we must take heed of being like swelling, roaring waves and billows. Though God's turtles may, through infirmity, flutter, yet they may not be, like bulls when caught in a net, raving. "I was dumb," saith David; "because Thou didst it." (Psalm xxxix. 9) Away, then, with those surly looks, that do, as it were, enter a protest against what we suffer; nay, more, beware of these murmuring echoes and replies of spirit within, against God, which, though they seem to yield and run, yet, with the flying Parthian, shoot their arrows backward in discontent against God.—*Lyc.*

A TOWER OF SKULLS.

JAMARTINE, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," writes as follows:—

"When I was about a league from Nias, the last Turkish town almost on the frontier of Servia, I saw a large tower rising up in the midst of the plain, as white as Parian marble. I took the path which led to it. I desired a Turkish lad who accompanied me, to hold my horse, and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments' repose. No sooner was I seated, than, raising my eyes to the monument, I discovered that the walls which I supposed to be built of marble, or of regular rows of white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls, bleached by the rain and sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the burning sun: there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair were still hanging, and waved, like lichen or moss, with every breath of wind. The mountain-breeze was then blowing fresh, penetrating the innumerable cavities of the skull, and sounded like a mournful and plaintive sigh. These were the skulls of fifteen thousand Servians who had been put to death by the Pasha in the last insurrection at Servia.

HOW MANY THINGS IN THE WORLD ONE HAS NO NEED OF!

DIOGENES walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribands, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimeracks; and having observed them, and all the other finimbrums that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "How many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little: and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller, and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I know another, to whom God had given health, and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband: after which his wife vexed and chid,

and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy.—*Walton.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE word of God is the water of life the more ye have it forth, the fresher it runneth: it is the fire of God's glory; the more ye blow it, the clearer it burneth: it is the corn of the Lord's field; the better you grind it, the more it yieldeth: it is the bread of heaven; the more it is broken and given forth, the more remaineth: it is the sword of the Spirit; the more it is scorned, the brighter it shineth. The voice of God cannot be unpleasant to their ears which are the children of God; the oftener they hear it, the more they receive: they can never have overmuch who never have enough.—*Bishop Jewel.*

LOVE OF THE WORLD.

LET not the world get into your hearts to choke the word. They who go down into mines to dig up gold and silver carry candles with them, and when the damp comes, though it be gold, they dare not stay with it. Your trades are your mines, out of which you dig your treasure: sink not yourselves into them without David's lantern, — the word of God; and if your consciences feel the damp of the earth, — covetous lusts begin to work, — then make haste upwards with David's prayer, "Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies, and not to covetousness." (Psalm cxix. 36.) — *Bishop Reynolds.*

POETRY.

ABEL ENTERING HEAVEN.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne;
When, lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown!
A song unknown to angel-ears,
A song that told of banish'd fears,
Of pardon'd sins and dried-up tears.
Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain!
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain;
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffer'd long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransom'd soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeem'd by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice;
That I may sing of troubles sharp,
Exchanged for endless joys;
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reach'd the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.

ORIENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



EASTERN WAR-HORSE.

THE appearance and qualities of such horses may be gathered from the description which Knolles, in his "History of the Turks," gives of the trained horses of the Mamelukes.

"Their horses were strong and courageous, in make and swiftness much like unto the Spanish jennets; and, that which is of many hardly believed, so docile that, at certain signs or speeches of the rider, they

would with their teeth reach him up from the ground a lance, an arrow, or such like thing; and, as if they had known the enemy, run upon him with open mouth, and lash at him with their heels, [as if they] had by nature and custom learned not to be afraid of anything. Those courageous horses were commonly furnished with silver bridles, gilt trappings, rich saddles, their necks and breasts armed with plates of iron."

MISSIONS.

FOX'S "HISTORY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA."

MR. Fox has recently enriched the Missionary literature of our Connexion by the publication of this valuable work. Our limits will not admit of our doing

more than to present a brief account of its multifarious and important contents, and to introduce it to the attention of our readers.

The author's first chapter is headed, "Africa and the Africans;" and Mr. Fox has nobly defended the Negro races from those slanderous and insulting epithets, of

their being "mere animal creatures;" "a sort of monkey without tails," &c. He has shown, and that most clearly, from Scripture, reason, and observation, that, notwithstanding the deeply degraded and demoralised condition in which the greater part of the inhabitants of that vast continent are still found, they are not only *men*, but that they have, with ourselves, descended from one common pair; that the African is a true fellow-child of the first Adam, and, equally with us, the redeemed property of the Second.

Our author then gives an historical narrative of the geographical discoveries of Africa, with the origin and progress of the infamous slave-trade, and the guilty participation, for a long series of years, of our own country in that vile species of commerce; and then we have a history of the abolition of the slave-trade by Great Britain, and subsequently of British slavery, too; but the awful fact still remains, that Africa is by other nations annually robbed of her children, to the fearful amount of nearly half a million.

We have, next, a succinct account of the European settlements and forts on the western coast of Africa, with an interesting and full statement of the origin and formation of the important colony of Sierra Leone, and also of St. Mary's and McCarthy's, on the Gambia.

From the eleventh chapter to the twenty-fourth is occupied with a history of the Wesleyan Missions at Sierra Leone, the Gambia, and the Gold-Coast, with biographical sketches of the heroic and devoted men, and also "of honourable women not a few," who have fallen in the high places of the earth. These brief memorials of departed worth are truly interesting, and sometimes deeply affecting; and we are not surprised at having heard more than once this part of the work designated, "Fox's Second Book of Martyrs;" or, as it is more appropriately called, by the Rev. John Angell James, "quite a Missionary Martyrology." The last chapter, consisting of "Concluding Observations," is full of interesting matters-of-fact, bearing upon the great Missionary enterprise, which cannot fail to benefit all who give it a careful perusal.

In one periodical in which it was reviewed, it is called "a moving panorama of surpassing interest;" and in another it is described as "one of the most complete books on Africa that has ever appeared." In these opinions we concur, and sincerely trust that the volume will have an extensive circulation amongst all classes of the Christian community. Reading-societies, Sabbath-school libraries, and Missionary collectors will especially find this volume one of the most valuable and interesting publications on Missionary operations that has issued from the press.

THE MONITOR.

THE PREACHER AND THE HEARER.

WHATEVER faults there may be in the Preacher's sermon, it must be admitted that on the other side there are often a languor and lukewarmness of which the cure must be sought, not so much in the greater power of the Preacher, as in the growing piety of the hearer. There are two sorts of instruction to which if we do not hearken we are utterly without excuse. One is the direct instruction of God's word: the other is truth and earnestness, embodied in a Christian teacher. But how often are the lively oracles read in public worship, and the relief experienced when the lesson is ended! and how often does some fervent Evangelist pour forth appeals, full of that rarest originality,—the pathos of a yearning spirit,—and find no response save stolid apathy, or a patronising compliment to his energy!

Half the power of preaching lies in mutual preparation. The Minister must not serve God with that which costs him nothing; but it is not the Minister alone who should "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." There is a reciprocal duty on the part of the hearer. He should come

with a purpose, and he should come with prayer. He should come hopeful of benefit, and bestirring all his faculties, that he may miss nothing which is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." He should come with a benevolent prepossession towards his Pastor, and with a friendly solicitude for his fellow-hearers. And thus, as iron sharpens iron, so his intelligent countenance would animate the speaker; and, like a Hur or an Aaron, his silent petitions would contribute to the success of the sermon.

Nor can aught be more fatal than a habit of indolent hearing. Like one who glances into a mirror, and sees disorder in his attire, or dust on his face, and says, "I must attend to this," but forthwith forgets it, and hurries out on his journey; or who, in the time of plague, sees the livid marks on his countenance, and says, "I must take advice for this," and thinks no more about it till he drops death-stricken on the pavement; so there are languid or luxurious listeners to the word of God. At the moment, they say, "Very true," or, "Very good," and they resolve to take some action: but, just as the mirror

is not medicine; as even a watery mirror cannot wash from the countenance the specks which it reveals, if merely looked into; so a self-survey, in the clearest sermon, will neither erase the blemishes from your character, nor expel the sin-plague from your soul. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear. And, laying apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein,"—like a man who, seeing his bedusted visage in the mirror of that polished flood, loses not a moment, but makes a laver of his looking-glass,—"he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed:" he shall be saved by his promptitude; or, if saved already, he shall become a more beautiful character by his strenuous self-application.

The glory of Gospel-worship consists in its freedom, its simplicity, and its spirituality. We have boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus; and we are encouraged to draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. We are not come to a burning mount, nor to the sound of a trumpet, and a voice of terror; but we are come "to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." The Father seeks true worshippers, such as will worship Him in spirit and in truth; and now that sacrifice and offering have ceased, and now that burdensome

observances have vanished away, praise, and prayer, and almsgiving are the ordinary oblations of the Christian church. But surely the freedom of our worship should not abate from its fervour; and because it is simple, there is the more scope for sincerity, and the more need that it should be the worship of the heart and soul. But do we sufficiently realise our privileged but solemn position as worshippers of Him to whom seraphim continually do cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory?" Do we sufficiently realise our blessedness as fellow-worshippers with those who sing on high, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain?" In the house of prayer do we make worship our study, and devotion our business? Do we "labour mightily in prayer," and do we "wake up our glory to sing and give praise?" Or are not many of us content to be lookers-on at the prayers, and listeners to the psalmody? and instead of "a golden vial full of odours," is not many a devotional act a vain oblation, a vapid form; a tedium to ourselves, and an offence to the Most High?

Beloved, let us bestir ourselves in worship. Let us "make a joyful noise unto the Lord;" let us "serve Him with gladness." Let us sing His praises "with grave, sweet melody," and "with grace in our hearts." And let us concentrate our thoughts, and join zealously in the confessions, the thanksgivings, and the supplications of the public prayers. And thus, like the restful activity of the temple above, we shall find moments pass swiftly which may now be a weariness; and, refreshed by the sacred exertion which enlivened our faculties, and which enlivened our feelings, we shall retire sweetly conscious that it was "good to be there."—*Dr. Hamilton.*

ANECOTES.

DON'T HURRY.

WE have heard of one, now very poor, who was deprived of a large estate once in consequence of being in too great a hurry. A dying man had quarrelled with his heirs, and was determined they should not have his money. He had made a will, giving all his money to this individual, which only wanted his signature. His sands were running low, and, calling his friend, he bade him take the will from the drawer and bring him the inkstand. Tears blinded the fortunate donee's eyes, as he hastily executed the command. He seized a small bottle from the mantelpiece, and dipping the pen, the testator wrote his name, lay back and died. That will was put back in the chest

and the old man was buried; but when they came to look for the will, they found it had no signature. Alas! the truth was plain: in his haste for the ink, he had got the wrong bottle, and the will was signed with paregoric. So the heirs got the estate after all.—*Independent.*

THE ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT.

WHEN Dr. Watts was almost worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he observed, in conversation with a friend, "I remember an aged Minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support

as the common and unlearned: and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

This was likewise the case with another pious and excellent Minister. He writes, about two months before his death: "I now spend almost my whole time in reading and praying over the Bible." And again, near the same time, to another friend: "I am now reduced to a state of infant weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ; and I am hourly repeating those heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young:—

This, only this, subdues the fear of death.
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each step let higher wonder rise!
1. Pardon for infinite offence!—2. And pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!—
3. A pardon bought with blood!—4. With blood
Divine.
5. With blood Divine of Him I made my foe!—
6. Persisted to provoke!—7. Though woo'd and
awed,
Bless'd and chastised, a flagrant rebel 'till!—
8. A rebel 'midst the thunders of His throne.—
9. Nor I alone!—10. A rebel universe!
11. My species up in arms!—12. Not one exempt!—
13. Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies!
14. Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!—
15. As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man."

A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

The late Cabinet Minister of China, Kiying, has published a work in seven volumes, which has a "form of prayer to the God of heaven, with a preface." In the preface he mentions the incarnation, the atonement, and repentance, as doctrines held by the followers of Jesus. "Having made strict inquiries concerning the religion practised by western men," he says, he "came to know that what they teach had really

nothing in it which was not good." He also says that he felt it his duty to memorialise the Emperor not to persecute this new way.

Kiying's prayer was written at the request of his Secretary, who, in a recent sickness, had appealed in vain to the gods, the doctors, and the diviners; but, having heard "what western men teach concerning prayer," called upon the God of heaven and Jesus, and was quite well the next day! Dr. Boone says this statement of Kiying must be received as true; and that, consequently, we must suppose "either a very remarkable coincidence, or a signal interposition of Divine Providence in answer to prayer."—*Missionary Herald*.

DAVID GARRICK.

WHEN he showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, and pictures at Hampton, instead of flattering him with compliments, the Doctor clapped his hand upon his shoulder, saying, "Ah, Davy, Davy! these are the things which make a death-bed terrible."

THE STRAY LAMB RECOVERED.

As one of the early Wesleyan Ministers was riding by a farm-house, he saw a young woman whom he knew to be a backslider. Driving to the door, and fixing a look of sympathy upon her, he asked her if she had seen a stray lamb pass. She replied, that she had not. "Are you quite sure," said he, "that there has been no poor lost lamb here?" "I am quite sure," she replied. "And yet," continued he, "there has been one here." The true meaning of the Minister suddenly broke upon her mind. She burst into tears, confessed that she was the stray lamb, and promised to renew her devotion to her Shepherd. She afterwards became a devout Christian.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The name is formed from *chryso*, "gold," and *anthemon*, "a flower;" and was given to the genus because some of the first known species happened to be yellow. Most of the chrysanthemums seen in our gardens belong to the kind for which we were originally indebted to China; hence named *chrysanthemum Sinense*. Its varieties have become very numerous since the seed was ripened in this country, which nurserymen were

not able to accomplish till about twenty years ago; and when a large quantity of them are grown together, the effect is quite splendid. The flowers are never so beautiful in the open air as in a conservatory; but any one who has seen chrysanthemums clustering in front of our suburban houses in a fine autumn, will allow that they are highly ornamental, and deserving of cultivation.

The old Chinese varieties are the best for



flowering in the open air: the hardiest of these may be seen in perfection so late as November, — as the tasselled yellow, the superb-clustered yellow, the old purple, the Spanish brown, the incurved pink, and the quilled white. Many of the native or "Jersey" varieties continue in flower, in a greenhouse, till the middle of January.

Plants may be propagated in spring. The suckers, each with a portion of the root attached, put into a flower-pot, separately, or three or four together, and kept moist, will soon strike, and be ready for transplanting; and they should, if practicable, be reared near a south wall. But gardeners generally prefer to propagate them by cuttings, which produce more sightly plants, bearing larger and finer flowers. These may be obtained from the side-branches at any season from April to September; but if taken off later than May, they will not flower till the next year.

The wild chrysanthemum, or "ox-eye," (*chrysanthemum leucanthemum*), is a handsome flower, like a marigold or very large daisy. It closes up at night, or before a storm; and is common in fields, and near the sea.

THE ECONOMY OF TREES AND PLANTS.

THE economy of trees, plants, and vege-

tables, is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a beneficent Creator. The same care which He has bestowed on His creatures is extended to plants. This is remarkably the case with respect to hollies: the edges of the leaves are provided with strong, sharp spines, as high up as they are within the reach of cattle; above that height the leaves are generally smooth, the protecting spines being no longer necessary. Mr. Southey has noticed this circumstance in the following pretty lines:—

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves;
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound an Atheist's sophistries.

"Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear

I was lately shown a plant which puts out a pretty, modest flower, from the lower part of the stem. When its blossom is over, the stalk on which it grew turns down to the ground, the end penetrates the earth, and there throws out and ripens its seed-pod: but for this propensity of the plant, the

seeds would probably be destroyed by birds and insects. Some plants flourish in one climate, and others in another, according to the several purposes for which they were designed by a good Providence. Some which are generally useful will bear almost any temperature. This is particularly the case with grass. Nettles, I believe, are never touched by cattle of any description,

neither will they trample upon them. What a secure retreat, therefore, do they offer for birds to build their nests amongst, and for hares to deposit their young amidst the shelter they afford! The same remark applies in a great degree to furze, thistles, and the common bramble.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL
BUXTON, BART.

PART II.

CHOSEN by the electors of Weymouth as their representative, let us give, in his own words, the views and feelings with which Mr. Buxton entered on his parliamentary duties:—

"Now that I am a Member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity,—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man;' and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend."

When Mr. Buxton entered the House of Commons, there were no fewer than two hundred and thirty offences punishable by death; and he had long felt a strong desire to see that punishment confined entirely to the crime of murder. To urge on a revision of the criminal code, he devoted his energies. With intense application he studied the subject, and with manly eloquence he urged the matter on the attention of Parliament. For years there seemed little prospect of success, but he did not despair, nor slacken his exertions; and at length, in 1826, Sir Robert, then Mr. Peel, on his accession to office, undertook the task of revising and remodelling our whole penal code.

Mr. Buxton had not long entered on his parliamentary duties, when, on the death of the King, Parliament was dissolved. It was with considerable hesitation that he offered himself for re-election; and while in doubt as to the course it was his duty to pursue, these were his longings:—

"Lord, guide my heart and will aright, and lead me to determine for the best. O, that I could from this day offer myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, doing or abstaining, speaking or being silent, spending or forbearing to spend, simply because it was the will of God! * * * I think the time that is past should suffice me to have wrought my own will; and for the future, let me try all things by this standard, 'Is it the will of God?' O, gracious God, this is what I would be: but what am I? Is one-hundredth part of my time, talents, money, strength, spent for God? No!"

He determined at length again to stand for Weymouth, and was successful. While there, prosecuting his election, he was hastily summoned home, in consequence of the alarming illness of one of his children; and, before five weeks had passed, he had laid four of them in the grave. But, "though He slay me," he writes, "yet will I trust in Him. . . O, when one affliction flows in upon us after another, may they burst the bonds by which we are tied to earth; may they direct us heavenward; and may we, having our treasures in heaven, have our hearts there also!"

In the spring of 1821, Mr. Buxton made two motions in Parliament on the subject of the burning of widows in India. In his speech on the second occasion, he proved, that within the four preceding years, in the Presidency of Fort-William alone, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six widows had been committed to the flames! that the French, Dutch, and other powers in India had abolished the custom in their territories, while the stigma of its continuance still rested on the British Government; and he showed that, so far from

being voluntary, this cruel martyrdom was generally forced upon the unhappy widow, either by superstitious Priests or interested relations.

Several years, however, elapsed before anything was done; the matter having been regarded as one to be dealt with by the India-House, rather than by Parliament. But at length, his feelings, and those of every heart not insensible to human misery, were gratified by the interference of British authority to put an end to this cruel and revolting custom.

But the great labour of love to which Mr. Buxton devoted his time and energies, was that of the abolition of slavery. The slave-trade had been declared illegal in 1807, after a twenty-years' struggle, in which Mr. Wilberforce had taken the lead. But though it was contrary to law that any slaves should be imported into any British colony, slavery still existed in our West Indian colonies, in all its revolting cruelty and degradation. For though the importation of fresh slaves was forbidden, those who had been imported, and their offspring, were still in slavery.

The horrors of the slave-trade, Mr. Wilberforce, with his noble-hearted coadjutors, had kept before Parliament and the public until both were moved, and the slave-ship was classed with that of the pirate. And now that great and good man longed for the emancipation of those who were already in slavery. But his strength was beginning to fail; and when he could act as leader of the emancipation movement no longer, at at his earnest solicitation Mr. Buxton took his place.

In a humble, and earnest, and prayerful spirit he came forward. Let our readers observe the spirit in which he entered on the duties of that session of Parliament, during which he broke ground on this question:—

"O for that spirit of devotion, of gratitude, of love to Christ, of indifference to the world, which the Lord gave me in my illness! Let me, then, never pass a day without serious and repeated prayer: that is indispensable. Let me renounce the world as much as possible; as much as possible acknowledge God in all my ways and words, and let me manfully resist every temptation which may assault and endanger my soul. O God, grant these things through Thy blessed Son! Next, how can I promote the welfare of others? *In private*, by more seriousness in family devotions, and by much more command of temper; by more industry; by more economy, sparing on my own pleasure, and expending on God's service. *In public*, by attending to the slave-trade, slavery, Indian widows burning themselves, the completion of those objects which have made some advance,—namely, criminal law, prisons, and police. Send Thy blessed Spirit, O great God, to my

aid, and for my guidance, that, renouncing sin, I may walk worthy of my 'high vocation, in and through Jesus Christ, my Lord.'"

In such a spirit did he begin his anti-slavery career, and in the same spirit did he prosecute it. Amongst his papers were found, with various dates, embodied in words, the earnest longings of his soul for God's grace and direction, that he might be enabled wisely and energetically to plead the cause of the slave.

It was on the 15th of May, 1823, that the first debate on the abolition of slavery took place in the House of Commons. The debate was opened by Mr. Buxton. The resolution he moved was, "That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British Colonies, with as much expedition as may be found consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned." An animated debate ensued; and Mr. Canning, on behalf of the Government, moved and carried certain amendments to Mr. Buxton's resolution, binding the Government, as it was supposed at the time, to carry out certain very great ameliorations of the condition of the slave-population, and holding out the prospect of their emancipation "at the earliest period that should be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property."

These ameliorations, however, instead of being enforced, were only recommended for adoption to the Colonial Legislatures; and instead of being adopted, they were unanimously and indignantly rejected. The planters thought their just rights interfered with, and even went so far as to threaten recourse to arms, should the ameliorations of slavery proposed by Parliament be enforced. Exaggerated reports, too, of the nature of these resolutions, having been spread amongst the slaves in the island of Demerara, those on several estates refused to work; compulsion was resorted to, which the slaves resisted; and at length martial law was proclaimed, and the military called out; and though, in suppressing this insurrection, not one soldier was killed, there was dealt out to the slaves a measure of vengeance pressed down and running over.

The news of the ferment amongst the colonists, and the outbreak amongst the Negroes, soon reached England. The enemies of Negro emancipation triumphed as in a victory; its advocates were discouraged, and were deserted by the lukewarm. Mr. Buxton and his friends were denounced as the cause of the disaffection of the colonists, and the outbreak amongst the slaves. But he was nothing daunted. In this dark intelligence he saw only the necessity for

greater exertions. If others were despairing, he felt that there was only the more need for zeal on the part of those whose hope was not yet quenched.

Though opposed by the West India proprietors, deserted by Government, and deemed an enthusiast by the public, Mr. Buxton still toiled on. The cry of 'the suffering Negro was in his ears, and the love of the Negro in his heart. He was not the man to be discouraged by difficulties. It was a maxim with him, in the spirit of which he ever acted, "Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day." They did carry the day; but, before doing so, they had well-nigh cost him his life. He was preparing for a debate on the slavery of the Mauritius; his anxiety was intense, his investigations had been unwearied, and the atrocious cruelties practised on the Negroes utterly overwhelmed him. "Several times," says his biographer, "he left his papers, and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, 'O! it's too bad, it's too bad! I can't bear it.'" The result was an attack of apoplexy, from which for several days he showed no symptoms of recovery. And so strongly had the subject which caused this alarming seizure taken hold of his mind, that almost his first words on awaking to consciousness, were to the effect, that he must get up, and go to the House, to bring forward his motion on the Mauritius; nor could he, without difficulty, be persuaded that the day for that motion was already past.

It was in 1830 that the friends of Negro emancipation began to see that the gradual abolition of slavery, at which they had hitherto been aiming, was "utterly wild and visionary." The violent conduct of the colonists had opened their eyes; and the hope of making mitigation the first step to freedom, was relinquished. At a crowded meeting held in London, at which Mr. Wilberforce presided, a farewell was taken of temporising measures.

While Mr. Buxton and his friends were thus making progress, the Government was standing still, unwilling to bring forward any decisive measure. The attention of the country was almost entirely engrossed with the agitation connected with the Reform Bill. But still Mr. Buxton, on every fitting opportunity, pressed upon the attention of the public, and of those in power, the wrongs of the Negro. The 24th of May, 1832, was fixed for a motion on this subject, and every attempt was made to induce him, either to defer the motion altogether, or to withdraw it without dividing the House. Then he showed the firmness of his character. Never had he occupied a more un-

pleasant position. His very friends were divided in opinion as to the propriety of persevering; and, by so doing, he was embarrassing a Government of which he himself was a supporter. It was a new Parliament, and many of the supporters of the Government had been returned, pledged to support the anti-slavery movement. The Government was not prepared to forfeit the support of the West Indian party, nor were they prepared to oppose the abolitionists of slavery. They wished, therefore, to keep the question at arm's-length. But Mr. Buxton felt it to be for the good of his cause that the country should know what course the Government was resolved to take. He was most reluctant to inconvenience, in any way, the Ministry; but he could not sacrifice to their convenience the cause of the slave. Before the debate, and while the debate was going on, all arguments and entreaties were used, and the Government privately besought him to give way. Friend after friend tried his influence, but in vain. Mr. Buxton rose to reply, and, instead of withdrawing his motion, said he was bound in conscience to do it, and that he would divide the House. The House was divided, when ninety voted for his motion, and one hundred and thirty-six for Lord Althorp's amendment. The minority was much larger than, in the circumstances, was expected; and, in fact, that division rung the knell of slavery. In this debate, to use Mr. Buxton's own words, "the cause made a seven-leagued stride." The Government felt, as one of themselves declared,—

"That division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question. If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a majority when he is right. The question is settled: the Government see it, and they will take it up."

The Government did take it up; but still Mr. Buxton's anxiety and labours were not at an end. He had to urge the Government to carry through their Bill, and had to watch it at every stage. But at length, on the 28th of August, 1833, the Bill for the abolition of British slavery received the royal assent, and the tidings spread from pole to pole, how Britain had resolved that, throughout her wide-spread dominions, there should be no fetters but for crime; and the heart of every lover of his race expanded as he heard that there was a nation, on the face of this groaning earth, willing to pay twenty millions, rather than have the tear of slavery fall in the most distant corner of her empire, even from the eye of the stranger.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

"THE PRINCELY AND PIOUS COBBLER."

JOSEPH WATKINS, in his youth, resided in the vicinity of Bromyard, and occasionally attended the Independent chapel there, but had an opportunity of hearing the Wesleyan Preachers belonging to the Worcester Circuit, who sometimes visited that neighbourhood. At length a Society was formed at Stoke-Edith, where devotional services were established in the house of Mr. Wood, on his farm, called "The Sope." Joseph, receiving intelligence of the meetings of this Society for religious fellowship, after some meditation, thought that he should like to be present; and he accordingly resolved to go. His resolution was soon carried into effect. He witnessed the humble seriousness of a few pious persons, who met for the sole purpose of mutual edification. His attention was directed to the reading and examination of the word of God. He began to feel the influence of truths which had hitherto been utterly concealed from him. He cast in his lot with the little band of disciples: these instructed him in the way of the Lord, and prayed with him for the mercy he felt he needed. Prayer was heard, God was entreated: Joseph was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart unto righteousness, and to rejoice in the favour and peace of God. The Sunday, instead of being spent in pleasure-taking, or idle and wicked gossip, as it usually is in places where no Gospel sounds salute the ear, was now regularly devoted to sacred duties. The word of God was precious then, there being few opportunities of hearing it in that part of the kingdom in those days. Month after month he cheerfully took his accustomed Lord's-day journey, toiling many a mile to hear that word, and join in prayer and praise with the small band of individuals, nearly of the same rank with himself. The truth took deep hold upon his heart. He became a man of faith and of prayer. His neighbours wondered, his family admired, and angels adored.

He was a shoemaker by trade. By hard industry, economy, and diligence, he had acquired a small sum of money. There was in the same neighbourhood, and of the same little society of Christians, a young female, a domestic servant in a respectable family. Her mistress, dying, bequeathed Mary £20, in testimony of respect, and as a reward for her faithful services. Her master had then an aged mother, who lived with him. He said to Mary, "If you will remain and take care of my mother during her life, when she dies you shall have £20 more." To this proposal Mary assented, remarking, "Master's word is as good as his bond." The object of her special care did not long survive; and Mary became possessed of the sum of £40, in addition to some savings from her wages.

An attachment was formed between Joseph and Mary, which ripened into

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wedded love; in which sacred union they were happy together more than forty years.

The following particulars respect the appropriation of their money, and their subsequent proceedings in the practical acknowledgment of God with it. The genuine principles of Christianity prompt the heart to benevolence. Joseph had looked round on the moral condition of his neighbours. He deeply mourned over their spiritual destitution. He earnestly desired to do something for their benefit by the establishment among them of means of grace similar to those which at Stoke had been so great a blessing to himself. He thought he would, if possible, purchase a small freehold, that he might open his own house for the worship of God, and have no interruption by landlord or anybody else. In a short time, two properties were advertised for sale by auction, at an inn. Joseph attended the sale, expecting that they would be offered in separate lots, intending to make a bid for the smaller one; but, to his great disappointment, he found they were to be sold together, and therefore abandoned his intention of bidding, as he had not the means of paying so large a sum as would be required. The business began, the conditions of sale were stated, and bidders invited. The auctioneer, observing the young shoemaker, somewhat humorously said, "Come, Watkins, won't you give us a bid?" To which Joseph replied, "I certainly intended to bid for the small lot, if it had been sold separately; but as they are put together, they are quite out of my way." "O!" rejoined the other, "put us on. Give a bid: it will not stop. Come, put us on." Joseph, not thinking what he was about, complied, but was soon awakened to a sense of his situation when no one followed him. In vain the auctioneer called for bidders. At length he said, "Going! Going! Gone!" Down came the hammer, with Joseph Watkins as the purchaser. Joseph went home in great anxiety, and informed Mary what he had been drawn into, who was equally perplexed thereat. He passed an almost sleepless night, pondering how to get out of his difficulty.

Next morning, while standing at his door, a gentleman rode up, and accosted him with, "Well, Watkins, you have been buying land, I hear." "Buying land," responded Joseph, as the echo of what fell on his ears. The gentleman further said, "I am come to ask what you will take for your bargain?" This revived Joseph; and, as he expressed himself when relating the occurrence, "I thought, I must mind now what I say." So he replied, "Why, Sir, to tell you the truth, I only wanted the small lot; and if you are willing to take the large one, I have no objection to part with it." "That," said the gentleman, "is the one I want. What will you take for it?" It was considered at the sale that Joseph had made a good purchase; so he thought now he might, without impropriety, ask the sum for the large property (about fifty acres) which he had obtained both for (the smaller one being only about two). The gentleman said, "I will give you that sum for it." He was thus extricated from his difficulty, became possessor of the freehold he had desired, and yet his amount of cash was not lessened.

He now saw his way clear to carry into effect his long-cherished desire to open his house for the worship of God. It was duly licensed for that purpose, and the neighbours were invited to come and hear words whereby they might be saved. Nor was it preached and heard in vain. The Holy Spirit was poured upon them, and several believed and turned to the Lord. They could seldom have the opportunity of getting a Minister, as the place was a considerable distance from any Circuit-town, and, at that time, in winter especially, the roads were almost impassable. In these circumstances, and, we believe also moved by the Holy Ghost, Mr. Watkins felt necessity was

laid on him, first, to give a word of exhortation to those who from time to time came to worship God at his house. He was soon invited to other places at a distance. He had many scruples and fears on this subject. He frequently availed himself of Wesley's "Sermons," and Matthew Henry's "Commentary," for the matter of his discourses. The blessing of God rested upon these humble but sincere endeavours to benefit the population around him; and an open door was set before him, so that he was encouraged to persevere, but was often cast down at the contemplation of the great responsibility which rested on him. He related the following circumstances, which occurred at this time. Having made an engagement to speak to a congregation in a farm-house at Dinmore on a Sunday, the subject pressed heavily on his spirits; he had sore mental conflict, and would have fled from the duty, had he not felt, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel." The road from his residence was through a wood, where it was easy to conceal himself from observation. He set off from his dwelling much earlier than was necessary to accomplish the journey, purposing to retire into some thick part of the wood, and ask of God some visible sign, whether he ought to preach or not. Having wrought his way through the interwoven branches of trees, and reached a lonely spot, which he judged suitable for his purpose, he was preparing to ask from God a sign; but, before doing this, he took a New Testament from his pocket, on opening which, his attention was arrested by the following words: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." The thought struck him forcibly, that he was the subject of temptation: he fell on his knees, imploring of God forgiveness for his presumption, and, without gainsaying, went and delivered his message to the people in the name of the Lord; and he continued to act as a Local Preacher in the Hereford Circuit to the end of his life.

At his own house the congregation increased, and additional accommodation was wanted. The late Rev. J. H. Adams was then a Home Missionary in that part of the kingdom. Mr. Watkins asked himself, "What can I do?" He could do but little; yet he resolved what to do, if the Lord permitted; and, as Dr. Redford* remarks, the deed was as princely as the principle was Divine. The little of which he had become the proprietor, or rather, as he felt, the steward, he would consecrate to the Lord. On a part of it he accordingly determined to build a small chapel, for the service of the neighbouring cottagers. The work was soon effected: a Minister was obtained to open the new place of worship: the day arrived, a happy and zealous company of friends met together; and the place was set apart for the high and holy use of prayer, praise, and the ministration of the blessed word of God.

Let my readers, if they can, enter into the joyful emotions of that day; let them conceive the pure and blessed feelings of this humble Christian, when he saw the building, which his own benevolence had reared, first opened as the house of prayer. It was noble, and it was lovely; perhaps beyond precedent at that time. The emotions of this lowly cottager that day might have been envied by a Prince; and few Princes of this world ever did an act so noble and so pious.

The dedication of that humble sanctuary to the service of God was the occasion of calling forth another interesting instance of the zeal and kind-heartedness of Joseph Watkins.

Some of the good people who had come to participate in the religious solemnities of that day, powerfully felt the influence of a zeal so eminent and pure, and voluntarily proposed that they should be allowed to share with him the expense of the erection. They endeavoured to convince him that it

* Author of a Memoir of Joseph Watkins.

was not right for him to bear the whole burden, and that collections would cheerfully be made towards assisting him in this labour of love. But the sacrifice was a luxury to his soul not to be foregone. He was resolved to have it a monument of his gratitude to the Saviour.

Still, however, alert in doing good, and glad to find his fellow-Christians willing to contribute of their ability to aid the village cause, he proposed that they should give what they thought proper, and devote it to the purchase of a horse for the service of the Ministers of the Circuit in which the chapel was situated, to enable them more frequently to visit this and other benighted places. This was accordingly done; and this village thenceforward enjoyed the regular services of the Ministers of the Gospel, had its Sunday-school, and various other means of religious instruction. The effect has been striking and delightful; and the humble individual who was the instrument of all this good, was spared many years to receive the messengers of peace to his house, and enjoy the luxury of witnessing the spread of scriptural knowledge in the neighbourhood, and the conversion of many souls to the faith of Christ.

Joseph and Mary Watkins honoured God in their house. Family worship was established *three* times in the day: in the morning, before they sat down to breakfast; at twelve at noon, when workmen, and whoever might be in the shop at the time, were called to join with them; and again in the evening. Morning and evening worship was conducted by reading the Scriptures and prayer, and the noon service by singing and prayer. Many times has the writer had the privilege of joining with them in these devotional exercises.

The garden and orchard brought forth plentifully; so that, in some instances, even when the crop of apples had failed in the county, Joseph had abundance to make large quantities of cider, the common beverage in that part of the country. The ground, also, though partially shaded by the trees, produced good crops of wheat, beans, or potatoes. Joseph honoured God with his substance also, and his barn was filled with plenty. Prompted by gratitude to the Author of all good, and impressed with a conviction that he owed to a special providence his possession of the property he enjoyed, having no child, and not knowing what might arise in the neighbourhood after his decease, it was in his heart to secure that property so remarkably given to him to the service of God. He did so. When the Rev. John Slater was Superintendent of the Circuit, Joseph transferred the property by sale to a number of Trustees, to be held by them and their successors as provided by the deed, in trust for ever, for the use of the Wesleyan church. The property consisted of a small field, garden, and orchard, on part of which stood a dwelling-house, cider-mill, and barn; also a chapel and a burial-ground. When the trust-deed was duly executed and enrolled in Chancery, he generously returned the purchase-money to the trustees; and, though he continued to reside on the premises, yet, as an acknowledgment of their right to the property, he paid an annual rent, which they applied to the Circuit expenses. "The liberal" deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." This inspired declaration was remarkably verified in Joseph Watkins. God's blessing was on the labour of his hands; and he was the constant benefactor of the poor around him, and a hearty supporter of the cause of God at home and abroad. He made considerable sacrifices in order to introduce Methodism into the borough of Leominster; and though he did not witness the success which he desired, yet he had the satisfaction to believe that his efforts were approved by Him who said, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

The following instance of zeal and liberality in the noble cause of Missions to the Heathen came under my own observation. Being one evening at

Bodenham chapel in my regular week-day appointment, I remained over night at Mr. and Mrs. Watkins's. After supper and family-worship, Joseph took his seat on one side of the fire-place, Mary being seated on the other side: I drew my chair before it. Our conversation was on Missionary subjects. Both listened with deep attention while I narrated some incidents of Missionary labours in South Africa. Time passed more rapidly than we were aware, so that we were somewhat surprised to hear the clock strike eleven. I instantly dropped the conversation, by rising from my seat, and, taking the candlestick, bade them good-night.

The following morning, when finishing breakfast, Joseph said, "I want your advice, Sir." To which I replied, "I shall be happy to give it you, to the best of my ability, if you will state your case." "Why, Sir," he said, "I have been thinking about the Heathen, and the Missionaries: that is a great work, and I want to give £600 to it." I gazed on the man, with his leather apron on, with mingled wonder and delight; and said, "I am glad to hear it, and hope there will be no great difficulty in the way." Reaching from a side-table the Annual Report of the Parent Wesleyan Missionary Society, he answered, "I see here a notice that money which is upon landed security cannot be left to such purposes; and that is the case with mine." I said, "You can call it in." "Ay," said he; "but I wish to have the interest during my life." I answered, "The Missionary Committee will give it you." He wished me to consult a lawyer on the matter. I said, that I thought unnecessary; but, for his satisfaction, I would write to the Secretaries in London. He replied, "Do so." I did, and received from one of them, the late Rev. J. James, the following answer:—"Your friend must take your advice, and the Missionary Treasurers will give him their usual security for the interest at five per cent. per annum during his and his wife's life."

To this proposal he agreed: the £600 was called in, and passed through my hands to the Missionary Society, and he received the interest half-yearly during the remainder of his life. Mary was present, and heard our conversation on the subject. When it was over, Joseph went to his workshop, and I said to her, "I am glad Mr. Watkins has a wife who so heartily concurs with him in these liberal acts." Her heart was full, and deeply affected. With weeping eyes and uplifted hands, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! He is always beforehand with us: He gave it us every bit." I several times heard them, afterwards, express the deep interest which they felt in the Missionary cause, and the satisfaction it afforded them that the money they had in purpose devoted to that object was now secured to it, Joseph being glad in that particular to be his own executor.

As a further development of his character, the following circumstance is deserving record. On the opposite side of the Circuit to that on which he resided, there is a village called Hungerstone, in which a small chapel had been built. Owing to a variety of circumstances, into which it is not necessary now to enter, there had been a good deal of difficulty and unpleasantness in connexion with that chapel, and there was a dark cloud upon the cause in that village. Having become acquainted with the particulars of the case, and seeing there was no way to relieve it except by getting a great part of the debt removed from the premises, I proposed the matter to him. This was an unwelcome topic, and he seemed averse to enter upon it. I said, "Well, Mr. Watkins, neither you nor I had anything to do with the erection of that chapel, nor with the circumstances by which it became involved in its present difficulties; neither had the good men who became responsible for the money owing, in order to preserve the chapel, and prevent the cause of God from suffering reproach and injury, which must have been the case if

the bills had not been paid. The person who lent the money, and two others who gave security for it, reside at a distance; there is an annual deficiency of interest which they have to make up, and I claim your sympathy on their behalf." I added, "The Society there is small and poor; yet there is a considerable population in the village, and I think there is a reasonable prospect of success, if this case can be relieved."

Mr. Watkins listened attentively to what I said, and then asked, "What is the amount of the debt?" "Eighty pounds," was the answer. "Well," he said, "get eight persons to give £10 a piece, and I will be one of them; and let us have done with it." I replied, "I fear I shall not be able to accomplish that; but if we could raise half that sum, it would relieve the case." "No," he said; "I will be no party to that: the debt may increase again. The whole shall be paid off, or I will have nothing to do with it. Get £70, and I will then give the other £10." I made the attempt: the parties responsible, having suffered a good deal of annoyance, cheerfully sacrificed £10 each towards the object; and, after much difficulty, the whole was raised. Joseph, in the presence of his good wife, handed me his £10, in a very pleasant humour. The result was as beneficial to the congregation and Society as I had anticipated; as I was assured by my successor in the Circuit. This is by no means a solitary instance in which the Lord has acknowledged His house, and prospered His work, when extricated from pecuniary embarrassment. Who can tell what an amount of good might be done in this way by those who have the means, if they were like-minded with this village cobbler?

The next instance of his princely liberality which came under my observation is the following. When I was at his house, in my regular appointment to Bodenham, in February, 1832, Mrs. Watkins requested me to step up-stairs into their room. "A fire is kindled," she said, "and Joseph wants you to write for him." Accordingly, I went up, and found Mr. Watkins had a table, set with inkstand, pens, and paper, ready. He said it was his intention to set his house in order; that he did not think it prudent to leave such things to the last. He then produced a will, which a lawyer of Leominster had written, according to his instructions. He observed, "You know I have given what I intended to the foreign Missions; and now," he asked, "what is the name of that Fund from which the Preachers were first sent to this part, and from which the Circuit has from time to time received assistance?" I replied, "It is called the Contingent Fund." "O," said he, "we must not forget that. I owe much to that; for it sent the Gospel to us." Other Connexional Funds were mentioned: Hereford chapel-trust had a good share. In all, I wrote down, by his direction, £750. A copy of that document, with Joseph's signature affixed, is now in my possession.

He was a sincere lover of Methodism, believing it to be of God. He warmly rejoiced in its prosperity; and was grieved and wept when it was assailed from without, or disquieted by internal strife. Shortly before his death, the agitation respecting the Wesleyan Theological Institution arose. Though himself an illiterate man, he knew how to appreciate a qualified ministry; and in the printed Report of that Institution at the time, we find Mr. Watkins, of Bodenham, a donor of £50, and an annual subscriber of £1. He continued his business, working at it himself, until near the close of his life, not to add to his property, but to enlarge his means of doing good, which appeared to be the greatest luxury of his soul. I had the opportunity of witnessing many other instances of his generous disposition, not recorded in this sketch; such as contributions to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he was a Branch Treasurer, and gifts to the poor in his

neighbourhood. At our Circuit quarterly-meetings, also, when there was a deficiency in the income, he prompted others by his generous example. He scattered, and yet increased; he sowed plenteously, and reaped plenteously.

Near the close of my ministerial labours in that Circuit, I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, on the fortieth anniversary of their wedding-day. Before we rose from the table, I happened to say, in allusion to my own removal to another sphere of labour, "Who knows where we may be next year at this time?" Silence followed; and I perceived the question had touched a chord I did not intend. Both were deeply affected. At length, in a tone of warm affection, Mary said, "I should not like to leave Joseph, and I should not like to be left." The husband, though made of sterner stuff than Mary, was quite overcome, and could not utter a word. I wept with them, and, in reply, said, "The Lord reigns: our times are in His hands, and He will order that in such wise as will be best for both." So it was, not long after. Mary was the older and more infirm of the two, and was called away first; but they were not long divided. Humanly speaking, he was fittest to survive, as he was best acquainted with their temporal circumstances, and knew best how to wind them up. He had opportunity to do this during the six weeks that he survived; for in so short a time was he called to follow her to their eternal home. Mary died on the 15th of October, 1835, in the eighty-second year of her age. She had been a constant friend to the poor in her neighbourhood. She was truly devoted to God, with whom she lived in habitual communion, through faith in Christ. She was ardently attached to Methodism, and was delighted to welcome its Ministers to her house, whom she hospitably entertained, and studied to promote their comfort, from the time she joined the Society. She was a Collector for the Bible Society, and a Teacher in the Sunday-school, to the last week of her protracted life. Greatly was she esteemed in the neighbourhood; so that, at her interment, an immense number of persons assembled to testify their respect for her memory. The last words she was heard to say, were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."* S. B.

SPIRITUAL DANGERS.

THE open attacks of Satan are less dangerous than those which are secret and covered. We are in greater danger from the man who seeks to administer secret poison than from him who offers to wound us in the broad daylight. We guard better against the open assassin than the disguised foe; and it is the concealed, masked attacks of our spiritual enemy which are so fraught with danger. How often have we taken his poison before we were aware of its nature, or of the hand which presented it! We can remember the time when we were in a good healthy state, our souls ready for duty and delighting in it, and we hoped to continue thus. But ere long a change has come over us: duty has become distasteful and wearisome; the feeling of spiritual vigour and animation has given way to spiritual languor and sloth; we are unconscious of the way in which the change was produced, but our hearts are out of tone, the soul's pulse beats sluggishly, and the sense of life and happiness is gone. The reason of all this was that we had taken poison, the poison of worldly-mindedness, of pride, self-seeking, unbelief, or something else of the like injurious nature; we had swallowed one of Satan's deadly draughts, and probably a long period of sickness and inactivity elapsed before its sad influence passed away. Our souls must be alive and awake, and exceedingly

* See the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," for 1835, page 966.

sensitive to the touch of evil, shrinking from its first approach, and ever ready to send up the cry of distress to Him who is able to deliver.

CHRISTIANA.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

THE existence and immortality of the soul involve interests and results of the highest moment to every member of the human family; for all are concerned in the inquiries,—Have I a soul? what is its nature? to what unseen world is it hastening? Apart from revelation, we have many convincing proofs of the soul's reality. Man's proud pre-eminence, his high powers and noble faculties, his great attainments and sublime discoveries, his capacious desires, his insatiable thirst for happiness, and, above all, his dying scene,—proclaim that there lives within him a being which is destined to survive the extinction of time, and exist through eternity.

There have, notwithstanding, been men in almost every age, who have denied altogether the soul's existence, or rejected the belief of its immortality; who have endeavoured to degrade the "image of God" to a level with "the beasts that perish," and to metamorphose the noblest work of the Almighty Creator into a brute. But, alas! the majority of these individuals have been fearful evidences of the truth of the doctrine they vainly attempted to explode; and when they have been about to plunge into futurity's awful gulf, and to pass the barrier which separated them from the dark and fathomless abyss, their favourite theory of annihilation has vanished like a dream; the horrors of their situation have come upon them with the force of a thunderbolt; and, in agonies which language cannot depict, they have been drawn into the vortex of God's righteous retribution, have sunk from mortal sight, and perished irretrievably.

To those, however, who believe in the truth of Divine revelation, and especially to such as reverence its precepts and practise the duties it enjoins, the existence and immortality of the soul cannot be matter of conjecture or uncertainty. The former cannot be exposed to doubt and apprehension on this subject, since they are persuaded of the reality and certainty of what God has revealed in reference thereto; while the latter deduce from their own practical observation and daily experience, satisfactory and conclusive evidence of the momentous fact that they possess an agent whose nature is immortal, whose capabilities are inconceivably great, whose value is inestimable, and whose destination is sublime.

Let us, then, briefly notice these properties and characteristics of the soul, in order to show its vast and paramount importance, and conclude by urging the necessity of attending to its everlasting interests.

The soul is *immortal*. Its duration will be coeval with eternity. Death cannot lay his cold and withering hand upon it; annihilation cannot get it within his fatal grasp: nor can the extinguishable fires which burn with furious flame, and dreadful glare, in the deep caverns of perdition, consume it; for it is an undying offspring of divinity, and shall live so long as God Himself exists. The immortal spirit which six thousand years ago the Almighty breathed into the new-formed body of our first progenitor, still survives; and shall be seen with unimpaired vitality when he, with all his children, shall stand before the throne of the incarnate God to hear their final and irrevocable doom. Amid the quivering lightning, the thunder's loud, reiterated crash, the terrific blasts of the Archangel's trumpet, the disruption of spheres, and the flames of the universe,

"The soul, secured in her existence,
Shall smile at dissolution, and defy its power."

And when the material system has been swept from the map of existence, and millions of years have lapsed into the past, the soul, indissolubly reunited to its now incorruptible and immortal body, will be but *commencing* a career which shall never terminate.

Who can duly estimate the mighty *capabilities* of the soul? Of these we see sufficient to excite our admiration and wonder while it is clothed in the vestments of mortality, and surrounded by adverse influences which retard its progress, and cramp its energies. But when it breaks the thin, frail shell that separates it from the world of spirits, they shall be seen in all their dignity and splendour. The soul of the sinner shall, alas! exhibit no powers save those of endurance, the capability of sustaining throughout an interminable existence the maddening pangs of remorse, the frenzied rage of demoniacal passions, the ceaseless gnawings of "the worm that dieth not," and the agonizing torment of "unquenchable fire;" while his faculties, wound up to the highest point, shall conspire to make his misery tenfold more fearful and appalling. But we gladly turn from this picture of horror to contemplate a bright and heart-thrilling scene. The soul of the believer, when it escapes from its crumbling prison-house, shall wing its flight to the regions of immortal peace and joy, there to receive enlarged capacities and extended views, to be endowed with invigorated energies, and gifted with sublime powers, which eternity itself will be too short fully to develop and unfold; and which will render it capable of engaging in intimate and delightful intercourse with the highest intelligences,—of associating with seraphs, holding communion with the eternal Mind, and attaining to unknown and inconceivable degrees of excellence, perfection, and glory.

What created being can fully comprehend the soul's *value*? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" was the inquiry of One who well knew its worth; and again He asks, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Does the reader desire to form some faint conception of its inestimable value? Reflect, then, on the dispensations of God's providence to man, the revelations of His will, the manifestations of His purposes. See "the first-born sons of light" employed in man's service; rejoicing in his repentance, obedience, and happiness; and, as swift-winged messengers bent on errands of mercy, pursuing their ethereal path to this favoured world, or soaring away to the realms of uncreated glory to convey intelligence to the Supreme. View the Triune God engaged in man's cause, exhibiting the deepest interest in his welfare, devising plans for ensuring his present and eternal well-being, and leading him to duty, and holiness, and heaven. Look upon the Child of Bethlehem, the despised Nazarene, and the expiring Saviour. Approach the garden, and there, in the still and solemn midnight hour, behold the "Prince of Life," the "Heir of all things," surrounded by the malignant powers of darkness; persecuted by creatures whom He could have crushed with a frown, or annihilated with a breath; oppressed with the load of a world's accumulated guilt, and enduring agonies which nothing less than Omnipotence could sustain. Follow Him to that memorable scene where the world's redemption was accomplished, and there, amid the convulsions of earth, the resuscitation of saints, and the mournful gloom of nature, listen to the voice of the Redeemer, and contemplate the victory which He then achieved, compared with which the deeds and exploits of all heroes that ever lived are puerile and contemptible, and even the creation of the globe itself was a lesser work; for though

"'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
"Twas greater to redeem."

This is the true standard by which to judge of the soul's incomparable excellence. Let us think of the price with which its salvation was purchased and secured by the beloved Son of heaven's eternal King, who is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person,—and we shall then be better qualified to form a right estimate of its transcendent value. When the soul is viewed in connexion with the Cross, the world appears a worthless toy. Nay, more :

“Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
 Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
 Ten thousand add, add twice ten thousand more;
 Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all.”

The *destination* of the soul is sublime. Heaven, with all its beauty and magnificence, its exquisite enjoyments, and consummate felicity, has been provided for the soul's eternal home. The glorious mansions of the skies have been “prepared from the foundation of the world” for the reception of the deathless spirit; and Christ has died to restore the title thereto which man by his sin and disobedience had forfeited and lost. Yet, reader, there is a fearful possibility of your failing to secure the unutterable bliss which heaven affords: yea, millions are at this moment bewailing the irreparable loss. Watch over your soul's interest, therefore, with all-absorbing solicitude, and unremitting anxiety; and labour to secure its everlasting peace with vigorous energy and persevering zeal. Should this great business be neglected, and death find you unprepared, your soul will be consigned to the place originally “prepared for the devil and his angels,” there to be the eternal associate of fiends, the sport of demons, and the victim of despair. How different will be its destination if, conscious of your base ingratitude and guilt, you cast yourself on the infinite merits of Christ, obtain an interest in the Redeemer's blood, and continue a humble, faithful follower of the Saviour! While in a world of suffering and trial, you shall live in the constant possession of solid peace, and continually feast on the delightful foretastes of future joys. With the eye of faith you will behold the celestial Zion whose everlasting hills reverberate with hymns of praise, and songs of victory; and, enraptured with the prospect of that beatific vision, you will ardently desire to possess the rich, and fair, and glorious inheritance. And when death shall release your happy spirit from the fetters of mortality, escorted by a bright, angelic convoy, it will gladly fly away to hear the welcome of the Deity; to receive the congratulations of the heavenly host; to participate in an eternal jubilee; and to unite in the ceaseless anthem which “angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven,” ascribe to the “Lord God Omnipotent” for ever and ever.

J. R. P.

HINDERANCES IN THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

THE young Christian should get a settled conviction in his mind, founded on the word of God, that it is his privilege to live without sin; that is, without voluntary transgressions of the Divine law. This should be taken hold of at first starting, and retained firmly until the end of the race. He should be prepared to stand up for this privilege, and contend with all that would deprive him of it: he should be jealous of his right, as the political world are for theirs, and rather die than give it up. But let him remember, while he is aiming thus high in religion, that Satan will harass and buffet him in a more than ordinary way. Satan loathes the image of God more than the Christian longs for it: he hates holiness as God hates sin: his aim is to keep the standard of

piety very low, to prevent Christians from letting their light shine, or from presenting to the eyes of the world fair specimens of the religion of the Bible. He wishes them to display their imperfections and failings,—the remains of the carnal mind,—that these, standing out in bold relief, may throw into the shade all their Christian graces. He would fain fling a veil over the excellencies of religion, (if he cannot entirely destroy it,) that the world may be prevented from falling in love with its beauty, and seeking it for themselves. This is Satan's policy; and therefore he makes every effort to prevent us from becoming eminent Christians. But in despite of all difficulty and all opposition, the young Christian must determine to display to the world, and to the church, a lovely resemblance of the holy mind of Christ, a beautiful transcript of the perfect law of the Lord.

CHRISTIANA.

SATURDAY EVENING.

THE scenes of the day are closing: its busy fancies, its distracting cares, its toils and excitements, are giving place to calmer thought, to solemn reflection, and to the whispers of conscience. The shadows of eternity are mingling with the scenes of time: a sense of accountability oppresses me: the mind begins to survey the inner world with awe; the value of the soul, its relation to God, and its approach to eternity. Behind me is another week, lost, perhaps, in the vanities of earth: before me is a reproving Sabbath, with its solemn demands, its precious opportunities, its means of grace.

The flight of time for a moment arrests my attention: how fugitive and stealthy have been its hours, now brightened by hope, and then darkened by real or prospective gloom! But they have gone, their record is sealed, and I have advanced another week in my journey to the tomb.

The thought of death succeeds: there is a rapidly-approaching hour when my probation will end, and my eternal state commence. How deep and awful is the shadow which it casts over life! how do the vanities of time, its riches, its honours, its pleasures, flee away from its frown! Of what value to the departing spirit are the coveted glories of earth, as it enters the portals of death?

To-morrow is the Sabbath. It commemorates a risen Redeemer: it is the pledge of our own resurrection from the dead; "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Let me then welcome its hallowed hours: let its Divine calm subdue my soul; let me enter the chamber of communion with God; let me turn my feet to His sanctuary; let me behold Him in His ordinances; and let me enjoy a foretaste of that sweeter communion and that nobler worship where is no setting sun, no closing hymn, no departing congregation.

My last Sabbath will soon arrive. O may it find me waiting for my Lord! With joyful steps let me enter the dark valley, fearing no evil: the gloom of death shall vanish in the light of His coming who is the Resurrection and the Life. "Jesus has trodden the dreary path before me: the dying Jesus has brightened the dismal mansion, and left an inviting fragrance in those beds of dust." In the strength of my Redeemer, I will not fear thee, thou grim messenger; thy blunted arrow shall fall harmless at my feet; and, by the side of my Immanuel, I will pass through thy kingdom, and from thy dark domains I will ascend to His Father and my Father, to His God and my God.

THEOLOGY.

THE ABOUNDINGS OF INIQUITY.

A SERMON.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. xxiv. 12, 13.

THIS chapter affords striking evidence of the prophetic character of Christ. Here He lays open the future, and foretells many of its various and contingent events. These events have come to pass. Most, if not all, of the predictions recorded in this chapter have received their accomplishment, and are now become matters of history. The prescience of the Saviour is thus rendered indisputable. The future lay open to His omniscient eye; and He spoke of things that were not as though they were.

On the occasion on which the words of the text were uttered, Christ had been discoursing in the temple; and when leaving it, his disciples came to point out to Him its vast and splendid buildings. From this He took occasion to inform them, that this magnificent and beautiful edifice, the object of their admiration and national pride, would be utterly destroyed. This startling and unexpected information excited their curiosity, and, perhaps, awakened other emotions; and, when the opportunity presented itself, on His being alone on the Mount of Olives, they came to Him privately, "saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" To these questions He did not return a direct answer. Instead of doing so, He proceeded to give them the most important warning and instruction. He earnestly cautioned them against false Christs and false Prophets; and foretold wars, famines, troubles, signs, pestilences, and earthquakes; together with the fierce and dreadful persecutions which would be waged against His followers, the aboundings of iniquity, and the extensive apostasy which those combined causes would occasion. Such was the scene He laid open to their view. It has been verified. These predictions of the omniscient Saviour have been accomplished. Their most exact and entire fulfilment may be gathered from historians who had no design to record such fulfilment. By relating facts as they occurred, they have, unintentionally, and without

knowing it, borne decisive witness to the accomplishment of these predictions of Christ. They have told us that wars and insurrections distracted and convulsed the nations of Palestine and of the whole Roman empire; that famines were experienced, that pestilence swept multitudes away, that false Christs and Prophets were numerous, that remarkable signs and wonders were seen; and from Christian writers we chiefly learn the rest,—that the followers of Christ were cruelly persecuted, and that, in consequence of this persecution, amidst the extreme corruption of the age, apostasies from the Christian faith were numerous. Here we find wonderful and resistless evidence of the divinity of our faith. Had it not been of God, it must have perished amid this combination of hostile and destructive elements. How justly and truly is it remarked, that Christianity was cradled in storms! But it survived them; and shall survive all that yet await it, until it has filled the world.

We shall now proceed to unfold the great general truths and principles of the text, which are alike applicable to every age and place. Two causes, it is stated, contributed to produce apostasy,—persecution, and a low state of morals. It is only on the latter that we shall now dwell. The great principle which we deduce from the text is,—the deadening and corrupting influence of abounding iniquity.

I. Consider the state of things described:—"And because iniquity shall abound."

This state of things began in the very age of the Apostles. Even then the mystery of iniquity had begun to work, and from that point the deterioration was very rapid. A current of every species of vice and wickedness had set in with tremendous force, and bore the greater part of the people away into an ocean of profligacy and abomination. The age which immediately succeeded that of the Apostles was one of extreme corruption. Morals were sunk to the lowest degree. Iniquity, comprehending every kind of crime, every form of cruelty and perfidiousness, and every species of profanity and uncleanness, was full-grown. Wickedness had reached its height: iniquity was full. This was the case in Judæa especially, as may be seen in the "History."

of Josephus; nor was it much less so throughout the Roman empire. It seemed as if hell had discharged its corruptions upon earth, and had deluged it with infernal abominations.

Similar seasons of trial, more or less general, have often occurred since, although it has not always prevailed in the same form, nor to the same extent. The principle of iniquity abounds. It abounds in a great variety of forms, in the forms most suited to the tastes, manners, and dispositions of each particular age. In history, it may be read of as existing in every mode and shape of development. We need not stay to point this out, but it may suffice to state that they are all perilous and deadly. If there be any difference in point of danger, we should say that the more refined and plausible fashions of iniquity are the worst. Its grosser forms assault, and perhaps overthrow, multitudes; but these, like a subtle poison, almost imperceptibly work a general decay of truth and righteousness among a people or nation. The light may be more gradual, but it is equally fatal and deadly. Is there, then, according to these principles, anything in the present age that should lead us to suspect its appearances, and to guard against its effect upon our religious principles and practice? Is this an age in which iniquity abounds, and therefore one fearfully perilous to Christian men? Is this an age when deadening influences weaken our belief in pure, unadulterated religious truth, divert us from diligent cultivation and exercise of Christian love, and from zealous prosecution of a holy and spiritual life? We think so. There may have been seasons of greater general corruption; though even in this respect, it must be confessed, we are bad enough: but still we think, that this is an age in which it may be emphatically said that iniquity abounds. Morals may have been worse; but perhaps morality was never in much more danger. Real, staunch morality, that which alone is worthy of the name, must have its foundation in evangelical truth and sound principle. True morality will not exist long but in connexion with true evangelical religion,—the religion of the Bible of God. If this foundation be scraped or taken away, all morality, like a baseless fabric, will fall and crumble into dust. And such a state of things, as we shall have occasion to show, is no less fatal to pure evangelical love towards God. Such a state of things we believe to exist in the present age, and in this country.

In other words, iniquity abounds in the substitution of that wretched thing, expediency, for principle; in a fearful and wide-spread indifference to pure, scriptural, evangelical religion, and religious truth; in a profane and professed disregard of the claims and sanctity of the Lord's day; in a latitudinarian spirit in matters which the Divine Being has made fixed and absolute; in a disposition to look favourably upon religious error; in a false and pernicious liberality, and a general and deep-rooted worldliness. These are some of the leading forms in which iniquity now abounds. They are suited to the age. Its grosser exhibitions would not take. The prince of darkness knows his materials, and he knows how to use them. If he can only get the destructive principle of iniquity at work, he cares not what form it bears. This, as has already been intimated, he adapts to the tastes, dispositions, and manners of each particular age. How suited are these forms to the present age! This is manifested in their awful prevalence. In many quarters expediency is converted, so to speak, into principle, or has taken its place. Expediency, not principle, is the rule of action and of duty. This vain, wretched, worthless thing is suffered to give impulse to the most momentous movements.

Nor is the next form, indifference to the only true and Divine religion, less prevalent. Its sacredness, its awful claims, guards, and sanctions, are, under the name of liberality, sought to be impaired and broken down. With profane and sacrilegious hands multitudes attempt to pluck it from its sovereign pre-eminence,—from its lofty and exclusive throne,—as the only religion of God, and reduce it to a level with the vile and foolish religions of men. And what is iniquity, if this is not? What is impiety,—what is insult and outrage to the infinite Supreme, who has condescended to give us a true religion,—if this is not? And then, look at Sabbath profanation. Does not iniquity abound here? Through this channel, iniquity has set in upon us as a deluge. It threatens to overspread the whole land. The holy rest of the Lord's day is broken upon system, and its violation is pleaded for upon principle! Influenced by a cursed love of gain, darkened by long resistance to celestial light, and blinded by sensuality, multitudes deny the sanctity, Divine authority, and perpetual obligation, of the Sabbath of the Lord; and employ it for their

own profit and pleasure. Still farther: in what a latitudinarian age do we live! Religious truth and religious error are looked upon by multitudes as equally important, or as equally unimportant. Add to all this, the bitter competition, the reckless and unprincipled speculations, and the general worldliness of the present time, and you have a faint picture of the actual aboundings of iniquity. We might have greatly enlarged on these respective points; but we need not, nor have we time.

(To be continued.)

INDECISION.

"BE it recollected," says the late Robert Hall, "that to the enjoyments of religion all must necessarily continue strangers who do not resign themselves wholly to its power: for the consolations of religion are reserved to reward, to sweeten, and to stimulate obedience. Many, without renouncing the profession of Christianity, without formally rejecting its distinguishing doctrines, live in such an habitual violation of its laws, and contradiction to its spirit, that, conscious they have more to fear than to hope from its truth, they are never able to contemplate it without terror. It haunts their imagination instead of tranquillising their hearts, and hangs with depressing weight on all their enjoyments and pursuits. Their religion, instead of comforting them under their troubles, is itself their greatest trouble, from which they seek refuge in the dissipation and vanities of the world, until the throbs and tumults of conscience force them back upon religion. Thus suspended between opposite powers, the sport of contradictory influences, they are disqualified for the happiness of both worlds, and neither enjoy the pleasures of sin, nor the peace of piety." Common honesty requires that every man should avow himself either for God or for His adversary. What would be thought of soldiers who in great conflicts for victory were to run from side to side as the balance of power shifted its preponderance? During the palmy days of Greece, a law was passed to punish with death all, of whatever station or degree, who did not declare themselves when dangers ran high in the republic. Every man was then obliged to take a side, or submit to an inglorious death. Neutrality was the badge of public infamy, the watchword of a nation's malediction.

This was the sin of Meroz, under a higher government than that of Greece. The inhabitants of that town, a town of some consideration in its day, refused to join their brethren when they had to stand against the armies of Canaan under Sisera, Captain of Jabin's host, who had oppressed them for twenty years. By every natural, social, and moral consideration, they were bound to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." They chose, however, to maintain a dubious neutrality, and refused to render assistance in the hour of peril. What was the result? Hear it in the words of Scripture:—"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof." But why were they to be cursed? they had done nothing. *That* was the core of their guilt. It was their duty to have done something: with that duty they had refused to comply, and therefore they were doomed to wither under the blighting curse of Jehovah. In the long lapse of ages which has intervened since the defection of the inhabitants of Meroz, circumstances have undergone many revolutions; but principles have remained unaltered; and what neutrality was then, in essence and effect, it is substantially now. Every professor of religion, on his adopting the Christian name, gives a virtual pledge to maintain an aggressive warfare, without truce or compromise, against the enemies of his legitimate Prince; and that pledge can only be redeemed by a conduct conformable throughout to the stipulations which that pledge involves. To truckle with the enemy is to abandon allegiance; and in a matter where so much is at stake, the gain so great, and the loss so irreparable, no reservation can be tolerated, no compromise allowed. The covenants of redemption require

"The full consent, the whole desire,
The undivided heart."

ALL THINGS CREATED BY THE SON OF GOD.

The Scriptures of the New Testament emphatically affirm that the Son of God is the Creator of the Universe. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." (John i. 3.) "All things:" all the material objects which attract the notice and engage the attention of men: the beautiful plain, the pleasing valley, the gently-rising hill, and the stupendous

mountain, with all that they yield and all that they contain, the valuable minerals which enrich those who ransack the earth's bowels, and the waving corn and living herbage which supply the daily wants of all animal creatures, and afford them continual sustenance. "All things:" the limpid stream, the fascinating rivulet, the gently-gliding river, and the "great and wide sea," with all its inhabitants, from the huge "leviathan, that piercing and crooked serpent," down to the smallest microscopic animalcule, "whom God has made to play therein." Yea, all this vast terraqueous globe with its infinitely diversified and magnificent scenery.

"All things:" all the brilliant luminaries which shine with unsullied lustre in the stellar system, which gild and adorn the spangled vault of heaven, and which continually travel with astonishing velocity through that immeasurable space which appears in ever-varying expansion above this earthly ball: the stars, which dwell in innumerable multitudes in the "firmament of heaven;" which, to the human eye, appear to be always changing "from glory to glory," and which exhibit in such stately grandeur the incomparable skill of their almighty Architect, as to drive the most consummate sceptical philosopher into dilemmas, from which all his wisdom, ingenuity, and sophistry cannot extricate him: the moon which "walks in brightness," which influences the ebbing and flowing ocean, which directs the mariner's course by night, and by which we distinguish times and seasons: and the sun, •

"That, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from his sole dominion, like the god
Of this great world, at whose sight all the
stars
Hide their diminish'd heads;"

which gives light and heat, and imparts vigour and growth to all animal and vegetable creatures, and without whose influences all nature would remain in silent inactivity, and wintry gloom. •

"All things:" "the morning stars" that "sang together," those celestial "sons of God" that "shouted for joy," when, at the birth of the creation, they beheld order spring from confusion, and the chaotic void adorned with everything that can beautify, and attract, and afford enjoyment or convenience to the descendants of him concerning whom it was said, that he was "created in the

image and after the likeness of God." These are the glory of the creation, and were made to comprehend the will, illustrate the law, and assist in accomplishing the purposes, of their all-glorious Creator. Hence this massive globe, with its multitudinous inhabitants and diversified scenery, and the heavens, with their dazzling refulgence, are infinitely inferior to these rational and immortal intelligences: for suns and systems, with all their splendour and magnificence, were made for the contemplation and use of created minds; but minds were made for the enjoyment and glory of the uncreated and eternal God. And when, at the end of time, material nature shall again be thrown into universal chaos, and completely changed by that energy "whereby God is able to subdue even all things unto Himself,"

"These shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of
worlds "

and then they shall be in a state of ceaseless progression towards higher and still higher perfection; and thus approximate nearer and nearer to the perfect nature of God, throughout the successive ages of endless duration.

Now if such be the vast, the glorious, works of creation, what must He be by whom they were brought into being, and by whom they continue to exist? But of all these Christ is the Creator, Conservator, and Lord: "for by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist," (Col. i. 16, 17.)

W. LUFTON.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

FAITH is a soaring grace. The simpler the faith the stronger.

Gold can be tried: tinsel is afraid.

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice: the safe path is the middle of the right way.

To be thankful for what we have, and to be hopeful for what we have not, is the best and happiest way of carrying on commerce with the court of heaven.

THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT ILLUSTRATED.

THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

Northing is more remarkable than the different shades of character which exist in every nation or kingdom on the face of the earth.

Notwithstanding that our own kingdom has the same form of government in all its divisions, the same privileges held out to all the people, and the same provisions made to supply their various wants and necessities, there is still an internal something which, while it renders them as widely different from each other as are the several parts of music, makes them equally capable of being brought together into one powerful and harmonious whole. Hence comes the far-famed strength of Britain's power.

The inhabitants of England, who take the lead in national events, are marked by an uncommon degree of the spirit of generous enterprise; ever ready to execute the boldest design, so that the general welfare of mankind may be promoted. They are lovers of simplicity in appearances, but cannot dispense with substantial good, placing more value on the useful than the ornamental, let the subject be what it may. They are warm in their attachments; and always ready to show hospitality and kindness to a fellow-creature, provided he is not previously known to be unworthy of such attention.

The inhabitants of Scotland, who form the second of these united powers, are thoughtful and deliberate in all their proceedings, proverbially cautious in any new undertaking, and, generally speaking, cool in their friendships. They are, however, strongly attached to their country, and not easily moved when an opinion is once formed. They are patient under suffering, and capable of enduring great hardships.

The inhabitants of the sister isle are enthusiastically ardent in everything they take in hand, whether the cause be good or bad. They are firmly attached to their country, and as firmly to each other. Though comparatively destitute of the spirit of enterprise, they are willing to lend a helping hand in times of danger to the warriors of the neighbouring island, which must add greatly to our force; for, what the Irish do, they do it with their might.

Thus the English strike off their cause with firmness and decision; the Scotsman throws in his undertoned precaution, mellowing it down to greater softness; while the Irish add, by native energy, louder, deeper notes: and the harmonious chord swells upon each gentle breeze, and reverberates among the hills of every clime

M. R.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WATER-ROOT.

COUNTY OF PROVIDENCE.

This interesting root, which has doubtless saved many from dying of thirst, is met with throughout the most parched plains of the Karro. It is a large oval bulb, varying from six to ten inches in diameter, and is of an extremely juicy consistence, with rather an insipid flavour. It is protected by a thin brown skin, which is easily removed with the back of a knife. It has small insignificant narrow leaves, with little narrow dots on them, which are not easily detected by an inexperienced eye. The ground around it is generally so baked with the sun, that it has to be dug out with a knife. The top of the bulb is discovered about eight or nine inches from the surface of the ground, and the earth all around it must then be carefully removed. A knowledge of this plant is invaluable to him whose avocations lead him into these desolate regions. Throughout the whole extent of the great Kalahari desert, and the vast tracts of country ad-

joining thereto, an immense variety of bulbs and roots of this juicy description succeed one another monthly, there being hardly a season in the year at which the poor Bakalahari, provided with a sharp-pointed stick hardened in the fire, cannot obtain a meal, being intimately acquainted with each and all the herbs and roots which a bountiful hand has provided for his sustenance. There are also several succulent plants, having thick juicy leaves, which in like manner answer the purpose of food and drink. Above all, a species of bitter water-melon is thickly scattered over the entire surface of the known parts of the great Kalahari desert. These often supply the place of food and water to the wild inhabitants of those remote regions; and it is stated by the Bakalahari that these melons improve in flavour as they penetrate farther to the west. Most of these roots are much eaten by the gemsboks, which are led by instinct to root them out. The elephants also, apprised by their acute sense of smell of

their position, feed upon them, and whole tracts may be seen ploughed up by the tusks

of these sagacious animals, in quest of them.
—*Hunter's Life in South Africa.*



THE PINE-MARTEN.

ACCORDING to the statement of Cuvier, "the martens differ from the true weasels by having (commonly) an additional false molar above and below, and a small tubercle on the inner side of their carnivorous tooth; two characters which somewhat diminish the ferocity of their nature." "They are handsome, and remarkably lithe, active animals, with larger ears than the weasels, and fine bushy tails; are also more arboreal in their habits. The scent they diffuse when irritated is not disagreeable. Hence our native species are designated *sweet-mart*."

"There are two species in Europe, very closely allied together: the yellow-breasted or pine marten, inhabiting wild districts; and the white-breasted or beech marten, which frequent woods near human habitations." Many think these varieties merely of the same, but this opinion is not held in the best-informed circles. Among the other species may be named the fishing marten of Canada; and the sable, celebrated for its beautiful fur.

The animals represented in our cut came from Russia. "Their colour," say the authorities of the Zoological Society, "during the winter was, with the exception of the throat and the margins of the ears, (which were likewise yellow,) of a deep chestnut with somewhat of a blackish tinge, and their hair extremely long and fine. In summer they assumed a much lighter tinge, and their hair became so much shorter as to give them the appearance of being scarcely more than half their former bulk. The extremities of their toes, which had been well protected by lengthened wool throughout the cold weather, were also stripped of their covering, and the claws completely exposed. In manners they were lively, active, and good-humoured: they slept much during the day, but frequently indulged in whirling themselves, half climbing and half leaping, round the inside of their cage with such rapidity as almost to elude the sight."

In the fur countries of America the pine-martens are exceedingly numerous. It is said that at least a hundred thousand skins are annually collected.

THE MONITOR.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE heals our animosities, and greatly cools our debates about matters of dark and doubtful speculation. One who knows himself sets too great a value upon his time and temper, to plunge rashly into those vain and fruitless controversies, in which one of them is sure to be lost, and the other in great danger of being so, especially when a man of bad temper and bad principles is the opponent; who aims rather to silence his adversary with overbearing confidence, dark unmeaning language, authoritative airs, and hard words, than convince him with solid argument; and who plainly contends, not for truth, but for victory. Little good can be done to the best cause in such a circumstance. And a wise and moderate man, who knows human nature, and knows himself, will rather give his antagonist the pleasure of an imaginary triumph, than engage in so unequal a combat.

An eagerness and zeal for dispute on every subject, and with every one, shows great self-sufficiency, that never-failing sign of great self-ignorance. And true moderation, which consists in an indifference about little things, and in a prudent and well-proportioned zeal about things of importance, can proceed from nothing but true

knowledge, which has its foundation in self-acquaintance.—*Mason.*

SELF-DENIAL.

THE great duty of self-denial, which our Saviour so expressly requires of all His followers, (plain and necessary as it is,) has been much mistaken and abused, and that not only by the Church of Rome, in their doctrines of penance, fasts, and pilgrimages, but by some Protestant Christians, in the instance of voluntary abstinence, and unnecessary austerities; whence they are sometimes apt to be too censorious against those who indulge themselves in the use of those indifferent things, which they make it a point of conscience to abstain from. Whereas, would they confine their exercise of self-denial to the plain and important points of Christian practice, devoutly performing the necessary duties they are most averse to, and resolutely avoiding the known sins they are most inclined to, under the direction of Scripture, they would soon become more solid, judicious, and exemplary Christians: and did they know themselves, they would easily see, that herein there is occasion and scope enough for self-denial, and that to a degree of greater severity and difficulty than there is in those little corporeal abstinences and mortifications they enjoin themselves.—*Ibid.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
MR. WILLIAM CARVOSSO,
To a Young Person, one of his own children,
in the faith of the Gospel.

Dorset, Sept. 15th, 1827.

* * I CAN assure you, my very dear Susanna, yours was not an unacceptable letter to me. I read it over and over again. It gave my faith a good lift. That was not all: it was the means of knitting my heart to yours more fully. I hope you still continue to grow in grace. So you will while your eye is single, and you aim at His glory in all things. I perceive you are stripped of all self, and laid at the feet of Christ.

"O may you ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!"

Amen and amen! I see how you travailed in soul for perfect love; and, glory be to God, not in vain. As soon as you made a venture, according to your faith it was done unto you. Then you felt you were nothing, and Christ was all in all. What a happy state, to feel such depths of humble love! Methinks I hear you say,

"'Tis here I would always abide,
A d never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of His side,
Eternally held in His heart."

This is your privilege. We must take no notice of what "lukewarm" professors say of it. We know the will of God is our sanctification. The Gospel calls us from a state of sin and bondage into a state of liberty. St. Paul, when writing to the Thessalonians, (1 Thess. v. 16—18,) told them it was their privilege to "rejoice evermore," to "pray without ceasing," and "in everything" to "give thanks;" and then he adds, "For this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." He exhorted them also not to "quench the Spirit," but to "abstain from all appearance of evil." Then, you will perceive, my dear Susanna, what a prayer he put up to the God of heaven in their behalf: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was not afraid nor ashamed to tell them what his thoughts were on these important points of

Gospel truth. No; but he declares to them boldly, "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." I hope you will read the whole chapter; and I pray the Lord to make it a lasting blessing to your soul. Treasure it up in your heart, and take care you never lose it.

Last night, while I was lying on my pillow, these words came to my mind: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." While meditating upon them, O what a blessing did they prove to my soul! You will find these words in the 119th Psalm. Read the whole of it: it is most excellent. O what a blessed thing it is to be truly a Bible Christian! I hope you are found more and more treasuring up God's most holy word in your heart, "that you may grow thereby," and be prepared for every fresh attack of the enemy. Jesus said to him, "Thus it is written." So we must steadfastly resist him by faith in the written word. A few days back I was turning over my thoughts on the Christian warfare. Heavenly light broke forth upon my mind. It gave me to see more clearly than ever that God had provided an instrument, or "shield," for me and for all Christians, which, if well exercised, was sufficient to quench all the fiery darts of the adversary, were they a thousand times more than they are. O how did my heart leap for joy! I must tell you, my enemies all fly before me; and I am enabled to shout, "Victory! victory!" through faith in the blood of the Lamb.

"If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood."

My dear Susanna, I send this as a present to you. I hope you will not forget to carry your shield every day with you into the field of battle. You are sure to be taken prisoner, if you do not. May the Lord stir us up to say, in the language of the poet,

"What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake!
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name."

You know this is very strong language; but while this spirit of faith is kept up between God and the soul, as I have hinted above, nothing can stand before it. No unbelief can show its face. While faith is

in lively exercise, we are able, in the strength of Jesus, to say,

"Ten thousand snares my paths beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which Thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven."

I trust you are still diligent in attending to your class, in your closet duties, and in the use of all the means of grace. Our souls cannot prosper else. We have no stock in hand. It is a momently salvation. His grace is sufficient. That is enough. May the Lord increase your faith!

I am still very poorly; and we have had a great deal of sickness in the family of late, and death too. It has carried off a grandson of mine. He was nineteen years of age, a very stout, strong, promising young man. Some time before this took place, he had chosen the Lord for his portion, and got his interest clear in the blood of Christ. He left a dying testimony behind him that he is gone to glory. I saw him breathe his last. O the blessedness of dying in the Lord! His death was almost sudden. O what a necessity of being always ready! "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Come, my dear sister, let us make a fresh start for the kingdom. I want to set out afresh every moment. Every moment, Lord, I want the merit of Thy death; and every moment I have the merit of Thy death. This is not going too far. Were He to cease to plead for me for a moment, I must be lost. "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." (Heb. ix. 24.) When you can see these things clearly, it will give a wonderful lift to faith. I wish you to read the 515th hymn. It will give you some light on the subject. The atonement of Christ is a subject we ought to be well acquainted with, and well established in. Otherwise we are likely to be carried about with every wind of doctrine, and temptation of the enemy. My prayer for you is, that you may be kept as a fountain sealed, as a spring shut up from all but Himself. He hath promised to water you every moment, and, lest any hurt you, to keep you night and day. * * *

Your affectionate, though unworthy, father
in the Gospel, W. CARVOSSE.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF G. S. L——.

G. S. L—— was born in the small town of W——, in Kent. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, but wholly destitute of religion; and, from the example set before him, there was little hope that George

would become a blessing to them. He received an excellent education at the endowed school; and two circumstances that occurred during his youth made a lasting impression on his mind. The first was the death of a beloved sister; the other, the death of a

schoolfellow, who was drowned, while bathing, with himself and other boys, in the river Stour. At the age of fourteen years he was apprenticed in the city of C——; and, being naturally clever, and attentive to business, he gained the favour and confidence of his master. His disposition was quiet and retiring; and, with one or two companions of like tastes with himself, he usually spent his spare time in walking into the fields, gardening, &c., and on Sundays attended the cathedral, merely to gratify his taste for music. On several occasions his attention was called to the statements of the Minister; and he thought, "What does all this mean? I have no interest in these things." To these reflections followed a desire to become acquainted with the truths of religion. From mere curiosity, in the first instance, he went, on a Sunday evening, to the Wesleyan chapel; and from what he heard there, his impressions became deepened, and he earnestly desired to possess those blessings of which he heard. After service one evening, he was invited by a young friend to come to his uncle's class on the next Sunday morning. He consented: his heart was now opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. He was soon made happy in the pardoning love of God. He became a member of our Society in the town, and a Teacher in the Sunday-school; and evinced the reality of the change by a becoming deportment, and perseverance in the duties devolving on him. I think it was in the spring of 1845, on a Sunday afternoon, at a friend's house in the village of B——, that I first met George, in company with other young friends. I was pleased with his good sense and behaviour; and, on our return, took his arm, and began to converse freely with him on religious subjects, and soon discovered that he possessed considerable information. I felt desirous of knowing more of him. We sought each other's company, and soon became sincerely-attached friends. There commenced a sanctified friendship, which was unbroken on earth; and, if a disembodied soul can have sympathy with its fellow, while confined within the walls of this clay tenement, it is unbroken now. I retain a vivid recollection of his person, manner, and conversation; and remember that whenever he had an opportunity to speak to me, when I was passing the shop, he would ask a few questions, and then refer all to God. He ever cherished a thankful spirit, was always cheerful, and his happy countenance showed the blessedness of attaining power to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." He soon ventured to address the Sunday-scholars, and evinced talent that was brought into wider operation by his becoming a Local Preacher.

He felt deeply the necessity of Divine grace, and progressive personal piety, to

fit him for this important work; but, being assured the call was from God, he laboured to become an acceptable servant in his Lord's vineyard: the people soon became attached to him, and he was made instrumental of good to many. He admired and made good use of the Rev. J. Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament;" and afterwards studied the writings of the Rev. Richard Watson. Here he found full scope for his expanding mind; and, grasping with firm assurance the glorious truths of Divine revelation and doctrine, as explained and enforced in the "Institutes," proved the blessed advantages of a sound theology. Accustomed to order and punctuality, he attended to his appointments faithfully. In the construction of his sermons he laid his acquirements in general knowledge under tribute, placed the great truths of the Gospel before his hearers in attractive forms, took pains to select suitable hymns, and, above all, to recommend the doctrine he proclaimed by holy conversation and a blameless character. His life was hid with Christ in God. In the beginning of the year 1849 he felt persuaded that he was called to devote himself to the work of the ministry. The Mission-field presented the greatest attractions to his heart. Every circumstance seemed to favour his purpose; and, while he made it the subject of earnest prayer, seeking to obey the will of God, his way appeared opening: he was recommended to the District-Meeting, preached before the Ministers, passed examination there with credit, and again before the Examining Committee in London, and returned to await the issue of the Conference of 1849. On the 31st of July he received a letter from his Superintendent, who expressed deep sorrow at having to communicate that a number of young men who had passed in London, and he among them, were not received by Conference. The great number of candidates precluded the possibility of their being all employed. The effect of this disappointment I will give in his own words, contained in his last letter to me. He says, "I wrote you a letter full of hope, having passed my examination before the London Committee; but now that hope is for ever blighted. I murmur not: the Lord forbid. I can only say, with lowly submission, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' Yes: may God give me entire resignation to His holy will. I am shut out, perhaps for ever, from entire devotion to that work which is the delight of my soul; but the Lord has a wise end in view. I trust I can say, by His grace, 'Thy will be done.'" Again, he says, "I feel this stroke most deeply, but pray that it may be sanctified to my soul's good: I have no doubt that it will. O, may His grace sustain me! I am comforted with the thought that I can still preach Jesus Christ." In the absence of his Superintendent, he was appointed to supply for

him at the chapel in C——, on the following Lord's-day morning. I think it was the last time he entered the chapel where he had first heard the word that directed him to Christ for forgiveness and salvation.

Feeling now unsettled, and anxiously awaiting the direction of Divine Providence as to his future course, he returned home to visit his parents, at the pleasant seaport of F——. His active mind would not allow him to remain idle: he pursued his studies, read, and preached nearly every evening in the neighbouring towns and villages. On the morning of the 4th of September, after studying for a few hours, he put aside his books and desk, and said to his mother, "The morning is so beautiful, I think I should enjoy a bathe." After making a request about his dinner, with which his indulgent mother complied, with his accustomed smile he bade her "good morning." On his way to the sea-side he called at a friend's house, for a young companion who had promised to accompany him; but not finding him at home, he walked on with another friend, as far as the pier. After some cheerful conversation, they parted, and George proceeded along the beach to the bathing-place. He entered the water; and, either by striking against a post in diving, or being attacked with cramp, (to which he was subject,) he disappeared from the surface. Persons who were passing along the shore saw the clothes; but not seeing any one in the water, (he had been seen by some boys a few minutes before,) they immediately went for boats and drags, and soon found the body. There were signs of life; and, if immediate and judicious means had been used, he might probably have been restored. But time was lost: they knew not where to send for his friends. Just then, the young friend who had intended bathing with him, came to the top of the cliffs; and, seeing the people collected together, hastened down to the spot, and recognised the countenance. He was so overcome by the sight, that he could not recover himself sufficiently to give immediate attention, but went for the father and brother, and in the mean time dear George was removed to a building near the place; but during this delay life became extinct.

About an hour after he had left his mother,

she went to the window, and, looking towards the sea, saw some boats pulling out; and she thought instantly came across her mind that he was drowned. The impression was soon confirmed by the arrival of the mournful intelligence. Within two hours, he who had left his mother with smiles, in full health, and in the vigour of youth, was brought again into her presence a lifeless corpse. The happy smile was still there, and his countenance retained it till he was buried, on the Thursday following. On Sunday a funeral sermon was preached, to improve the circumstances of his death to the spiritual good of the living. His grave is near that of another youth, who was drowned about twelve months before, and at a little distance from the edge of the cliff, opposite the fatal spot.

Even the tribute of friendship, liable to partiality, fails to do justice to his character. His life was blameless. He was ever deeply anxious for the salvation of his parents and brother; and, as a son, a brother, and a friend, with an affectionate, warm, and generous disposition, he was sincere and faithful. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of many attached friends, and in none more than in those of my own family. My mother, in writing to me, said, "Well do I remember his kindness to, and affection for, the dear children. He used to bring them interesting little books, and was very much beloved by them. His happy countenance told of the peace that reigned within. He emphatically 'walked with God,' with heaven and eternity ever in view." It is very remarkable that when he wrote his name in his Wesley's Testament, in the year of his death, he put under it, "Time, how short! Eternity, how long!"

In giving this memorial, it is my earnest prayer that it may be sanctified to the good of many, and bring glory to God, for the Redeemer's sake.

Instead of hiding any reflections on this affecting and mysterious providence, I shall give the words with which he prefaced his last letter to myself. —

"How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! how much of mystery is there in the dealings of the all-wise God with the creatures of His hand!"

Northampton.

JUVENIS.

POETRY.

TO A FRIEND.

ON RECEIVING HER FIRST TICKET OF MEMBERSHIP.

Thou art enlisted;—and thy name on high,
In heaven's bright book of life, is now
enroll'd

Where shine the records of true chivalry,
Heroic deeds of Christian warriors bold.

Thou art enlisted;—wilt thou still pursue
The path to life, unyielding to dismay,
When hell's dark hosts unnumber'd rise to
view,
And frowning legions throng thy darksome
way?

Thou art enlisted;—does the world to thee
Seem other than a foe, a deadly foe,

of a cross. The Superior said grace: those who were standing took their seats, and those who were kneeling began their "public confession."

As there were penitents every day, the novices were divided into three companies, for that purpose; five or six in each company doing penance in rotation on the appointed day.

Kneeling, as I have described, and the Superior standing in his place, the first penitent would stoop, kiss the floor, and confess, as follows:—

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having neglected the custody of eyes on one or two occasions, for which fault holy obedience enjoins me to do penance."

This penance was probably a *De Profundis* for the souls in purgatory; that is, he repeated to himself the 130th Psalm, kneeling where he was, with outstretched arms.

The second penitent would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in talking too loud during recreation; for which," &c., &c.

He probably had to say the "*Miserere*," or 51st Psalm.

When the Psalm was concluded, the penitent kissed the floor again, rose, and went to his place at the table.

The third penitent would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having been too positive in maintaining my opinion; for which fault," &c., &c.

His penance was, perhaps, to rise, after having dined, with his can in his hand; he then went to a brother, knelt before him, and presented his can to be filled: he drank the drink of humiliation, kneeling.

A fourth would say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my fault in having spoken somewhat sharply to a brother; for which fault," &c., &c.

He went to the brother, and kissed his feet.

The fifth might be the *porter*. He might say,

"Holy Father! I acknowledge my faults in having neglected several duties, and in scandalising my brothers by my worldly remarks in conversation; for which faults," &c., &c.

He stooped, kissed the floor, rose, and, proceeding from brother to brother, he kissed the feet of *all*, the Superior included.

This penance affected me very much when I first witnessed it, which occurred during my retreat.

Sometimes the penitent would eat his dinner *kneeling*, at a small table placed for the purpose in the middle of the refectory.

On one occasion a novice prostrated himself at the threshold of the door, crying to each brother as he stepped over him, "Pray for me, brother!" This penance occurred but *once* in my year. It was during the awful time of the "thirty days' retreat;" and the penitent was—*myself*.

The penitent chose his penance; or,

rather, the penance presented itself to his mind in the similitude of an inspiration. So much, indeed, was this symptom a part of my mind's distemper during my novitiate, that the idea of what I wished to do remained in my mind as the remembrance of the penance performed. Thus, upon reflection, I am unable to say whether I actually prostrated myself, as my mind suggested, or only *knelt* by the door and repeated the words. When I wrote the passage, I had a full conviction that the penance was performed as I have given it; but a few days since the thought suddenly occurred to me that I had requested permission to perform that penance, but it was commuted by the Superior into the last-mentioned modification.

Of course we dined in silence; but a rule of the Summary enjoins that "whilst the body is refreshed, the soul, too, may have its food." Accordingly, we had a reader. The first thing read was the "Roman Martyrology," that is, the notice of the saint for the day; then followed the *Festi Societatis Jesu*, giving the commemoration of the saint of the Society, or eminent member, for the day. If there was no "Brief" to be read, the reader proceeded with the work in hand.

The work in hand was, of course, appointed by the Superior, and always spiritual, or directly in accordance with the scope and aim of the novitiate. When I first went to the novitiate, the work was the one alluded to in the first article, as "Hints on Etiquette." I regret that I can neither remember the name of the book nor of the author. Every sentence was an axiom on politeness, and in accordance with the most rigid opinions on that subject. It was written by a German, and in Latin. I need not state that the "Martyrology" and *Festi* were also in Latin. Among the works read in the refectory during my year, I may mention the "History of the Church of Japan," detailing the exploits of Xavier and his companions; "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez; "Difference between Temporal and Eternal,"—a truly awful affair; "The Lives of the Saints," by Alban Butler.

After dinner, we went to the chapel for a few minutes; this being a visit to the "blessed Sacrament;" for the "holy elements" were constantly kept on the tabernacle of the altar.

This visit ended, we walked demurely to the recreation-room.

A Jesuit can expect nothing, as far as his individual ambition is concerned. He must consider himself perfectly worthless, till the voice of God—that is, of his Superior—shall call him forth from penance to power, from prayer to politics, from obscurity to renown. But from his birth in the novitiate, to his death in the Society, all that he is permitted to think himself is, that he

only a too-fortunate fellow-labourer in the Society of Jesus. Meanwhile, he must patiently gnaw like the beaver; he must float-down the felled trunk like the beaver; he must gather and carry mud like the beaver; and he must "lend a hand" to build up the dam and the habitation like the beaver; but he must be content with his allotted nook, his *angulus terre*, in the absolute monarchy wherein his lot is cast. If not, he must put forth his ambitious claims, like the clever Pope of old, in the celestial form and figure of consummate wisdom, unapproachable tact, discretion, and humility, such as to deceive Lucifer himself.—*The Novitate*.

POPERY IN SMALL TOWNS.

THE Romanists, indefatigable as they are, and united, just now, in the prosecution of their greatest object, the perversion of England, are quietly establishing themselves in new provincial stations. It is not unconstructive to ourselves to mark their policy, and to be made aware of their own statements. At Hartlepool, on the 27th of August last, when a new church, or mass-house, was opened by Cardinal Wiseman, four Bishops, and a train of Priests, the Cardinal expressed his gratification in these words: "I rejoice at this meeting; for I believe there is no occasion when Catholics meet with so much pleasure as when they receive a practical proof, as they now do, that religion is quietly, but solitarily, progressing. I value the building of a church in a small town, or in a village, far beyond half

a dozen churches in great cities, because, where there are large masses, it is much more easy for religion to make its way; but in a smaller and quieter place, it is not so easy to act on the public mind."

Very true, if Romanism be "religion." The demoralised masses of large towns, the inhabitants of the undrained, unventilated, and obscure regions, where filthiness pollutes both flesh and spirit, present slight resistance to its progress. It is a "religion," if we must call it so, that broods over the haunts of collective wretchedness, and luxuriates in the track of beggary and vice. Vulture-like, it swoops over fields of squalor, disease, and crime. Yes; it does most vigorously infest the masses. But let the Christian people, in quiet, orderly, Sabbath-keeping country towns, take heed that their simplicity do not cheat them into acquiescence with that which corrupts not only the masses in towns, but even the sparse population of the country, wherever it is dominant. The Christian people of small towns have often starved out stage-players by leaving them without an audience; and so let them starve out the scenic mummeries of Popery by abstinence, rigid abstinence, in every case, from frequenting the places where they are exhibited; and let them seek to render their own Protestant worship more attractive to serious and conscientious people, by praying for the spirit of demonstration and of power, to warm every heart, to make the Preachers truly eloquent, and the hearers truly happy. We must make sure of this attraction, and leave others to make the best of theirs.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUM.

Nor long after its erection, Gregory's church* was the scene of an interesting transaction, upon which every Christian mother's heart will dwell with complacency. Among the more prominent articles of its furniture was the Sacred Roll, which contained the *Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments*, and which was placed in the chancel. Thither the pious Nonna was seen to bring her first-born infant son Gregory, hereafter to be surnamed "the Divine," or, adhering rather to the exact meaning of the title *Theologus*, as then understood, "the defender of the Deity of our Lord." Baptism in those days was more rarely administered to infants, in consequence of the wide prevalence of an erroneous opinion concerning its efficacy, and the danger of falling from grace given; but Nonna still yearned to devote her son

to God, and she chose a simple and touching method of doing so. Taking him up to the sacred volume, she placed it between his infant hands, and so offered him to God as a holy Priest and Minister of the word. In the midst of an edifice, which probably displayed already the priestly and sacrificial ornaments, indicating the coming dangers of the church, an infant, holding forth the everlasting Gospel in his arms, was an emblem of the most precious offering which a mother's faith could bring.—*Christian Observer*.

[Nonna did not substitute this ceremony for baptism. Notwithstanding the prevailing error as to that sacrament, which was at once neglected and abused, she expressed her profound veneration for the word of God, and her desire that her infant son might be trained up in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord; thus to be preserved from error as well as from sin. In this she is an example to Christian matrons.—EDITORS.]

* Erected in Nazianzum, by the father of Gregory Nazianzen, the subject of this anecdote, at his own cost.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



PHLOX.

THE *polemoniaceæ*, or phlox family, are herbaceous or climbing plants, with opposite or alternate, simple or compound, leaves. They inhabit temperate countries chiefly, and they abound in the north-western

part of America. There are seventeen genera enumerated by Lindley, including one hundred and four species. They are for the most part gay-flowered; but none of them possess either medicinal or other real value.

ANECDOTES.

SIMPLE TRUTH.

THE following fact occurred at the farm of Abingdon, in the parish of Crawford-John, Scotland, at the distance of well nigh a century from the present day. It was then, as it is in a greater or less degree still, the practice among the farmers to lodge the wayfaring poor; and as the farmer's room is often but small, and the characters of such random guests sometimes doubtful, they are furnished with blankets and straw in some of the outhouses, where, however, they are very comfortably sheltered. It was in the practice of this generous hospitality, that the character of

the humble subject of it was revealed to view.

Says the narrator to his brother: "I remember an anecdote of my mother's, which Sir Walter Scott would have valued. A poor wandering simpleton, or idiot, came to her father's house one winter evening, and sat by the fire. It was soon noticed that he was unwell. On being asked, 'What ailed him?' his reply was, 'Am unco cauld.' After giving him warm gruel, he was put to a comfortable bed in the kiln. At a late hour one of the maid-servants came in, saying, that 'the poor thing in the kiln was aye muttering and speaking to himsel.' My

mother and others went to listen, when they distinctly overheard him repeating over and over again the following bit of rhyme :—

'Three o' Ane,
And Ane o' Three;
And Ane o' Three
Will save me.'

The next morning dawned, but the soul of the poor wanderer had gone to the bosom of that 'Ane o' Three,' on whose mercy he relied. My mother," the narrator adds, "could not relate the anecdote with dry eyes." Is there not in the simple language of this poor wanderer, the distinct recognition of the doctrine of Trinity, and of the mediatorial work of the Saviour, together with His divinity, as that "Ane o' Three," to whom the simple soul committed itself in full confidence that, in its own appropriating language, He "will save me." It reminds us of the Saviour's striking language, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

TRUE SELF-DEVOTEDNESS.

THE most striking instance of self-devotedness in the cause of Christ of which I ever heard in these days of deadness, I was told of last week by an English Minister. I will relate it to you just as I heard it, to stir up our cold hearts, that we may give ourselves to the Lord. The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly *incurable*, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a lazaret-house for lepers.

It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate, and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again! Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers, in all stages of disease. Dr. Halbeck, a Missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet; these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot: and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask, Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture in at this dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and lands, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian Missionaries, impelled by a Divine love for souls, have chosen the lazaret-house as their field of labour. They entered it, never to come out again; and I am told that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*M. Cheyne.*

MISSIONS.

LANGUAGES SPOKEN BY WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

THE Wesleyan Missionaries are men of action. They preach and labour much, but write little, considering the facilities now afforded by the press. They resemble, in this respect, the first messengers of Christ, who were content to work, to triumph, and to die, unheeded by any besides the crowd of angelic witnesses, and God, the Judge of all. Their learning, and especially their power of language, has obtained, comparatively, little notice; and no one has yet attempted to estimate the treasure of linguistic talent which is distributed among the messengers of our church. Often, in the transit between Newcastle and Sunderland, during the last Conference, Ministers

who had spoken and written in five or six foreign languages, found themselves sitting together in the same compartment of a railway carriage. And it is certain that the 'word of life' is ministered, every Lord's day, within the circle that is related to the British Conference alone, in about twenty-five different languages or dialects. Henceforth the number is likely to increase rapidly, as new fields of labour open in the great continents and archipelagoes of our globe, as the number of educated young men who embark as Missionaries multiplies, as these effective students, free from the necessity of frequent removals, are encouraged to spend the entire period of their ministerial life in foreign work, and as the rising native ministry, nurtured in Indian,

African, and other colleges, after having been baptized with power from above, use the pentecostal gift, and carry the message of salvation into regions that are almost closed against us now by the barrier of strange language. But that barrier gives way. Q may the Holy Spirit of God give utterance to His servants everywhere in these five-and-twenty tongues, and call forth in all of them the incessant answers of inquiry, of prayer, and of praise! Then shall "Abba, Father" resound from myriads, each day renewed, in every land and every tongue. And on every Lord's-day morning when we pray at our happy firesides, and in our congregations, let us not fail to intercede for those who publish, and for those who hear, the word of life, even within the borders of our communion only, in those five-and-twenty languages. Nor shall other churches be forgotten, while we are pleading before the throne of universal mercy.

AN AGED BENGALIEE CONVERTED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Among a number of adults baptized at Plaatberg in 1842, was a native of Bengal, named Mey, an old man, supposed to be not less than eighty years of age. While yet a boy, he was brought to the Cape of Good Hope, and sold for a slave to a Frenchman, in whose service he remained for some years. He was subsequently transferred from one owner to another, till at length he found himself in the Roggeveld, one of the distant and least-cultivated districts of the Colony, where he married, and had a large family of sons and daughters, who were nominally free, but virtually slaves, inasmuch as they grew up under servitude to the Boers, who formerly made no difference in their treatment of bond and free coloured labourers. The ordinance issued by Lieut.-Governor General Bourke, in 1828, for the improvement of the Hottentots, and other aborigines of colour, set them fully at liberty to enjoy the fruits of their own industry, with all the blessings of civilised life.

In 1838, four of Mey's sons, and two of his daughters with their husbands, hearing of the Plaatberg Mission-station, and the spiritual advantages which the people there enjoyed, resolved on removing thither, and speedily put their resolution into effect; but the old man, with his wife and some other members of his family, remained behind. When the sons and daughters had been at Plaatberg more than three years, and had all become consistent members of the church of Christ, they were surprised and delighted to see their aged father arrive amongst them as a visitor. He intended staying only a few days, and then returning home with his son-in-law, in whose waggon he had made the journey from the Roggeveld to Plaatberg. To this arrangement his children strenuously objected, urging him to prolong

his stay, principally that he might have an opportunity of hearing God's word, and learning the way of salvation. He yielded to their entreaties, and took up his temporary abode with his eldest son; who, being himself truly converted to God, was untiring in his efforts to bring his beloved father to a knowledge of the truth, not only placing him under the sound of the Gospel, but also exhorting him in private to flee from the wrath to come, and praying incessantly to God on his behalf.

By the use of these divinely-appointed means, the old man—the sinner of fourscore years—became concerned about the state of his soul, and began to cry to God for mercy. He continued for seven months a seeker of salvation, sometimes very earnest, at other times apparently less so, but uniformly professing to feel a strong and unabated desire for the blessing. On one occasion the Minister, when meeting the class to which this interesting penitent had united himself, inquired particularly into the state of his experience. His answer was simple, but affecting: "*O myn Heer, ik zoek, en zoek, maar kan niet krygen.*" ("O Sir, I seek and seek, but cannot find;" meaning the pardon of his sins.) He was encouraged to persevere; and told that if he prayed with his whole heart, believing at the same time in the Lord Jesus Christ, he could not fail to obtain the object of his wishes. The words of the Minister were blessed to his soul; and, as the time fixed for returning home was drawing nigh, his son urged him still more earnestly to make sure of his soul's salvation before his departure. He prayed without ceasing; and he did not pray in vain. God looked mercifully upon him, and deigned to favour him with an assurance of His forgiving love. Then, coming to the Minister, with the tears of joy in his eyes, he declared what God had done for his soul. "Now," said he, "the burden of my sins is removed, and my heart is filled up with the joy of the Holy Ghost." Connected with this revelation (of peace), there was presented to his imagination one of the most beautiful karosses he had ever beheld, with which he supposed himself covered by the hand of God; to him, doubtless, an emblem of the righteousness of Christ, and of the infinite mercy extended to his guilty soul.

Having given the Minister the above particulars, he requested to be baptized, which, as he had already received the Holy Ghost, could not be scripturally refused. At an early opportunity, therefore, the solemn and important rite of baptism was administered to him, with special tokens of the Divine approbation. He thus became a member of Christ's church, and, like the eunuch, baptized by the Evangelist Philip, "went on his way rejoicing." Soon after, when about to leave the station on his return to the Roggeveld, he said, it was only for a short season, as, if spared, he

would return with his wife, to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and in the fellowship of God's people.

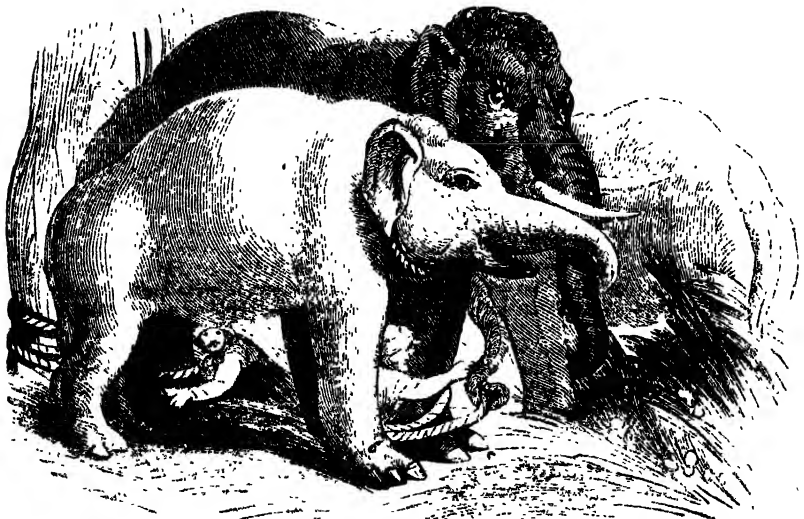
The old man, but youthful convert, was faithful to his word. At the end of one year from the time of his leaving, he again made his appearance. During his absence he had cleaved to God with full purpose of heart, and consequently was enabled to return, not only without spiritual loss, but with a larger measure of the grace of life. He still lives, a monument of the power and grace of God.—*South African Christian Watchman.*

WESLEYAN METHODISM IN CANADA.

We are advancing gradually in this country, as you will see by the Minutes which I forwarded. The years 1847 and 1851 contrast very pleasingly:—then there were 21,749 members; now there are 26,213. Then there were stationed 180 Ministers; now, 220. Then the total revenue of the Contingent Fund was £455. 6s. 7½d.; now, £1,322. 0s. 2d. Then the Superannuated Fund was £379. 8s. 10d.; now, £610. 15s. 9d. Then the Chapel Relief Fund was £86. 8s. 1d.;

now, £213. 16s. 1½d. Then the amount raised for the Auxiliary Missionary Society was £2,430. 16s. 3d.; now, £4,031. 16s. 9d. (The whole of these figures are in currency.) We are extending our work to the north. A Rev. McDougall has just gone to Lake-Huron, with the necessary implements to build himself a house, and establish a Mission among a destitute class of Pagans, who have a settlement about eight miles from the Bruce-Mines. It is a post whither large numbers of the Ojibeways resort on their way to the Manitoulin Islands, to receive their presents. The Missionary was received by the Conference with the expressed stipulation of devoting himself to Indian work. He has spent much time amongst them as a trader, is already partially acquainted with the language, and promises fair for usefulness. Our ranks are to be increased by the return from the Western States of the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, who is said to be the best Indian scholar in these parts. I have translations of the First Catechism, Additional Hymns, &c.; but am afraid to publish, from the want of a critical reader. Why not give us the whole of the north-west for cultivation? Of course, you would have to help us for a while.—*Letter from the Rev. Enoch Wood.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS.

In Judges xvi. 7 we find an indication that the ropes in use among the Hebrews

were of crude vegetable tendrils, pliable rods, fibres, or leaves. As the word translated "withs" is a general word for a

rope or cord, we should not have known this, were it not that the epithet "green" is here employed. "Green ropes," as distinguished from "dry ropes," is the proper meaning, the peculiarity being in the greenness, not in the material. It may imply any kind of crude vegetable commonly used for ropes, without restricting it to withs, or tough and pliable rods twisted into a rope.

It is true that such ropes are used in the East, and, while they remain green, are stronger than any other, and so far, the probability is that such are here particularly intended. In India the legs of wild elephants and buffaloes newly caught are commonly bound with ropes of this sort.—*Dr. Kitto.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OBLIGATION OF LIBERALITY.

ONE says, "I will give to-morrow," to excuse himself from giving to-day. Alas! do you know whether you shall be alive to-morrow in this place? Another says, "I am poor; I have need enough myself of all my means." Yes, you are poor, you are destitute: but it is destitution of love, of benignity, of faith, and of mercy. A third says, "Whom do I wrong? I keep only mine own." I ask you, from whom did you receive those riches, and whence did you bring them? Did you not come naked from your mother's womb, and shall you not return naked to the dust? Whence did this wealth come? from chance? What is this but Atheism? If you confess that you received it from God, why did it fall to your lot rather than to another's? God is not unrighteous in the unequal division of property among men. Why are you rich, and why is this man poor? It is, that you may receive the reward of dispensing your goods faithfully, and that the poor may receive the recompense of his patience. When, therefore, you appropriate to yourself the wealth which belongs to many, and of which you are the steward, you act unjustly.—*Basil.*

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles.

"Stop, William!" said he: "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day: I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me: so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would

explain it; for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?"—nor do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

ONE'S OWN HISTORY.

THE history of a man's own life, is to himself the most interesting history in the world, next to that of the Scriptures. Every man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself. The lives of other men are too dry and vapid when set beside his own. He enters very little into the spirit of the Old Testament, who does not see God calling on him to turn over the pages of this history, when he says to the Jew, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years." He sees God teaching the Jew to look at the records of his deliverance from the Red Sea, of the manna showered down on him from heaven, and of the Amalekites

put to flight before him. There are such grand events in the life and experience of every Christian: it may be well for him to review them often.—*Cecil.*

CONVERSION.

WHEN a sinner is converted, he not only lays down his arms, but repairs to the camp

of Immanuel to fight for him. Thus it is said of the celebrated Jerome, Origen, and Tertullian, that they came into Canaan, laden with Egyptian gold; that is, they came into the church, full of excellent learning and abilities, with which they eminently served God. O blessed victory, where the conqueror and the conquered both triumph together!—*Dr. Nettleton.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL
BUXTON, BART.

PART III.

It was in humble reliance upon God that Mr. Buxton had laboured for the emancipation of the Negro; and after success had crowned his exertions, he was no less earnest in prayer that freedom might be to him a real blessing. Five days before the 1st of August, on which the emancipation of the slaves was to take place, he thus wrote in his "book of meditations:—

"I prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those seven hundred thousand oppressed and persecuted children of our common Father who will be liberated on that day. O Thou, who hast been indeed their merciful Deliverer, who, for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy, hast arisen, and set them in safety; add, we beseech thee, to all Thy benefits, such an effusion and outpouring of Thy Spirit as shall make them a people peculiarly obedient to Thy commandments, and peculiarly visited by Thy presence; and as, by Thy goodness, they are changed from slaves to free men, may they also be transformed from Heathens into Christians, in deed, in spirit, and in truth."

We can well imagine that it was with the most intense anxiety that Mr. Buxton and his friends waited for intelligence from the West Indies, when the day was past on which slavery was to end. Bloodshed, rioting, drunkenness, and almost all other forms of evil were the results of emancipation predicted by its opponents. At length, intelligence arrived that the 1st of August had passed over quietly; that thousands of the slaves had spent the last evening of bondage in their chapels; and when the hour of twelve struck, had there given thanks to the Father of all, who had heard their cry, and had delivered them. Mr. Buxton's heart overflowed with gratitude; and, ascribing all the praise unto Him to whom it was due, he rendered the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and called on the name of the Lord.

The great work of emancipation was still, however, to be completed; and Mr. Buxton

assiduously watched over the carrying out of the great measure to which Parliament had given its sanction. He now, too, turned his attention to the condition and treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants of our colonies, and to the slave-trade, as conducted by foreign nations. The latter he examined more closely than he had hitherto been able to do. January 1st, 1836, he thus records his desires at the beginning of another year:—

"Grant, then, O Father, to Thy weak, poor, most unworthy servant, that I may be the true servant of the Lord; that I may belong to Him, and may be made useful through the fructifying influence of His Holy Spirit; that that Spirit may carry the whole man to His blessed service; that He being my ruler and guide, I may be enabled to do something this year for the Negro race,—something towards delivering them from the remnants of their cruel bondage,—especially something for their souls; and may large flocks be brought to Thy fold. May I this year do something towards the further abolition of the slave-trade, and something for the natives of our colonies."

In the following year, Parliament was dissolved, owing to the death of the King. Mr. Buxton's friends urged him to retire into private life. He himself had felt serious doubts, arising from impaired health, as to the propriety of standing again for Weymouth; but he felt unwilling to take the responsibility of retiring from a post where he had been able to promote the good and happiness of his fellow-men. As the period of election, however, drew near, it began to appear doubtful whether he should be returned. He then wrote:—

"I don't care a straw about the disgrace. If I am turned out, I cannot help it: I have done my best, and I shall be satisfied. But if I were to go out of my own accord, I think my conscience would reproach me."

During the election, he thus wrote to Mrs. Buxton, after telling her that he had no expectation of being returned:—

"I must now get ready, and do not expect to be in any way disturbed by the events of the day; but before it elapses"

shall be a man of leisure; that is no mean blessing; a man not slaving himself to death, but with time to walk, to read, to sleep, to reflect,—and, better than these, time to pray.

"One o'clock. Well, my dearest wife, your wishes are realised: the troubles and worries of Parliament are over with me; and now we must be as happy, as healthy, and as long-lived, as possible. I am perfectly well satisfied with the result, and view it as a release from a vast deal of labour."

This failure was more honourable to Mr. Buxton than could have been success, had it been purchased in the manner proposed to him. In a letter to his brother-in-law, he writes:—

"Before I went down to Weymouth, I began to fear; for one of my supporters told me, that if I wished to secure the election, it would be necessary to open public-houses, and to lend money (a gentle name for bribery) to the extent of £1,000. I, of course, declined. It might, or it might not, be my duty to get into Parliament; but it could not be my duty to corrupt the electors by beer and bank-notes."

On quitting Parliament, Mr. Buxton had looked forward to a period of repose; but this was not realised. Even before that time, an idea had taken hold of his mind, the development of which proved more than sufficient occupation for all his remaining years.

"I well remember," writes one of his sons, "the commencement of that long train of toils, anxieties, and sorrows. While my father and I were staying at Earlsam, in the beginning of the summer of 1837, he walked into my room one morning at an early hour, and, sitting down on my bed-side, told me that he had been lying awake the whole night, reflecting on the subject of the slave-trade, and that he believed he had hit upon the true remedy for that portentous evil."

The idea that now struck him so forcibly was this: that "though strong, external measures ought still to be resorted to, the deliverance of Africa was to be effected by *calling out her own resources*." In short, he not only desired stringent treaties with foreign Powers on the subject of the slave-trade, and heavy penalties inflicted upon those who dared to traffic in human flesh; but he longed to see the inhabitants of Africa educated and Christianised, the soil of Africa made productive, and the white sail of commerce visiting her shores. With his whole heart and mind he sought to bring about such results. "His task was twofold: on the one hand, he had to prove the magnitude of the evils now existing in the human traffic, and consequent condition of Africa; on the other, he had to point out the capabilities of Africa, and thence to deduce the possibility of her becoming

peaceful, flourishing, and productive, by her force of legitimate commerce." Ultimately, he embodied the results of his investigations in a work which he gave to the world on "The Slave-Trade and its Remedies."

The publication of this work was soon followed by the formation of two societies;—the one having in view the diffusion of Christianity and the blessings of civilisation and free labour amongst the tribes of Africa; the other having a commercial character, and seeking to unite with the above objects the pursuit of private enterprise and profit. It led, also, to a resolution on the part of the Government to send out a frigate and two steamers to explore the Niger, and, if possible, to set on foot commercial relations with the inhabitants on its banks. Thus originated the "Niger Expedition."

It was with no little joy that Mr. Buxton heard of this determination; and he took the deepest interest in all the preparations for that expedition. Our limits will not permit us to dwell on his exertions to promote its success, or on the deep sorrow he felt at its failure. Nor can we give even a solitary extract from some interesting letters which he wrote during a short tour which he made in Italy. Suffice it to say, that he returned home, to use his own words, "more Protestant than ever; if that be possible."

Soon after his return, the rank of Baronet was conferred upon him by Her Majesty the Queen; an honour which he willingly accepted, upon finding that it was a spontaneous mark of Her Majesty's approbation of his conduct.

This honour he did not long live to enjoy. It soon became apparent that the evening of his busy day had come. It was an evening sore and peaceful, giving promise of a glorious morrow. "Towards the end of November, 1843, Sir Fowell's family were alarmed by a great increase of bodily weakness, accompanied by a loss of memory, and, at times, a confusion of ideas most distressing to those about him. Oppression on the brain, no doubt, existed; and for several weeks he was very seriously ill; but at the end of that time, he was again restored in a surprising manner to his usual measure of bodily strength, and to perfect clearness of mind, although he was never able afterwards to bear exertion, either physical or mental."

During his sufferings he manifested the most exemplary patience. When some one expressed sympathy with him in his sufferings, he replied, "O! it is the gracious act of our most merciful Father: let us most peacefully acquiesce."

"His own trials made him feel most acutely for those of others. Being asked one night why he was sighing so heavily, he replied, 'For the suffering that is in the world.' Thanksgivings, however, were

perpetually on his lips. On one occasion, he exclaimed with great fervour, 'O Lord, with my whole soul I thank Thee that, instead of ease, and prosperity, and the best things of this world, Thou hast sent this illness.' And, afterwards, he earnestly prayed that the insight granted him into heavenly things might never be obscured or fade from his view; but that he might ever pant after them, and give his whole soul, and heart, and strength, to the Lord who had had mercy upon him."

In the beginning of 1844, his health considerably improved; and, though weak and languid, he spent a tolerably cheerful summer.

"In the fine summer mornings, he would often rise at four or five o'clock, and go into his dressing-room, where his voice could be heard for an hour or two at a time in fervent prayer. When remonstrated with on the risk to his health, he would answer, 'I have not time enough for prayer.' One night, his voice being heard after he was in bed, he was asked what he was saying: 'Praying hard,' was his reply; adding, 'I have been praying *vehemently* for myself, that I may receive faith, that I may receive the grace of God in my heart, that I may have a clear vision of Christ, that I may perfectly obey Him, that I may have the supporting arm of the Lord in every trial, and be admitted finally into His glorious kingdom.'"

To the very last he continued to take the deepest interest in every measure that had for its object the relief of human misery, at home or abroad. "He continued to take a lively interest in everything connected with his poorer neighbours: indeed his own needs seemed to open his heart more than ever to the wants of others, so that it was

necessary to avoid mentioning cases of sorrow or suffering, from the pain it occasioned him. He was most anxious that the villagers should be supplied with soup and other comforts; and never did his countenance brighten up with more satisfaction, than when he caught a view from his bed of the train of women and children walking home over the grass with their steaming cans and pitchers."

About a week before his death, says his biographer, "at night he began talking, apparently in his sleep, of the conversion of the Heathen, and of longing to be at work for them; saying, 'I am ready to undertake all the working part.' . . . After a time of great exhaustion, he said, 'Christ is most merciful, most merciful to me. I do put my trust in Him.'"

On the 19th of February, 1844, his extreme exhaustion, and symptoms of increasing oppression, gave evidence that his end was drawing nigh.

"He was very much exhausted, but tranquil in body and mind. Towards the afternoon, symptoms of increasing oppression returned; and, as the evening advanced, it was evident that he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. He sank into quiet sleep, his family collected round his bed, but no longer to be recognised by their honoured head: it was only to watch the peaceful departure of the spirit. He lay perfectly still; and, about a quarter before ten o'clock, fell asleep in his Lord."

Thus lived and thus died, having scarcely completed his fifty-eighth year, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c	Circuit.	Age	Date of Death.
Allwood, Mrs. Ann,	Mansfield Woodhouse,	Mansfield,	76	April 25th, 1851.
Armstrong, Mary Ann,	Brookborough,	Brookborough,	22	Aug. 10th, 1851.
Dawson, Mary,	Heapbridge,	Bury,	39	June 9th, 1851.
Hall, Mr. George,	Temple-Town,	South-Shield	81	March 18th, 1851.
Hannah, Mr. Robert,	Strabane,	Strabane,	54	June 29th, 1851.
Hogbin, Mrs. Maria,	Ramsgate,	Margate,	40	June 25th, 1851.
Lee, Mr. William,	Woodborough,	Mansfield,	46	April 30th, 1851.
Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Woodborough,	Mansfield,	84	Nov. 1st, 1850.
Little, Mr. James,	Cross,	Brookborough,	52	June 17th, 1851.
Martin, Mary,	Temple-Town,	South-Shields,	26	Aug. 14th, 1851.
Richey, Jane,	Carnikency,	Brookborough,	86	July 20th, 1851.
Tiffin, Eleanor,	Dearham,	Workington,	85	April 21st, 1851.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1851.

WESLEYAN-METHODIST QUARTERLY TICKET,
FOR DECEMBER, 1851.

TICKET for December! December, the last month of another year! Twelve months ago I stood on its threshold, while yet it lay in the darkness of futurity: now, I reflect on it as matter of history, as "a thing of the past." Rational, immortal, accountable for time, talent, opportunity, I have been passing through 1851. What report to heaven has it borne concerning *me*? It is wise to "talk with past hours;" wise and pious to "remember all the way in which the Lord hath led us." Whether wisdom or folly may have marked our steps, the retrospect tends to improvement. The man who has "come to himself" cannot look back without being instructed and edified. To himself reason makes him accountable. Hear him in solitude: "I thought on my ways." Behold, now is the judgment set. He stands before himself, and "the books are opened."

Have I lived through 1851? That remarkable, long-talked-of year '51! What must he said of the part *I* have taken in it? As a Christian man, how have *I* acted?

1. Let me inquire *how I have dealt with sin*. Has it continued to be viewed by me as "an evil," "bitter," "abominable thing," a thing which "God hates?" Has my hostility to its malignant principle been such that I could not bear the "appearance" of it? If, by the wiles of the tempter, and by my own unwatchfulness, I have at any time been overtaken with sin, have I confessed and bewailed it as I ought? Under the guilt of sins of commission or of omission, have I, at the first recollected moment, sought to present to my offended God the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart? Have I daily so cherished "the sensibility of sin," as to mourn over with humble fear and "penitential pain," while I have believably sought, at the foot of the cross, to catch "the healing stream?"

2. What *motives* have actuated me in the discharge of duty? When I have been engaged in commendable works, and seen of men, have I always remembered, "God looketh on the heart?" Knowing it is so possible to be outwardly "fair" and yet inwardly "rotten,"

"Lest that my fearful case should be,"

have I daily endeavoured to work out my own salvation "with fear and trembling?" Has that prayer of godly jealousy been so often on my lips as it should be,—*"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and see*

if there be any wicked way in me?" My Saviour having graciously promised that if "my eye be single," I shall be "full of light," have I, throughout the year, laboured so to live in the duty as to realise the privilege?

3. It has pleased God to give each man great power over others for good and also for evil: what has, this year, been the character of *my personal influence among men*? If it be a fact—as I believe it is—that I cannot live in this world without giving a moral impetus to others, and thus moving them onward either in the right way or in the wrong, am I assured that my conduct has tended to move my fellow-creatures in the right direction only? Is there any reason to fear that I have been "a stumbling-block" to them that are "weak?" By "doubtful disputations," and by not "walking circumspectly," have I been guilty of "destroying the work of God," or been the cause of the weak brother perishing for whom Christ died? Fearful thought! O, let me duly consider it for the future! By one wrong step in the past twelve months, I may have been the cause of destroying the soul of another; yea, by such a careless step I may become the cause of perpetuating destruction in a family to the "third and fourth generation." Am I a parent, a master, a professor of religion, an office-bearer in the church of Christ? Am I a man of years and character, or a youth with power to interest the attention and affection of others? Have I, holding one or more of these relations to civil or religious society, made it a point to strive to do good, and to fill with truth and holy love every circle I have moved in? Have I lived as the "salt of the earth," in the due and constant exercise of its "seasoning power?"

4. What is the past year to me in comparison with others of my life? Has the memorable 1851 been "better to me than other years that have preceded it? If the world has gone, obviously gone, forward in civilisation, have I gone, obviously gone, forward in virtue and holiness? On a candid scrutiny, is my progress more than ordinarily visible? Have I advanced in knowledge, in "the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent?" I have seen the "great exhibition" of God's power and goodness through another twelve months, another vast circle of the earth's orbit; and am I wiser and better for it? nearer perfection? more humble, meek, and lowly? more Christ-like? Have I less of doubt and fear? more of hungering and thirsting after righteousness? Is there less of mist and cloud over the river of Jordan and the hills of Canaan? Am I nearer and dearer to Christ? Is Christ nearer and dearer to me? Have I more of heaven below; and a stronger, happier assurance of heaven above? Is it so? Then welcome December of the great year 1851! I will thank God, and take courage. So much for the *period* and *position* in which the "Ticket" lands me. And now, what is the counsel in the text written on it?—

"FULFIL YE MY JOY, THAT YE BE LIKEMINDED." (Phil. ii. 2.)

Admirable injunction! Timely, appropriate, pathetic. The reading of these words will touch the hearts of many. How delicate the command! How directly it comes from the heart! How well adapted to make its way thither! "If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, *fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded.*"

Their Minister and spiritual father, who had suffered so much for them at Philippi, to bring them to God, and to the consolation in Christ which they all now enjoyed, and who was at this moment a prisoner in the same holy cause, he—their affectionate Pastor, Teacher, and friend—entreats them, as the latest balm to his sorrowful heart, that they would all live in peace and union, and love one another. He bids them think how affection and kindness

towards one another would add to their own comfort and happiness; how directly it was in accordance with the "mind that was in Christ Jesus," and "communion with the Holy Ghost;" and how it entwined itself round the vitals, "the bowels," the tenderest heart-strings of that religion which he had, with so much sacrifice, and suffering, and peril, been instrumental in giving them. He wished them also to know that his very life was bound up in their sweet and visible union with Christ and with one another. "I, Paul the aged, your own father in the Gospel, now an exile and in bonds for Christ's sake and your sake, a martyr for Jesus, just about to put off this tabernacle and put on his crown; I, your benefactor and brother beloved, have one dying request to make to you: O, complete ye my earthly happiness by loving one another, forbearing one another, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you."

Ministers of Jesus, of all ages, have often had much grief of heart because the members of their respective flocks have not been "likeminded." To be of one mind in Christ, so as to see alike on all minor points, is indeed a thing the Apostle himself durst not hope for. But while he allowed latitude on questions relating to meats and drinks, holidays, and certain obsolete or unimportant ceremonies, he bade them not disagree in *heart* about such things; not to "bite and devour one another" for things which in themselves little concerned truth or purity, God's glory or man's real welfare. For mere outward peace one with another, we may not sacrifice holy principle; but that "liberty" which is secured to man's heart, "where the Spirit of the Lord is," permits him, in God's "reasonable service," (within certain limits,) to "become all things to all men." How amiable the spirit of the great Apostle! "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification," "even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." O that it would please God to write indelibly on the hearts of Pastors and people, of all denominations, on the heart and mind of every follower of Jesus, these apostolical lessons concerning "the law of kindness!"

This, however, will not be done without effort on our part. "According to the Gospel," and according to principles essential to the human mind, God will not make us loving creatures unless we are "willing," and have a mind to work "with Him," in the use of appropriate means. If we would claim, and seize, and enjoy as our own "heritage," the grace described in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, we must "follow after charity" with energy and ardour as of the hunter pursuing game. Bent on success, he is blind to obstacles and difficulties. Just so must it be with us, if we would succeed in following "peace with all men," and realise the "joy" of being "likeminded." In the natural enmity of our hearts, the diversities of judgment and manifold forms of selfishness in others, and withal in the divisive wiles of Satan, there are hinderances and obstructions both numerous and formidable. To overcome these, we must first use faith and prayer, stimulated and assisted by the "power of the Spirit" and the "great and precious promises." We must look to Calvary, see how the Captain of our salvation conquers, and listen to the eloquence of the "five bleeding wounds" on the mode of gaining victory over human enmity. While from highest motives we make sacrifices for peace's sake, we must occasionally "wink at" the ignorance that does us the grossest injustice, and say, with our great Exemplar, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." In seeking to make the followers of Jesus "likeminded," we must go on "in tears," to sow our seed in the morning, not withholding our hand in the

evening, and then, husbandman-like, have "long patience" to "reap with joy" the "precious fruit" thereof. We must give another careful reading to Wesley's sermon on the "Cure of Evil Speaking," and prayerfully resolve from day to day to avoid needless speaking of the faults of others in their absence, and courteously to check those who in our presence indulge in that sin. And while we are active in the duties of "instructing, exhorting, reproving," and are advocates for the truth,—all the truth as it is in Jesus,—we must ourselves be examples of submissive meekness, lowly humility, general kindness.

Think, O think, how acceptable to heaven, how adorning to the Gospel, how cheering to the hearts of God's servants, to see you all "likeminded!" to see you all, forgetful of past animosities and differences, with one heart, striving together to get good and to do good. O, my brethren, "I beseech you" all, by the purity and happiness of that religion which bears the name of Christ; by the oneness and consolation of the love of God and man inspired thereby; by the sweet unity and holy fellowship of the Spirit which "worketh all in all;" by the yearning compassion, pitifulness, and tenderness of all those who are adorned with "the beauties of holiness;" by the bleeding hearts of God's faithful Ministers who have witnessed "divisions" and "schisms" among those whom they love; and by all the vivid "joys" which they realised in beholding "the multitude of them that believe" of one heart and of one soul: yes, O yes! by these, and by all other Christian considerations, we beseech you, brethren, "be likeminded."

B. C.

THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

"THOU crownest the year with Thy goodness" was, on a memorable occasion, the grateful language of David, King of Israel, the watchful and admiring contemplator of the works of his God, as displayed in the wonders of creation and bounties of Providence; works which frequently awakened in him the loftiest sentiments of exalted praise: for the piety of the Psalmist was fervent, yet rational, founded on righteous principles, and not the mere impulse of momentary passion. In nothing was this more manifest than in the beautiful grace of gratitude for which he was so remarkably eminent. Praise to God was often the subject of his song, it being his delight to recount and record the blessings God so richly bestowed. He lived in the spirit of thanksgiving, for which his observant mind furnished him with frequent occasions. Daily benefits were not allowed to pass unnoticed; he owned the Hand that renewed them every morning, and kindly continued them every evening: and even the lengthened year of God's goodness was gratefully reviewed. Thus in regarding and confessing the kindness of the Father of all mercies, he presents an example worthy of imitation to all generations. In his conduct were united duty and interest: duty, to which intelligent beings are called by powerful and constant obligation; and interest, the most pleasing and profitable,—for the remembrance of past favours is ever calculated to encourage prayer and confident trust in God. And in this there is a double enjoyment of God's blessings; an enjoyment in their use, and an enjoyment arising from the pleasurable recollection of them. Stated seasons for this employment cannot fail to be profitable; and the termination of a year is one of those seasons most favourable to reflection, and abounding in subjects for devout meditation. It may have been varied in its scenes, and eventful in its circumstances; but will have had its joys as well as its

sorrows, its days of light as well as its nights of darkness: and when the one is contrasted with the other, its blessings will be found to have far exceeded what may have been deemed its ills. To the close of such a year we are, in the order of the providence of God, again approaching; a year of valuable and numerous favours, a year of God's special goodness;—as is confirmed by indisputable facts of the most pleasing character; for the visitations of the year have been bright and cheering. Not that the goodness of God is excluded from dispensations accounted painful and gloomy; for even these have frequently been found pregnant with the most valuable and useful blessings. It is, indeed, more congenial with the feelings of nature to contemplate those scenes which are manifestly gracious; and many such the closing year has known, confirmatory of the truth, that it has been a year crowned—or covered—with God's goodness.

Inattentive to time, seasons, and circumstances must those be who have not seen the goodness of God in public and general mercies. On a few of these the mind may profitably dwell.

It has been a year of national peace. The value of this blessing can scarcely be estimated: it is best perceived when placed in contrast with the calamities of a state of war. For war, however successful and accounted glorious, is a curse to a land: it may have its triumphs and conquests, but it has also its debts and desolations. It increases the burden of taxation, it makes many drink of the cup of painful bereavement, and calls forth in families the voice of wailing and bitter woe. But from this dread scourge, which has been so frequently the rod of Jehovah's wrath on nations, we have been preserved during the year, both at home and abroad. With no foreign power have we been involved in the strife of blood; and our internal peace has been the calmness of soft repose. The outbreak in a distant colony can scarcely be accounted an exception, nor be considered to assume a national character. Thus the inhabitants of the land have been allowed quietly to follow the pursuits of industry, merchandise, and science, and to have friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of distant lands, who have flocked to our shores, in the fullest confidence of security during their sojourn among us; intercourse which may not only have a favourable influence on the manufactures and commerce of our country, but, it is hoped, will bind in closer bonds of amity and brotherhood the families of our common earth. In this display of goodness, the hand of Providence may be seen, and ought to be confessed; for it is God who makes wars to cease, and ordains the blessings of peace.

We may also remark that *it has been a year of exemption from the ravages of disease.* That alarming and astounding visitation of years not very remote, has been almost unknown in the present. Here and there it may have had its solitary victims, to remind us how completely we are at the disposal of God, and how easy it would be for Him to say again to the destroyer, "Go through the land;" but from its fell rage and devastation we have been preserved. So free, indeed, has the year been from any remarkable affliction, that the mortality of the nation has scarcely reached its average; a fact which, if taken in connexion with the vast influx of visitors, and the congregating together of large masses of people, must be admitted to be a manifestation of God's great goodness towards us and care over us. Strong claims may be urged on behalf of prudential regulations, and sanitary improvements; but, while their influence may be readily admitted, we must trace the general health of our country to providential goodness; for, without this, the measures of men, however wise and benign, will avail but little. God only can save from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the

destruction that wasteth at noonday." "Yes," the grateful heart will exclaim, "this is of Thy goodness, O Lord!"

We may further add, it *has been a year of providential bounty*. In the fruitfulness of the cultivated field, the goodness of God has been very visible. The harvest was looked forward to with considerable concern; and, had it failed, the consequences would have been felt heavily indeed by various classes of society. But, through the blessing of God resting on the toil of the husbandman, the earth has yielded her abundant increase. In the beautiful poetry of the Psalmist, the inhabitants of our land may sing, "The hills have rejoiced on every side, and the valleys also, covered over with corn, have shouted for joy." In this many may only see the hand of man, and conclude that it is only in the course of nature; but the rightly-instructed mind will trace it to God's free goodness. Had He not blessed, man would have ploughed and sowed in vain. It was God who seasonably watered the earth from His chambers, the furrows were made soft with His showers, to receive the corn He had prepared; then He blessed the springing thereof with His nourishing, maturing sun, causing the grass to grow for the cattle, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. So acknowledged the Psalmist: and so man should now be ready to confess; for if the want of bread is a curse, the fulness thereof is a blessing manifesting God's goodness; and this with a liberal bounty has marked the year. To the goodness of this bounty there has also been added the goodness of watchful care, in reserving to our land "the appointed days of harvest." It would have been an easy thing with Him to have blighted the hopes inspired, to have sent the mildew, the incessant rain, or the lightning's withering flame, and thus have destroyed the promise of abundance; for the elements are under His control. It is with Him to send cold or heat, to withhold or bestow rain, to clothe the heavens with blackness, or illumine them with the bright beaming of the ripening sun. But, for numerous weeks, and that throughout the land, harvest-weather was continued, till the whole was reaped and safely gathered. In these favours of His providence, the year has been crowned with His goodness; and this goodness is the more remarkable and gracious, inasmuch as it has been bestowed in the midst of great national transgression. It has been good for evil; thus heaping on us coals of fire,² to melt us down into contrition, and, if possible, to quench out wrath with the gifts of His love. And if, as a nation, we are constrained to confess that the year has been crowned with goodness, equally so have many as individuals cause to acknowledge the same, having proved it to be a year of great spiritual goodness to them, and that in family mercies and personal favours. Some may have lain on beds of languishing, or drunk of the bitter cup of bereavement; but even painful afflictions were designed to promote the fruits of righteousness, and many afflicted ones have found the furnace of fire to be as a temple of communion with God; and health has been again restored. And even the removal of friends has been admonitory; for

"Stricken friends are messengers of love,"

"For us they sicken; and for us they die."

But what multitudes there are who have had uninterrupted vigour and strength, and can yet number unharmed the members of their family-circles! To have had ability to toil for daily bread, and pursue the various vocations of life, and thus provide for personal and family wants, is goodness from the Lord: for it is in Him the creatures live, and move, and have continual being. Thus, during the year, many have found the Lord to be their Keeper and

their Shade, blessing their going out and their coming in, and preserving them from all evil.

Yet still more abundantly He has crowned the year with spiritual mercies, to aid in the important work of the soul's salvation. For this purpose, Sabbaths have stately returned, ordinances of religion have been multiplied, the Gospel has been faithfully preached, the throne of grace rendered accessible, the Scriptures given for instruction, and the Holy Spirit always near to enlighten, influence, and guide. There has indeed been line upon line, and precept after precept, a goodly heritage of sacred advantages. With these privileges, many positive blessings have been bestowed: such as light in darkness, strength for duty, vigorous faith, blooming hope, and peace, love, and joy in the midst of worldly trials and mental conflicts. In these things, reviewing the year, happy families and thankful individuals will be led with sincerity to exclaim, "Thou, Lord, hast crowned the year with Thy goodness." Nor should it be overlooked that it is eminently the goodness of God, whatever instruments have been employed. The statesman may have been wise, prudent, and pacific in his plans and purposes; municipal bodies may have been stringent and watchful in their measures to guard against the occasions of disease; the husbandman may have been laborious and skilful in the cultivation of his land; and the Christian instant in season to avail himself of the ordinances of the Gospel: but vain would have been all the measures and endeavours of men, without the blessing of God. On every favour, both of providence and of grace, there is written, "This is God's goodness. This is God's gift." Happy the nations who thus own His hand, and are led by His goodness to walk in His ways, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. Happy the men who thus own Him to be their bountiful Lord, and render thanks to Him acceptably for benefits received from His hands, and that not only in the service of songs of praise, but especially in the obedience of a holy life. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." (Psal. cvii. 43.)

Chelsea.

N.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION:

ITS ATTAINMENT.

Get four things established in your mind: 1. That the blessing *may* be attained. 2. That it *must* be attained. 3. That it is attainable *now*. 4. That it is attainable only by simple *faith*: faith in the atonement, without reference to the merit of works, past, present, or to come. "Fear not, only believe."

1. That it is *attainable* is sufficiently proved by one passage of Scripture: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." (1 Thess. v. 23, 24.) This is a surprising text: surprising to those sincere souls who, from ordinary teaching and habits of reflection, have been led into a sort of settled apprehension that the evil over which they mourn must of necessity continue, because there is no available remedy: and surprising for its singular expressiveness, precision, and clearness.

Here is not only a plain invocation for the precise thing, founded on the promise necessarily understood; but also a request that the blessing, when received, may continue to be enjoyed from that memorable period to the end

of life. And, as if the Spirit of inspiration would leave no room for the adversary of holiness to offer one temptation, to unbelief, he uses an expression nowhere else introduced in the volume of revelation. And a peculiar definiteness of language seems reserved for this subject. We are to be kept "blameless;" and this blamelessness, extending to the "whole spirit and soul and body," is to be perpetuated to the utmost limit of probation. To all this is added the strong and unequivocal assertion, that the "faithful" God, who "calloeth" His people, will accomplish the glorious work.

2. This blessing must be obtained; being that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Only the "pure in heart" can have that blissful vision. "There shall in no wise enter into" the holy Jerusalem "anything that defileth." If we would enter heaven, we must in the final hour be found of God "without spot and blameless." Whether, therefore, we regard the faithfulness of the covenant God, or the security of the believer, entire sanctification must be obtained here.

3. But this great salvation is attainable *now*. It must be obtained at some moment between this and the mortal hour. None deny that it is attainable at death; but neither can it be denied that death may happen to the believer any moment, even the very next. Hence the command of Christ, "Be ye ready;" that is, Be now and always ready; "for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Not the pangs of death, nor the weakness of disease, nor the merit of duty, nor the lapse of time, can save. This is the work of CHRIST, of CHRIST only, who is ever ready and ever mighty to save. Assure yourself, therefore, if you are ready to look to the Crucified, that you may have the blessing now.

4. To come to Christ now, is to believe. In Christ are "all spiritual blessings;" and *faith* is the only channel by which they flow to the sinner. This channel may be large or small, and the comparative extent of its capacity regulates the measure of the imparted blessing. "According to your faith be it done unto you."

The power of the incarnate Saviour, as manifested in healing the diseased, confirms and illustrates these views. He required faith in those who would be healed: He ascribed the application of the healing efficacy to faith. It is even said of Him, that He was unable to perform certain miracles "because of unbelief." The woman who pressed through the crowd that "thronged Him," and, in believing hope, "touched the hem of His garment," was healed of her "plague." It is recorded that, on one occasion, when His fame had attracted around Him multitudes of diseased persons, "as many as touched Him were made perfectly whole." It was not the length of their journey, it was not the violence of their prayers or cries, that healed them; but they were healed by their believing approach to Christ. Even so it is with those who desire inward holiness, and seek the cure of their inbred malady. They are healed, they are sanctified, by faith in Christ. Faith receives from Him a Divine and holy influence, changing the enmity of the carnal mind into the image of Him whose name and nature is love.

Many of our invaluable hymns were written under the immediate conviction that Methodism was "raised up to spread scriptural holiness through the land." The ninety-fifth hymn, addressed to the "Author of faith," and describing "inward religion," is an admirable composition, an instructive homily on the way of faith. Here the principle is characterized as a "realising light," a "kindled fire," an "active flame;" and the work of faith is to disperse the "clouds" and "shadows" of time; to connect with the present things "past" and "future;" to exhibit "the invisible to mortal eye;" and to receive into the human heart "pardon, and holiness,

and heaven." Catch the fire of this hymn, and you have the spirit of Caleb and Joshua. Did they say of the promised land, when they came in sight of it, full of giant enemies as it was, "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it?" Just so will you claim the Canaan of perfect love, while your soul is animated by this strong confidence.

But the question is, How shall this faith be put in exercise, so as now to receive the blessing? "I want so to believe as to enter in: how shall I do it?" One thing to be borne in mind is, the distinction between works in order to "the faith that sanctifies," and works in order to sanctification. If sanctification were by works, Christ would be lost sight of. But works in order to the faith that sanctifies, are the "well-directed struggles of the wise and able mariner to gain the "desired haven." The notion of sanctification by works fosters pride, exalts self, and leads to the cry, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we:" "Stand by thyself, come not near me; I am holier than thou." But works in order to the faith that sanctifies, lay the leper, all loathsome and helpless, at the feet of Christ, and then send him to exalt the riches of Divine mercy by telling what great things the Lord hath done for him.

The want of inward holiness must be known and deeply felt, before you can cordially and heartily appropriate Christ and His great salvation. This is a branch of self-knowledge attained by much prayer, by increased attention to the purity and spirituality of the law, and by continuous efforts to gain complete mastery over sin.

In order to obtain the blessing, you must believe for it, casting yourself, with all your sins, on "the atoning God." It is observable that those who were healed by Christ did not all urge their plea in the same manner. In some, faith presented the distressed object before the Saviour's eye, and prompted the prayer that reached His ear. Others seemed not content with this passive faith: they pressed on till they came so near to Christ that they placed themselves in contact with Him. "They touched Him." This was not offensive to Christ; for "as many as" thus "touched Him were made perfectly whole." Now this distinction obtains in the exercise of faith for the sanctifying grace. Many in pursuit of the blessing have received Christ, and have been "changed into the same image," while simply waiting in devout expectation. At the moment of spiritual healing they lay passive, only breathing out their wishes to God.

But "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." This was illustrated by those who pressed forward; as it were, "seizing" and "claiming" the blessing from Christ. Such faith is beautifully described in the four hundred and seventeenth hymn.

This brief essay may be concluded with one remark. In every effort of faith take care that you forget not the HOLY SPIRIT. The work is His: grieve Him not by neglect. He will not give His glory to another. Approach for the struggle full of prayer and with holy trembling. Know that the Spirit of God must work with you and in you, or you can do nothing. The faith that really saves from sin must be the "gift of God," a "Divine evidence and conviction." Our God will be "had in reverence" of all who would enter the "holiest place." Have you entered? Gratefully adore. Beholding the glory of the Lord, "stand in awe, and sin not." U.

THEOLOGY.

THE ABOUNDINGS OF INIQUITY.

A SERMON.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. xxiv. 12, 13.

(Continued from page 334.)

II. We proceed to consider the baneful effects of such a state of things. It is most deteriorating, perilous, and deadly. "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." At such seasons, the atmosphere of the church is charged with the most dangerous and destructive elements. Apostasies from the truth, and from the love and righteousness of God, will be glaring and frequent. The foundations of true religion and piety will be sapped. Religion will be extremely superficial; and consequently, religious principle will be weak, base, and ineffective. Religion will be much talked about in name, and great professions will be made in regard to it as an undefined something; but from the religion of God, the religion of Divine truth and holiness, there will be a fearful departure. Men, and even religious men,—men of true faith and love,—will be exposed to the danger of being gradually, and almost imperceptibly, moved from the rock of pure, Christian truth. The influence ever tending to destroy unsophisticated views and convictions of scriptural truth, to wear out piety, and put an end to the correctness and strictness of their lives, will be withering indeed, and, if not resisted, will hurry them away into the gulf of general indifference to Divine things. To the sincere and genuine followers of Christ, even open opposition and persecution are not so dangerous, because not nearly so subtle and insidious. At such times, hypocrites and false professors may apostatise by multitudes, and some few real believers may prove unfaithful; but the danger to true religion, on the whole, is not so great in times of persecution, as amid the disguised and subtle aboundings of iniquity. The former may crush a part of the building, but the latter sap its very foundations. The former may cut off a few members from the body, but the latter eat out the very vitals of the body itself. Persecutions may drive multitudes of hirelings and mere nominal professors from the church, and

scare a few of its sincere members into apostasy; but the aboundings of iniquity, and especially in the subtle forms which now prevail, will blight the fields of Zion, and spread the cold and dreariness of winter over all her dwellings. In short, the love of many will wax cold. Multitudes will not merely leave their first love, while deep spiritual religion declines, and a less religious strictness prevails, but they will lose their religion altogether, their love to God will become extinct, and the land will abound with open, and especially with secret, apostates. Thus the influence now bearing upon religious men, and religious principle, and which, alas! has set in almost like an irresistible torrent, is replete with danger, and is most destructive of the pure light and love of God in the souls of men.

There is much religious form; and there is a fearful lack of religious life, power, and purity. The prevalence of subtle and insidious forms of iniquity has diffused a gradual but deadly poison through society, and produced a fearful deterioration in its moral and spiritual soundness. Great numbers hold religious truth and principle—I mean the religious truth and principle found in the oracles of God—with an enfeebled hand. There is a weakness and a looseness in their religious convictions, a confusedness in their views, and an inconsistency in their conduct, indicative of spiritual darkness and coldness. Persecution and opposition have not extinguished the lamp of pure and unadulterated truth, nor quenched the sacred flame of Divine love; but the insidious forms of iniquity have gradually bedimmed their spiritual sight. In thousands of instances they have cooled, and in thousands more quenched, their burning spiritual affections. To do this, the forms of the iniquity now abounding powerfully tend. What more calculated than the wretched principle of expediency,—than a deep indifference to the one true religion,—than indistinct views of the sanctity and obligation of the Christian Sabbath,—than a latitudinarian spirit as to things which God has made fixed and absolute,—than a disposition to regard religious error as harmless, if not to look upon it with favour,—and than a subtle and general worldliness: we say, what can be more calculated than these forms of iniquity, operating, as they do, in conjunction with

its grosser forms, to make the love of truth, of God, of holiness, to wax cold? And here lies the danger; here is the subtle and deadly poison. Comparatively few have the disposition, and still fewer have the courage, to expose this state of things, to strip iniquity of its disguises, and to sound the notes of a faithful and earnest warning. A false, a bloated, liberalism has blinded thousands: and in many instances, where there is dissatisfaction with the present state of things, and a disposition to lift up a warning voice, the monitor is encountered by an array of charges of bigotry, illiberality, intolerance, and the like. There are, it is true, warm contests waged between various parties; but we are afraid that they produce little beside death. Love, love to God and man, is waxing cold. Apostasies from pure, Bible, heartfelt, sanctifying religion, are numerous. Piety is superficial, spiritual life is at a low ebb, and the progress of real, vital religion is slow and questionable. The times, although in some respects promising and propitious, are yet full of peril. These are facts which, with a voice of thunder, speak to every observant mind, and proclaim, "Take heed to yourselves! beware, and watch." My brethren, let us improve the warning. Let us bring the matter home, and see if the declaration of the text has not been fulfilled in us, or in some around us. The question is most momentous. Let us attend to it with the deepest interest, and with the greatest energy. And may the Lord help us!

III. And especially let us mark the encouragement given to persevering fidelity. "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved."

"But he that shall endure to the end." This is an important condition. It denotes unflinching faithfulness to Christ, and unwavering and undaunted perseverance in the course which He has marked out for us. All the subtle and insidious, as well as open and revolting, forms of iniquity are to be withstood, and their baneful influence on ourselves zealously watched against. Principle—real, simple, genuine principle—must be held fast, and sternly followed. Expediency, as a substitute for principle, must have no share in our estimation, and no place in our motives. Further, the one true and only Divine religion must be regarded as paramount; and a deep conviction of its exclusive claims and supreme importance must be cherished and acted upon by us. Instead of regarding it with indifference, we must

embrace it, defend its sovereign claims, and insist on its absolute pre-eminence, with the deepest and liveliest interest, and with all the energy we can command. The Lord's day, too, the Christian Sabbath, must be kept honoured, and sanctified by us; and its Divine authority and perpetual obligation be fully and zealously maintained. Cloudy views and an easy practice, in reference to the holy Sabbath, will soon destroy our religious affections, and produce a deathlike coldness in our souls. In fact, the man who can violate the day of sacred rest, affords decisive proof that his love to God, and to God's service, has waxed cold already. If, then, we would endure to the end, if we ~~would~~ be faithful unto death, all this must be avoided.

Still further: we must zealously repudiate, and utterly renounce, everything like a latitudinarian spirit; faithfully avoid and condemn all religious error; and in this age of worldliness, conduct ourselves as citizens of heaven. Such, whatever amount of reproach, suffering, and loss it may cost us, is the manner in which we must feel and act, if we would be found amongst those who endure to the end. Amidst opposition, persecution, reproaches, in spite of the cry of bigotry and intolerance, amidst defective and illusory views of the standard of religious truth and principle, amidst hosts of apostates and heartless professors of religion, in an age of expediency and worldliness, we must take and *maintain* a decisive and determined stand on the side of Divine truth and righteousness. Nothing, in short, must move us from our steadfastness to God and His holy Gospel. We shall have much to encounter, it is true, if we act thus. But all this the text implies. The term *endure* denotes that we shall be much pained and troubled. Our faith, patience, and charity will be severely tried. We shall have to *bear* a great deal. Suffering, reproach, persecution, and even abandonment, may be our lot. We shall have to bear up against the heavy pressure of a torrent of iniquity. We shall often be hard pressed. But here is our duty: *we must endure*. Patience must have its perfect work. Love to God must be kept burning. Perseverance must be complete. Nothing must turn us aside, or make us stop short. Spite of earth and hell, we must fight our passage through. To fall short of enduring to the end, for a month, for a week, for a day, for an hour, is to *perish*! Nothing short of an endurance to the end, even to the moment of death, will be

regarded as a fulfilment of this condition of salvation. Not that we need slavishly fear; providing we only earnestly desire, and, in humble dependence on God, resolve, to be faithful to death. But on this we must fix our eye; and at all times, and in all circumstances, at this we must steadfastly aim. Aim at it in adversity; aim at it under persecution and suffering; aim at it amidst smiles and frowns, in ease and in prosperity; aim at it everywhere and at all times. All these seasons are full of danger. Some whom persecution and opposition could not overthrow, have fallen before ease and prosperity. They had withstood the violent shock, but a gentle insinuation has cast them down. Brethren, by God's grace, resolve to endure at all times, and to endure to the end. Yield to no circumstances.

Consider the blessed encouragement to this. How sustaining and animating! "But he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved." Be faithful until you reach that solemn and all-important point—death; and all will be secure for ever. Beyond this there is no foe, no peril, no possibility of perishing. This closes your probation, finishes your state of trial and danger together, and, if you have been faithful, irrevocably fixes your lot among the blest. You "shall be saved." You shall escape trouble, suffering, danger, punishment, death, hell; escape wrath, misery, and eternal destruction. You shall escape perishing amid the horrors and agonies of "the blackness of darkness." While all the wicked, while apostates and unfaithful professors, sink into black despair, plunge into the awful depths of everlasting torment, and are crushed and agonized by the vengeance of God, infinite and eternal, you "shall not be hurt by the second death;" between you and it there shall be a great impassable gulf. And what a salvation is this! If there were nothing else, this would be worth all we can endure. But this is only the negative side. This is the lowest part of eternal salvation. The believer who is faithful unto death, shall not only "not perish, but have everlasting life." He shall be saved eternally. He shall see God in His beauty and glory, be satisfied with His likeness, rise resplendent with His image, breathe æræphic love and joy, and be perfectly secure and happy beneath His smile for ever. "He shall be saved." A meaning is compressed into this word which it will take eternity to expand and unfold.

It comprehends a blissful and glorious immortality; "a crown of life;" a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It comprehends the full, the satisfying, the everlasting enjoyment of God. It comprehends, in short, all of safety, honour, glory, and happiness, that spiritual and immortal man can enjoy. Think, my brethren, of a perfect deliverance from the deepest and most prolonged misery, of perfect and eternal security, of the unclouded vision of God and the Lamb, of an eternal dwelling amid the ravishing beauties and glories of the new Jerusalem, of trees of life and rivers of purest blessing, of the brightening splendours, bursting joys, and swelling notes,—think, in a word, of all that Jehovah has revealed or intimated of perfect bliss and glory; and then, so far as mortals can, you may think what it is to be saved. And shall not all this lead us to endure to the end? Shall we be unfaithful in the prospect of happiness and glory like this? Rather let us gird on our armour anew. By God's grace, let us nerve, let us fortify, ourselves more vigorously to prosecute the conflict. The grand, the solemn, the all-decisive period draws near. Dangers may grow thicker and fiercer as we approach the point,—the infinitely important moment of victory. But God is on our side, our Captain bids us fear not. He arms and strengthens us for the combat; and if we faithfully endure a little longer, the shouts of a final victory will soon burst on our ear, and triumphant angels will welcome our spirits home to God. Amen.

S. L. A.

TO THE UNAWAKENED.

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

THESE were our Saviour's words to His disciples, when telling them of things that should be hereafter; and these are His words to us now. Death often comes without a moment's warning: sooner or later all must die: and should we not strive to "make our calling and election sure?" If He come and find us watching, well: but if not, what is the sentence for those who wait not their Lord's coming? They shall be cast into "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;" where "there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Lord, save us from this horrible pit!

"Be ye also ready." This implies the necessity of preparation. We are all

sinners, lost sinners, undone, and cannot come to God, but through Jesus, His beloved Son: and grace sufficient is offered to every one of us, in order that we may come. None can be "ready" unless they have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb:" unless they feel their hearts renewed, and their sins forgiven, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary: unless they have conscious acceptance "through the Beloved;" and these alone can be said to be "ready," waiting till their change come.

"For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." His coming shall be sudden and unexpected. None knoweth its time; "not even the angels which are in heaven, but my Father only." It may find some in the ball-room, threading the mazes of the dance, and hurry them away to the depths of an unseen, unthought-of eternity. Others it may find in the ale-house, drinking perdition to themselves, and often to their families also; and these may only awake from their sleep to find themselves the prey of "the worm that dieth not, and of the fire that is never quenched." And now, look inside this little chamber, and behold a fair young form stretched on a bed of languishing; and hear from those pallid lips such words as these, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Death comes there too; but O, how gently, how softly, he places his cold hand on the pale brow, and the spirit passes away to that God who gave it! Or, again, look at that venerable old man, whose limbs have refused to support the feeble frame, and whose every breath seems as though it would be the last: hear what he says,—
 "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." And then the aged pilgrim sinks to rest on the bosom of his Lord. O, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his! To Christians the hour of death, though it may come unexpectedly, is a blissful hour; for thenceforth they shall be for ever in heaven.

And now let me address a word to the gay and thoughtless, to the lovers of pleasure more than of God. Would you like your call to come when you are in the height of mirth and excitement? Would you not, if you saw the grim form

of death advancing, flee, crying, "I am not yet ready?" Would you like to see him come, when in the midst of your revelry? would not your cry be, "I am not yet ready?" Pause then, pause, and think. Death will wait for no man. He calls, and you must go. O, tremble and prepare! What will it avail you in the last great day, to say, "It was so sudden that I had no time?" *No time, sinner! What! many long years for mirth, and yet no time!* "Prepare to meet thy God." *"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."* Let me earnestly entreat all those who read these lines, and are still unsaved, to make sure work for eternity. And you who know Jesus I would encourage to press forwards; for there are heights and depths still unknown, even to you. And may we all remember the words of our Saviour, when he said, "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come;"—whether "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!" E. M. B.

BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

Those pay dear for pleasantry who joke at the expense of truth: others are very apt to conclude that if they disregard it in jest, they will also in earnest.

To judge by externals, is to test gold by the glitter; when, in truth, the refiner's crucible is the only place for proving the pure metal.

The moment a sapling becomes united to Christ, that moment the sapling becomes a fruit-bearer; and, if you are trees of the Lord, do not be surprised if you feel His pruning-knife:—*all his fruit-bearers feel it.*

Suppose the greatest sinner on the face of the earth were to come in here. Do you ask me what he must have done in order to have become such? O, he must have heard of the Gospel's salvation, and despised it!

To return the love of friends, is the charity of publicans from the compact of advantage; but to be well-intended towards enemies, is among the heights of the Christian law, and an imitation of the Godhead.

Be great students of the cross of Christ: it is the great means of resisting Satan.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

GOD'S CARE OVER A MISSIONARY.

THE promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," doubtless includes protection from danger. The Missionary company which left Leith on the 7th of September, 1820, experienced a manifold fulfilment of this promise. There were together Sultan Katte Ghery, a descendant of the royal family of the Crimea, his wife, a daughter of a respectable gentleman in Edinburgh, myself, and one or two other passengers. After traversing the German Ocean a few days, with a favourable wind, a Sabbath occurred. As we were all suffering from sea-sickness, there was no public service; but in the evening we made an effort, and held a social meeting in the cabin, after which all went on deck, and continued to walk about till near nine o'clock, when there was a general move towards their respective berths. The Captain, too, retired; and only the Mate, myself, and two or three seamen, remained on deck. Again and again I resolved to retire to my cabin, but still continued alternately to recline on a bench, and move about on the quarter-deck, till it approached the hour of midnight, and I began to take myself to task for such unaccountable conduct. When these thoughts were passing in my mind, I looked across the quarter-bows of the vessel, and observed the high and rocky coast of Denmark, apparently within a few hundred yards of us. The alarm was instantly given; the Mate gave an immediate order to put the ship about; and the Captain, aroused by the bustle and noise, came on deck. After making inquiry as to the manner in which our danger was discovered, he observed, that if we had kept on in the same course a few minutes longer, we must all have perished. The vessel was sailing at such a rapid rate, that she would have gone to pieces by the first stroke against the rocks; and there was such a surge produced by the high wind lashing the sea against them, that all the boats must have been swamped, while to scale the precipices would have been impossible. On inquiring of the Captain why he had not been keeping a better watch, he informed me that, according to his reckoning, we was still fifty miles from land; and that there must have been a strong current in the ocean, occasioned by the prevalence of a westerly wind, which had impelled us onward much quicker than the log indicated. I looked back with a thankful heart upon the dreadful peril from which a merciful Providence had delivered us, and could then understand the reason why I had been prevented from retiring at my usual hour of rest. Eternity will never efface the impression made upon my mind by this manifest interposition of a kind Providence.

On that spot I dedicated myself anew to my kind Preserver, who had thus so wonderfully "delivered my soul from death."

"I must add, as another instance of God's mercy, and the fulfilment of His promise, a second deliverance, but accomplished by other means. In the autumn of the year 1821, when I was living in a Russian fort, in the midst of a mountain-tribe called the Inguish, I was subject to repeated attacks of intermittent fever, which caused some alarm to the Russian officer who commanded the detachment of the army stationed there. He repeatedly invited me to occupy one of the two chambers of which his cottage consisted; supposing that the dampness of the subterranean residence which I occupied was the cause of my sickness. At last, finding that I should rather gratify than inconvenience him and his wife by my compliance, I removed to the Captain's house. The house which I quitted was formed by digging a space about twenty feet by twelve out of the brow of the hill, and throwing the earth over the precipice, which formed one side of the fort: this was boarded up on three sides, so as to prevent the soil from falling in, and a wooden front, with one or two small windows, formed the remaining side of the structure; to which a path from the hill above led through a cook-room on one end of the dwelling. The covering was composed of beams laid across, which supported an immense mass of earth, so solid, that the roof was in a line with the open space of the fort, and, indeed, formed part of the promenade. During the summer, I observed no dampness, and the beams appeared so strong that I felt no suspicion of danger. In the course of about a week after I had removed to the Captain's house, my servant came into my apartment at an early hour, and, with a very sad countenance, asked me to accompany him to see something which had arrested his attention. I followed him to the spot where a few days before my dwelling stood, the beams of which had given way, and the whole mass which they supported, enough to bury a hundred men, had fallen in; and the largest portion of it lay on the very spot where I used to sleep. I had often accounted my fever an affliction; and one night felt so ill, that I attempted to rise and write to my friends, informing them that, if found dead in the morning, they might know that sickness, and not violence, was the cause. Now, however, it appeared that this fever had been sent, not to destroy, but to save my life; for, if I had continued in my former habitation, it must have inevitably become my grave. I will neither attempt to recall nor to describe the feelings which I experienced on witnessing this desolation,

but have often reflected with gratitude upon my preservation, and have felt rebuked when disposed to distrust the kind

providence of God over myself and family.
—*Rev. George Blyth, of the United Presbyterian Church.*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE FATAL.

Who among the children of men requires so much wisdom as the mother of a family? The statesman requires wisdom that he may so advise or direct as to secure the happiness or prosperity of the nation; but should one statesman act unwisely, another may step in to repair the evil, and so his country may be saved from impending ruin. The merchant needs wisdom and skill, foresight and tact, that he may guide his affairs with discretion, but should all his plans be frustrated, and riches make themselves wings and fly away at one period of his life, he may have them restored at another; so that at the close of his life, he may leave his family in ease and comfort. The farmer needs wisdom in cultivating his land and arranging his stock, so as to bring him the best return for his labour and toil; but should he fail one year to realise his hopes, the next may make up the deficiency. The navigator needs wisdom to

guide his frail bark over the trackless deep, so that he may escape the rocks and whirlpools which may lie in his way; but, should he be unfortunate, and become a wreck, he has a chance of being saved by holding on by the rigging or in his boat, and in this painful situation he may find timely help from another voyager. But the mother!—if she make a mistake in her mighty work, the probability is that it will be fatal. Her little bark, which has just been launched in the ocean of life, will find many rocks and quicksands and whirlpools in its way; she, the mother, is to be the pilot for the most important part of the voyage; and, if she fails to guide it aright, dreadful will be the wreck, when it dashes over the precipice of time into eternity. There will be no kind hand to help, no retarding seasons to repair the injury the work is done, and *gone*—belly, and eternity will echo and re-echo the dreadful tale of a child lost through a mother's neglect.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE FAREWELL.—A PARTING ADDRESS TO SERVANTS.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

No doubt the time and place are fresh in your recollection, when you bade farewell to your parents and your home. On that day your heart overflowed with feeling, and your eyes with tears. While you were preparing to depart, you were sometimes excited by the prospect of the new circumstances in life in which you were about to be placed; and, at other times, you were depressed at the thought of the separation which was at hand. All this was natural; and had it been otherwise, there must have been either a sad fault in you, or in your home. But there was *one* who felt the pang of separation more keenly than even you. Yet it was not grief so much, as affectionate anxiety for your welfare. Your mother knew that she could no longer retain you; that it would not be for your advantage to do so; that this step was absolutely necessary in the circumstances of the family; yet she could not but feel much at parting with you, and with trembling apprehension she saw your frail bark launched on life's rough sea. She knew how many rocks are there! and how vast the number of those who have

in one or other of its tempests, suffered shipwreck in their reputation, and with it have perished life's fairest prospects. Perhaps the painful and distressing case of the child of some friend or neighbour was present to her mind, and her soul trembled, lest the same evil should befall her daughter also. If she were a religious mother, she not only gave you the warnings of experience, and the advice of affection, but pointed you especially to religion as your only safeguard, and commended you in prayer to the God of providence and grace. Though distant from her, she knew that you might ever find your heavenly Parent near, and to Him she would direct you to look, and in Him to put your trust. Whether this were so or not, and whatever may have been your conduct to your Father who is in heaven, He it is who has preserved and delivered you. You owe your life and safety to His protection and blessing. May you serve Him in the spirit of grateful love on earth, and eternally adore your redeeming God in the society of the glorified, where farewells are never heard!

In this world, we must expect our intercourse to be often interrupted. From those in whom, by frequent association, we have become interested, we must part. You and

I have had some fellowship of late, but the time has come for me to bid you farewell. Before I do this, allow me, once more, earnestly and affectionately to address you. I must confess that my interest in you has increased with my effort to do you good, and I will not abruptly withdraw. I have been reviewing the subjects which have been brought under your consideration; and the more carefully you weigh them, I am sure you will be convinced, that you have been furnished with counsels and cautions which have a direct bearing upon your interests and happiness. I am most anxious, both for your own sake and that of the families in which you may live, that you should practically carry out the suggestions which have been offered. Do not be content to remain just what you are. Whatever excellencies you possess, you may greatly improve. You may yet learn much from your own experience,—from your observation of the conduct of others,—from the suggestions of friends,—and also from the remarks of those who are unfriendly to you.

1. Your *past experience* should teach you some valuable lessons. You have no doubt had occasion to mourn over inconsiderate, and even sinful, acts. One hour's folly has made a week bitter, and, in some instances, life itself less sweet and joyous. And are these things to be lost upon you? Are you to go on inflicting upon yourself and others troubles and sorrows, which a proper regard to the past might prevent? Surely not; rather let your bygone errors make you more watchful for the future, and avoid the evils from which you have suffered. It is an old and familiar proverb, that "a burnt child dreads the fire," it is wise caution by the pain it has suffered; and shall not the smart of past imprudence make you more careful in time to come? You have also had an experience of another kind. You have proved that a correct and sincere deportment has always yielded you comfort in the end. There is always an advantage eventually in doing what is right. Just in proportion to your diligent and honest performance of the duties of your station, you have found satisfaction. Then do not be allured by any tempter or seducer to leave a good path and a right way.

2. You may learn from the *conduct of others*, how you may best regulate your own. You will observe the ways of those around you, and especially those with whom you have intercourse. Instances of exemplary virtue will come before you, which you will do well to imitate. And because they have served others well, they have effectually served themselves. You have seen the opposite of these. Cases have come under your observation in which the parties have yielded to indolence, deceit, and treachery; and as they have sown, so have they reaped. Their reward has been accord-

ing to their deeds,—first disgrace, then ruin. Take warning from such, lest you should be entangled by their sins, and caught in the snare of your great and fearful adversary, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

3. Take good heed to the *advice, cautions, and even reproofs*, of those who sincerely seek to promote your interests. If marking various defects in you, they point them out, do not be offended, or suspect, on this account, the genuineness of their friendship. If, in consequence of your inexperience, they see you exposing yourself to danger, reject not their kind and earnest caution, though your proud and foolish heart incline you to resent the interference. And should you have fallen into error, and even into sin, and they advise you, do not hesitate to confess your fault, and never attempt a justification at which your conscience will not approve you.

4. And you may also learn valuable instruction from those who have never showed a friendly disposition towards you, but the contrary. There is often truth in their remarks, though made under the influence of an unkind feeling; and their very raucous and bitter words may be turned to good account. And, at any rate, the animosity of such is far less dangerous than the seductive flattery of the selfish and the insincere. From their society no advantage can be gained, but much evil may result. It appears, therefore, that from every circumstance in life you may learn something that may be of service to you; and that you may be always more in your knowledge, and profitably applying it to the duties of life.

And now, in conclusion, I ask you to reconsider the various subjects which have been brought before you. I have admitted that many servants go out into the world under great disadvantages, with scarcely any preparation for the duties of their station. But I have reminded you that, however unstructured you might be, God has provided you with an infallible standard of duty in the Bible, in which you, as servants, are fully taught the nature and spirit of your duties. When you enter into an agreement as a servant, you are responsible to your heavenly, as well as your earthly, Master. Take care that you act so as to please God, and secure the approbation of your conscience.

I have endeavoured to impress upon your mind the value of a *good character*, and pointed out the way in which you may secure it. Never be indifferent to this. Your respectability, if not your bread, depends upon it. A good character is a treasure to any servant; while the loss of it will involve her in poverty and shame.

And, further, I have directed you to *religion*, as the only source of true happiness. Whatever respect you may secure in conse-

quence of your activity, ability, and integrity, you can only find satisfaction in loving and serving your God and Saviour. On that important matter, I hope you have already decided. You have abandoned the service of the world and sin; and in a denial of yourself, and a taking up of the cross, you are resolved to follow Christ. Having passed the strait gate, let me exhort you to walk in the narrow way, which leadeth unto life. You have tried the pleasures of sin, and proved them vain and delusive; you will find it better to suffer affliction with the people of God, knowing that there is a final recompense of reward.

Take care where you take up your abode. Always give the preference, if you have a choice, to a place in a religious family. There are families so worldly and so wicked, that you ought on no account to enter them; yet, if your lot should ever be cast among those who are not followers of the Saviour, be mindful to witness a good confession. Thus you can only do by a little consistent with the religion you profess. Live with your fellow-servants in peace. In seasons of domestic sickness, do all in your power

to diminish the burden of suffering and trial: unkindness and incivility, at such times, are cruel inflictions.

I have now briefly touched on those matters on which I have offered the best and most suitable advices in my power. I press them on your serious and careful attention. I have aimed at your profit. I am fully aware of your trials, dangers, and disadvantages; and this is not the least, that when perplexed, you have so seldom a judicious adviser at hand. Those to whom you are most disposed to listen are generally the most incompetent to guide you; while those who are best qualified you regard with distrust. The question is not what advice pleases you the best, but what advice is best for you to follow.

And now it only remains that I should commend you to God, and to His grace, praying that you may be willing to be guided by His counsel; and that, in every period of your life, acknowledging Him in all your ways, He may direct your paths, and finally bring you to a city of habitation. And with this prayer, I bid you FAREWELL.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE AGOUTI.

THIS animal is about the size of a hare; its nose is long, and the upper lip deeply

divided; the skin is chestnut brown, mixed with red, of a sleek and shining appearance; the legs are very slender, and almost naked.

I have had some fellowship of late, but the time has come for me to bid you farewell. Before I do this, allow me, once more, earnestly and affectionately to address you. I must confess that my interest in you has increased with my effort to do you good, and I will not abruptly withdraw. I have been reviewing the subjects which have been brought under your consideration; and the more carefully you weigh them, I am sure you will be convinced, that you have been furnished with counsels and cautions which have a direct bearing upon your interests and happiness. I am most anxious, both for your own sake and that of the families in which you may live, that you should practically carry out the suggestions which have been offered. Do not be content to remain just what you are. Whatever excellencies you possess, you may greatly improve. You may yet learn much from your own experience,—from your observation of the conduct of others,—from the suggestions of friends,—and also from the remarks of those who are unfriendly to you.

1. Your *past experience* should teach you some valuable lessons. You have no doubt had occasion to mourn over inconsiderate, and even sinful, acts. One hour's folly has made a week bitter, and, in some instances, life itself less sweet and joyous. And are these things to be lost upon you? Are you to go on inflicting upon yourself and others troubles and sorrows, which a proper regard to the past might prevent? Surely not; rather let your bygone errors make you more watchful for the future, and avoid the evils from which you have suffered. It is an old and familiar proverb, that "a burnt child dreads the fire;" it is made cautious by the pain it has suffered, and shall not the smart of past imprudence make you more careful in time to come? You have also had an experience of another kind. You have proved that a correct and sincere deportment has always yielded you comfort in the end. There is always an advantage eventually in doing what is right. Just in proportion to your diligent and honest performance of the duties of your station, you have found satisfaction. Then do not be allured by any tempter or seducer to leave a good path and a right way.

2. You may learn from the *conduct of others*, how you may best regulate your own. You will observe the ways of those around you, and especially those with whom you have intercourse. Instances of exemplary virtue will come before you, which you will do well to imitate. And because they have served others well, they have effectually served themselves. You have seen the opposite of these. Cases have come under your observation in which the parties have yielded to indolence, deceit, and treachery; and as they have sown, so have they reaped. Their reward has been accord-

ing to their deeds,—first disgrace, then ruin. Take warning from such, lest you should be entangled by their sins, and caught in the snare of your great and fearful adversary, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

3. Take good heed to the *advice, cautions, and even reproofs*, of those who sincerely seek to promote your interests. If marking serious defects in you, they point them out, do not be offended, or suspect, on this account, the genuineness of their friendship. If, in consequence of your inexperience, they see you exposing yourself to danger, reject not their kind and earnest caution, though your proud and foolish heart incline you to resent the interference. And should you have fallen into error, and even into sin, and they reprove you, do not hesitate to confess your fault, and never attempt a justification in which your conscience will not support you.

4. And you may also learn valuable instruction from those who have never showed a friendly disposition towards you, but the contrary. There is often truth in their remarks, though made under the influence of an unkind feeling; and their very rancour and bitterness may be turned to good account. And, at any rate, the animosity of such is far less dangerous than the seductive flattery of the selfish and the insincere. From their society no advantage can be gained, but much evil may result. It appears, therefore, that from every circumstance in life you may learn something that may be of service to you; and that you may be always increasing your knowledge, and practically applying it to the duties of life.

And now, in conclusion, I ask you to reconsider the various subjects which have been brought before you. I have admitted that many servants go out into the world under great advantages, with scarcely any preparation for the duties of their station. But I have reminded you that, however uninstructed you might be, God has provided you with an infallible standard of duty in the Bible, in which you, as servants, are fully taught the nature and spirit of your duties. When you enter into an agreement as a servant, you are responsible to your heavenly, as well as your earthly, Master. Take care that you act so as to please God, and secure the approbation of your conscience.

I have endeavoured to impress upon your mind the value of a *good character*, and pointed out the way in which you may secure it. Never be indifferent to this. Your respectability, if not your bread, depends upon it. A good character is a treasure to any servant; while the loss of it will involve her in poverty and shame.

And, further, I have directed you to *religion*, as the only source of true happiness. Whatever respect you may secure in conse-

quence of your activity, ability, and integrity, you can only find satisfaction in loving and serving your God and Saviour. On that important matter, I hope you have already decided. You have abandoned the service of the world and sin; and in a denial of yourself, and a taking up of the cross, you are resolved to follow Christ. Having passed the strait gate, let me exhort you to walk in the narrow way, which leadeth unto life. You have tried the pleasures of sin, and proved them vain and delusive: you will find it better to suffer affliction with the people of God, knowing that there is a final recompense of reward.

Take care where you take up your abode. Always give the preference, if you have a choice, to a place in a religious family. There are families so worldly and so wicked, that you ought on no account to enter them, yet, if your lot should ever be cast among those who are not followers of the Saviour, be mindful to witness a good confession. This you can only do by a life consistent with the religion you profess. Live with your fellow-servants in peace. In seasons of domestic sickness, do all in your power

to diminish the burden of suffering and trial: unkindness and incivility, at such times, are cruel inflictions.

I have now briefly touched on those matters on which I have offered the best and most suitable advices in my power. I press them on your serious and careful attention. I have aimed at your profit. I am fully aware of your trials, dangers, and disadvantages; and this is not the least, that when perplexed, you have so seldom a judicious adviser at hand. Those to whom you are most disposed to listen are generally the most incompetent to guide you; while those who are best qualified you regard with distrust. The question is not what advice pleases you the best, but what advice is best for you to follow.

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SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.



THE AGOUTI.

THIS animal is about the size of a hare; its nose is long, and the upper lip deeply

divided; the skin is chestnut brown, mixed with red, of a sleek and shining appearance; the legs are very slender, and almost naked.

When satiated with food, it conceals what remains. Its food consists of roots, fruits, and nuts. It is a native of South America, and is hunted by the natives on account of its flesh, which resembles that of a rabbit.

It is easily tamed, and delights in gnawing every thing that comes in its way. The female produces, at all times of the year, from four to six at a birth.

Our woodcut represents the long-nosed agouti; which is said formerly to have inhabited most of the West Indian islands, but is now almost confined to St. Lucia. But it still abounds in Brazil and Guiana. According to Laborde, all the woods of Guiana are full of it, whether on hills, on plains, or in marshes.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE INFIDEL AND THE DYING CHILD.

THE child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed; and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone, watching, with a tightening heart, the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve want mamma to say, 'Our Father.'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to hush her evening prayer; or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly-murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, "To say, 'Our Father.'"

"Mamma is asleep," he said: "when she awakes, I will call her."

"No, no, papa: Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling;" and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma: papa say 'Our Father,' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling," he added, finding that though the hands were clasped, and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much. Papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night: won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and,

for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import; its recognition of God's sovereignty; its surrender of all things to Him. He understood it, we say; but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips. Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed,—

"Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upward on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again. "Take Eve."

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured, in broken tones, "Papa come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—"

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him for ever.

And yet not for ever. He straightway sought the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.—*Charms and Counter-Charms.*

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM WOODHALL,

OF EDMONDSLEY, NEAR DURHAM.

WILLIAM WOODHALL, the subject of the following brief biographical reminiscence, was born in Arkengarth-Dale, near Richmond, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His parents were exemplary in their deportment, and carefully instructed their children in the word of God. While yet a child, William was visited with the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. His conscience was remarkably tender. He imbibed a love for the Bible and the means of grace. His natural disposition was kind and amiable, which gave a peculiar charm to his youthful character. Among his associates he was a confidential friend. These hopeful features of early piety were transient; like the morning cloud, they swiftly passed away. As is too often the case,—especially when youths are prematurely introduced into the busy scenes of active life, in the absence of parental control, and without affectionate, faithful supervision,—William yielded to the fascinating temptation of worldly pleasure, and among ungodly companions soon became careless and wicked even as others. He could not, however, entirely throw off the restraint of conscience, and often endured agony of mind arising from deep conviction of sin. It was not until he had arrived at man's estate, and had become a husband and a father, that he was induced to abandon the way of the ungodly and the sinner. His increased responsibility, and the fearful consequences of his evil example, were vividly brought before his mind. He again resorted to the house of God, where the word preached as a sharp arrow pierced his soul: he fell on his knees a subdued penitent, and cried for mercy. At a subsequent prayer-meeting, while earnest intercession was made for penitents, he was enabled to rest his soul on Christ as his Saviour, and obtained a clear and satisfactory evidence of pardon, the comfort of which he never again lost. He lived by the faith of the Son of God. Amid the buffetings of Satan, the anxieties of worldly care, and the lowering clouds of adversity, he could ever say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed! Jesus is my King, and I am His."

He was a man of prayer, and walked humbly with his God. His Bible was his constant companion: while he drew comfort from its sweet promises, he sought to walk in the truth; and his whole life exhibited the power of Divine grace. It was his delight to do good. He was sincere, zealous, and intelligent. His peculiar fitness for the important office of a Leader did not escape the watchful eye of his beloved Pastor. He was entrusted with the charge

of a class, which he met for twenty-four years in the same room in which he obtained forgiveness of sins through faith in the precious blood of Christ. Often would he advert, with irrepressible emotion, to the hour, and point to the spot,—hallowed in his memory as was Bethel to the ancient Patriarch,—where his soul, disburdened of her load, was filled with peace which passeth understanding. He delighted to kneel on the same spot, and renew his solemn vow of self-dedication to God. He was enthusiastically attached to Wesleyan Methodism, but without bigotry; nor would he suffer its doctrines or discipline, its Ministers or members, to be unjustly maligned in his presence. By integrity, uprightness, and industry, he won for himself general esteem.

In 1832 providential circumstances led to his removal from this interesting sphere of usefulness, justly endeared to him by so many pleasing associations; and he came to reside with his daughter and son-in-law at a small village near Durham. One who knew him well observes, "At this time he seemed to enjoy a high degree of grace, and to have attained the sanctity of a father in Christ;" nor did his piety here suffer de-
 clension.

There were, in the neighbourhood, a few persons "that feared the Lord and thought upon His name:" these were formed into a small class, of which he was appointed the Leader.

During the last "strike," which proved so mischievous and destructive to the cause of God throughout the coal-mining district of the north of England, this little class was nearly disbanded; but he remained faithful. And no one more feelingly deplored the blight which that outbreak of disaffection spread over the garden of the Lord. His regret was not sentimental, but practical: he did all in his power to counteract the prevailing evil, and to foster a better feeling among the miners. In the respective relations of husband, father, and master, he was affectionate, faithful, and prudent; in social intercourse with his friends, he was cheerful, without trifling, and always dis-
 countenanced the practice of speaking evil of the absent; while in all the transactions of life he was honourably influenced by Christian principle. He was a devout man, and maintained an unbroken consistency of character. It was his own desire to "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

But his character never appeared more attractive than during his last sufferings.

"Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest rays:
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to men
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities admire."

The affliction which terminated his life was protracted and troublesome. For many months he was unable to recline on his bed, and could seldom enjoy refreshing sleep; but "patience" had its "perfect work." On one occasion when I visited him, he expressed entire resignation to the will of God; and, in answer to my inquiries respecting his Christian experience, he said, "Sir, I have examined the foundation of my hope. I have reviewed forty years spent in the service of God; during which time I have had many answers to prayer. My way is not, and has not been, 'hid from the Lord.' I have lacked no good thing. I feel that I am an unprofitable servant; but my hope rests on the Rock of Ages. 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'" (2 Tim. i. 12.) His confidence remained unshaken, though he was severely assaulted by the enemy; and the serenity of his mind was unagitated in the midst of sufferings that were distressing to witness. His last words were,—

"O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess."

His happy spirit entered into rest on Thursday, Sept. 23d, 1847.

JOSEPH K. TUCKER.

MEMOIR OF LOUISA CANNON, OF BOLTON.

DIED, July 31st, 1847, at Bolton, aged twenty-three, Louisa, daughter of Mr. William Cannon, for many years a Trustee and Class-Leader in that town. She had great sweetness of disposition; but, though "the fear of the Lord" was long before her eyes, the result of the blessing of God on the careful instruction she had received, she was a stranger to "the comfort of the Holy Ghost;" and a natural reserve and timidity indisposed her to converse much in reference to her religious state.

For some time her constitution had been gradually declining by consumption; and, amidst the fluctuations and sometimes deceitfully-flattering stages of that malady, she cherished an ardent love of life: but, at length, finding that she must prepare for

death, she began to seek the Lord with great earnestness. She was much encouraged by reading a piece of poetry, in "The Youth's Instructor," for October, 1838, entitled, "The Sleep," the concluding line of each stanza being,

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Not unfrequently she stated how profitable she had found it to peruse those lines, which she evidently understood to allude to that sleep in death, that peacefully falling asleep in the Lord, which she desired to experience.

A short time before her death, taking her father's arm, and walking with him into an adjoining room, she said, "I wish I could give myself up;" and it being replied that God would give her strength to do so, she expressed herself as not being quite satisfied as to her religious state. An interesting conversation then ensued, during which her father repeated the words, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I will try to believe," was her reply; and then immediately she added, "I do believe." From that time she doubted no more; but, not unfrequently, as if to strengthen her faith, she repeated the passage which at first had afforded foundation to her hope: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!"

The change in her deportment was now very perceptible. When, apparently, she had but a few hours to survive, all the family being called into her room, she who had once been so timid, now took her leave of all with as much composure as though she had been going on a short journey, and kindly and affectionately addressed suitable advice to each. On her brothers and sisters especially she urged to be kind to their parents, to read their Bibles, and to pray much to God.

Her sufferings were severe. "I often wondered," she observed, "what it was to die; but now I know. I did expect to die; but did not think it would be so soon." More than once she desired her father to pray that she might have an easy passage to heaven: and the prayer was heard; for whilst, with great emphasis, repeating,—

"Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole,"—

her voice failed, and, without a struggle, she sank into the arms of death.

JAMES E. MOULTON.

POETRY.

THE FAREWELL.

BY THE REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

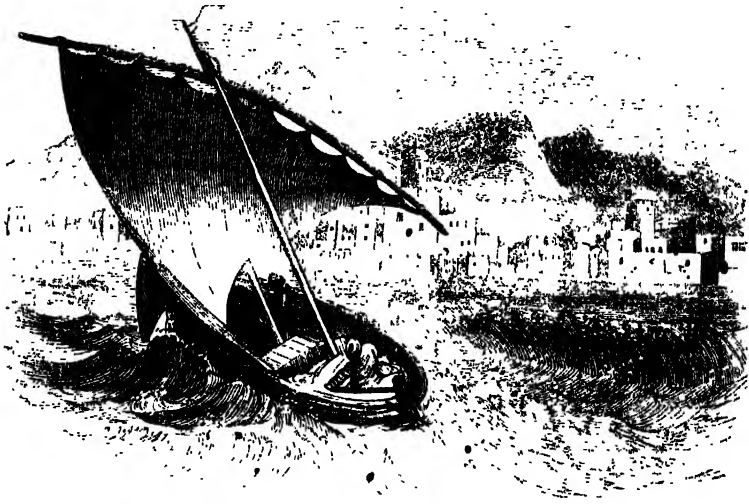
Time and work end: blest souls are gone
before;
Consumed lights may serve to kindle more.
The dead can speak: God can His lamps restore.

The winds that blow them out will quickly
cease:
High pride, rough passion, God can soon
appease;
Truth, love, and concord raise with great
increase.

The wise, pure, peaceable for this He'll choose;
Proud worldlings, raging fools, He will refuse,
And snuffers, not extinguishers, will use.
Yet Satan will not cease: tares will be sown;
Rulers and guides he'll strive to make his own:
By storms and scandals some will be o'erthrown.

Diotrephes must rule, Judas be rich:
The ignorant will err, young ears will itch.
The blind will lead the blind into the ditch.
Lord, convert Saul; check Jewish rage,
And sects, which sad church-wars do wage;
• Let light and love proud wrath assuage.
But those blest souls who dwell with Thee
Better things see,
And better be,
Than Adam, or the Golden Age.

ORIENTAL SCENES.



VIEW OF SUEZ.

This town is situated at the head of the western arm, or gulf, of the Red Sea, a little more than sixty-two geographical miles to the east of Cairo. It is poorly walled on three sides, being open to the sea on the north-east, where is a good quay. There is a bazaar, or street of shops, tolerably furnished with goods from Cairo. The population includes more than a thousand Moslems, and more than a hundred Christians of the Greek Church. The transit of the productions and merchandise of the East from the Red Sea to the Nile has always made this an important station, and caused the existence of a city in the vicinity, though the present town cannot be traced to a more remote origin than the early part of the sixteenth century.

"We arrived at Suez," writes a recent traveller, "on the shores of the Red Sea. It is a small town, with a few ruined houses.

No garden, tree, or green spot is visible in the whole neighbourhood; and no drop of sweet water is to be had,—that which is at all palatable having to be fetched from a distance of three leagues on the other side of the sea, and even this has a saline flavour. The town derives its importance only from its harbour, in which a large number of pilgrims annually take ship for Mecca. The steam-boats, for communication between England and India, lie to the south of the town, on the wide bosom of the bay."

• Some writers of eminence have been disposed to place the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, recorded in Exodus xiv., near Suez. But it is too evident that many of those who adopt this opinion forget the *miraculous* character of the event. It is well observed by Dr. Kitto, that "the object of all scientific investigation" in regard to this matter, from Niebuhr downward, "has been to find some place where the

ebb of the tide, assisted by a wind, might bring the waters so low as to afford the Israelites a safe passage: and hence a place has been fixed upon near Suez, where the ebb alone now leaves a narrow arm of the bay fordable. Since so accomplished a traveller as Niebuhr advanced this view, ordinary travellers, taking no particular interest in the question, have usually assented to his conclusion; but of those who

have examined the matter as an interesting point of Scripture history, Dr. Robinson is almost the only one who has concurred in Niebuhr's view.... Mr. Lieder, after spending several days in the locality, concluded that the miraculous passage did not take place at Suez, but did take place eighteen miles further down, at the place where the mouth of the valley of Bodéa, or Tawirah, opens upon the shore of the Red Sea."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

READER, when thou hast gazed upon the beautiful webs of the geometric spider that glitter so abundantly in the fields and by the roadside on a dewy morning, or when thou hast, with unsparing hand, swept from the wall of thy dwelling the less pleasing net of the house-spider, hast thou ever considered how important a part the delicate thread of this despised web-spinner plays in the affairs of men? If thou hast not, follow me awhile, and I will tell thee part of the wonders it has contributed to accomplish.

It is then, in some sense, the *astronomer's measuring-line*, by which he has taken the distance of the sun, moon, and planets, and has approximated to that of a few of those remote luminaries, the fixed stars. By it he has ascertained that these latter, though called "*fixed*," and until lately supposed to be absolutely permanent in space, are in reality perpetually moving with great velocity, and in orbits of inconceivable magnitude. By means of it he has tracked the comet in its erratic course, and has learned the diameters of the numerous orbs that compose the solar system. He has even weighed these distant and ponderous bodies, suspending them, as it were, to his balances by the slender and almost invisible thread spun by a weak and insignificant spider. And, from the delicacy of these wonderful balances we are wholly indebted for that grand discovery, the detection of the existence of the planet Neptune, and the determination approximately of its position, before a ray of its feeble light had been caught by the searching glass of the observer.

But how,—some of my readers will by this time exclaim,—how can the spider's thread have, in any way, contributed to these wonderful results? The answer is, that all these results are due to the remarkable *accuracy* that has been obtained in astronomical observations; and that in order to make accurate observations, the astronomer must have delicate instruments, one essential feature of which is some means of deter-

mining *exactly* the instant when a heavenly body crosses the central line, or *axis*, as it is called, of the telescope. For this purpose, a line of some kind, or, more correctly, a system of lines, must be stretched across the tube, in or near the focus of the eye-glass, marking precisely the axis of the instrument. A fine thread of silk or linen, or even the finest human hair, or the most delicate wire, is too coarse and uneven for the purpose where great exactness is required. A *spider's thread* is found to answer perfectly. Hence it is used in nearly all the better class of astronomical instruments; and daily, in various parts of the world, astronomers are watching the passage of the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, behind the fine spider-lines that stretch across the tubes of their telescopes.

The results already mentioned as attributable in part to the fineness and regularity of the spider's thread,—a thread which, slender as it is, is composed of some hundreds, nay, according to Reaumur, of some *thousands* of fibres,—are of themselves sufficiently remarkable. But when we consider their relation to nautical astronomy,—that the lunar and other tables used by the navigator in determining his position at sea, owe their accuracy in part to the nicety of astronomical observations, and hence to the delicacy of the spider's thread,—the importance of this singular product of animated nature rises still higher in our estimation. It is not too much to say that it has contributed to the preservation of human life, and that the "oak leviathans" of the ocean are in some sense guided in their course, and drawn aside from sunken rocks and the lurking dangers of the deep, by the light and slender cord so curiously elaborated by the spinning-apparatus of the spider.

As an illustration of the accuracy with which the position of a vessel at sea may be obtained from astronomical observation, I will introduce, although it may appear to be somewhat of a digression from our subject, an anecdote from J. F. W. Herschel's

'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,' with some of the author's accompanying remarks. Speaking of the practical verifications of astronomical predictions, he says: "Eclipses, comets, and the like, afford but rare and transient displays of the powers of calculation, and of the certainty of the principles on which it is grounded. A page of 'lunar distances' from the Nautical Almanac is worth all the eclipses that have ever happened for inspiring this necessary confidence in the conclusions of science. That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear, to persons ignorant of physical astronomy, an approach to the miraculous. Yet the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvellous computations, which might almost seem to have been devised on purpose to show how closely the extremes of speculative refinement and practical utility can be brought to approximate. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer,* distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words: 'We steered towards Rio de Janeiro for some days after taking the lunars above described, and, having arrived within about fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for, although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o'clock, it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in farther, and was just

bringing the ship to the wind again before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth so nearly right ahead that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance to the Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds.' The effect on all on board might well be conceived to be electric; and it is needless to remark how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach."

Another anecdote illustrating the same thing I remember to have met with somewhere; but, not being able to find it, I cannot give the authority of the minor details. Among the passengers of a certain vessel was a mathematician, who in the course of the voyage occasionally amused himself by making observations from which to obtain the ship's place on the ocean. On one of these occasions, after thus obtaining the vessel's position, he found upon examining the chart, that the course they were pursuing would very soon bring them upon some dangerous rocks. He immediately informed the Captain; but he found him unwilling to admit that they could be in the position indicated. The mathematician returned to the cabin, went over his calculations, and, finding them correct, he applied again to the Captain, who still persisted that the calculations of the mathematician were wrong. The latter, confident of the correctness of his results, resolutely demanded that the course of the vessel should be changed; and at length, by resorting to threats, induced the Captain to yield. The vessel was turned aside, and soon after they passed in sight of the danger they had so narrowly escaped.

But to return to the spider's web. I will add one more illustration to show what it is capable of accomplishing. Those who attended the lecture of Professor delivered in this city on the 10th instant, will at once know upon allusion, in this connection, to that exceedingly interesting discourse, what this illustration is. Professor Mitchell, after stating that the great obstacle in the way of determining the parallax of the fixed stars, and from it their distance, is the difficulty of noting the precise time when a star crosses the meridian, proceeded to describe the usual method, that of counting the beats of the clock during the time of observation, by which means the most practised observer cannot obtain the time nearer than within two-tenths of a second. The lecturer then explained to his

* Captain Bagli Hall, R. N.

audience how, by an invention of his own, he is able to divide a second into a thousand appreciable parts. To do this he converts *time* into *space*, *seconds* into *inches*, by causing the beats of the clock to be recorded (by means of a little magnetic telegraph) on a revolving disc, so that the distance between the marks thus made represents a second. Now the instant a star crosses one of the spider-lines in the telescope, the observer touches the telescope-key with his finger, and thus causes a mark to be made on the same revolving disc. The position of this mark among those made by the beat of the clock, gives the *time* of the observation; and, as its distance from the preceding second's mark can be very accurately measured, the time is obtained with corresponding accuracy. Now, the great difficulty in this arrangement was to break and connect the galvanic circuit, at every giving of the pendulum, by an apparatus so delicate as not to interfere with the regularity of the clock's motions.

A very delicate wire-lever was constructed, which, by being made to vibrate, alternately

broke and completed the circuit. How to connect this with the clock without interfering with its rate of motion, was the next question. A very fine human hair was tried; but, as the Professor told us, it was "too rough, too coarse, too *cable-like*" to answer the purpose. A fibre of silk was next tried, with no better success. At length a SPIDER'S THREAD was selected; and it worked to entire satisfaction. For *twenty months* that slender line has been moving to and fro in the Cincinnati Observatory, measuring off second after second on the revolving disc, and in this way exhibiting accurately the time of a multitude of astronomical observations, thus connecting, as it were, as the distinguished lecturer remarked, the heavens and the earth.

Reader, when next thou brushest the cobweb from the wall, or thine eyes light upon the circular webs glittering with pearly dew-drops on the hedge-row and the grass by the way-side, remember what the spider's thread has accomplished.—*Philadelphia Friend*.

MISSIONS.

MARTYRDOMS IN MADAGASCAR.

In May, 1850, (observes the late Mr. Freeman,) it was ascertained by the Government that many of the people were still, in defiance of the law, assembling for Christian worship. Officers were accordingly sent to apprehend them; and, on reaching the spot, many miles distant from Antananarivo, they themselves were astonished to find so many assembled in the act of worship, and having, moreover, a chapel, which they had built for themselves. They were in number upwards of one thousand. The first step was to ascertain who were the leaders of the party, and who had built the chapel; and then to discriminate between those who had been already convicted on previous occasions, and those who had recently united with them. An immense assembly of the people was convened to be present at their "trial;" or rather, at the delivery of a message from the Sovereign, and the final sentence regarding the punishments to be inflicted. Four of the Christians, nobles of the land by birth, were condemned to death at the stake. Fourteen were also put to death by being thrown over a steep and precipitous rock. They were bound with cords, and suspended for a time over this dreadful precipice, and asked if they would take the oath proffered to them, implying that they would never transgress in this matter again; and, on their steady refusal, the cords were let go, and they were dashed to pieces. Hurled from the rocks, their

ery went up to heaven, and their spirits joined the glorious company of the martyrs.

Penalties have been imposed on all the rest, whose total number, it afterwards appeared, amounted to upwards of one thousand six hundred!

Now, "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory," that His word is still mighty to subdue the hearts of men to obedience and faith; that so goodly a company of confessors could be found in Madagascar, and that so large a number has proved "faithful" even "unto death."

GENOTE, THE KAFFIR.

THE late Mr. Freeman mentions a Kaffir, of the name of Genote, whose case is remarkable. Some years ago he went, in sheer curiosity, to see a Missionary. Zwart Booy, as Genote was usually called, remembered much that was said, and could not dismiss from his mind the exhortation to "flee, for there was danger." Yet the poor Kaffir knew of no danger except that of being wounded or killed in war. A little later a friend brought him to the Missionary, and said, "Have the kindness to speak to this old man: he has been restless and sleepless these two nights." When asked about the cause of his uneasiness, "O!" said he, "my sins! my sins! The immensity of my sin makes my heart as heavy as a mountain of lead. I have no knowledge,

no wisdom. Tell me, therefore, what to do." The Missionary spoke of God, and found he had now a tolerably clear perception of Him as Creator and Preserver. "But," said the man, "I want something more. I cannot be satisfied. I cannot rest. Tell me what it is." To his anxious and prepared mind, the words of life and the wonders of redeeming mercy were unfolded. The poor Heathen listened with breathless interest. Light was breaking in. "Tell me again," said he; "for I am old and stupid." His eyes were fixed; tears streamed down his sable cheeks; his tall figure trembled with mental agitation; and, as soon as he could find utterance, he expressed his wonder at the mercy of God. At length he resolved to come and live near the Missionary. He tried to arrange this with

some of the people; but he had some difficulty in securing pasturage for his cattle. In his perplexity, he nobly said, "I am a Kaffir, and I am fond of my cattle; but I'll get rid of the last of them, if I cannot otherwise come to reside here to hear the word."* As the Missionary was needing a shepherd, he proposed to him to come and tend the herd, and that he might graze his cattle with them; and he should be paid for his services. Genote was silent a few minutes, and then said, "That is not *your* plan: it is," said he, pointing upwards, "it is *He* who has put it into your heart."

* Matt. xiii. 45, 46.—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

PAPERS ON BOTANY.



EVENING PRIMROSE.

THE *onagraceæ*, or evening-primrose family, are briefly described by Professor Balfour as "herbs or shrubs, with alternate or opposite, simple, not dotted leaves, and with the flower usually tetramerous;" that is, of four parts. "They inhabit chiefly temperate

regions, and are found abundantly in Europe, Asia, and America, and sparingly in Africa. Some yield edible fruits; others furnish edible roots. Many have mucilaginous properties, while a few are astringent.... There are about thirty known genera, and upwards of four hundred and fifty species."

METHODISM.

A NEGRO LOVEFEAST.

WHILE innumerable difficulties crowd upon the pathway of the Missionary to the blacks in our "sunny south," and he is denied many of the social and religious privileges his brethren on Circuits and stations enjoy, and meets with much to discourage him in his arduous and responsible work, he is not entirely destitute of seasons of enjoyment. In the wilderness through which he travels he occasionally finds an oasis, where he is refreshed and invigorated, and prepared for the duties and trials that await him. In the black man's smoky cabin, beside his dying bed, he often feels that he occupies a "privileged" spot, and stands "quite on the verge of heaven." In the lovefeast, the class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, as well as the great congregation, he not unfrequently realises the presence and blessing of God, and rejoices in witnessing the manifestations of His grace to others. The coloured people are strongly attached to the peculiarities of Methodism. They love class-meeting and lovefeast; and who, that has attended one of their lovefeasts, has not returned home with the conviction that many of them were the children of God by spiritual regeneration? Not a great while ago, I attended a lovefeast on one of the Missions of the South-Carolina Conference, where the members of the church seemed to enjoy much heartfelt piety. After the usual introductory services, the members were permitted to tell each other something of their Christian experience.

The first who spoke was *John*. He said: "I feel tankful to my Preacher dat I am proserb to see de fust Sunday in de mont. Tongno can't 'spress my feelins when I hear de bell ring dis mornin. I tink I feel like King David, when he say, 'I was glad when dey say, Let us go up to de house ob de Lord.' My Preacher, I lub my Jesus. I want to lub Him wid all my heart, and sarb Him wid all my might. I lub all my brethren, and determine, by de grace ob God, to mek dem in heben."

Old Richard. "My Preacher, I feel tankful I lib to see anoder lub-feast. I been long time in de sarbia of God; and dis mornin I feel determine to go all de way to heben. Glory to God, my bredren; dere's noting like 'ligion! I feel de joy ob de 'ligion in my soul: God bless me on de way to dis lub-feast; and now, while talking, I feel de lub ob God burnin on de altar ob my heart. I want to be faithful till det; and when I'm ded an' gone, I want my bredren to know dat one more sinner been sabs from de debil. Glory to God! I almost home."

Thomas. "Tank God, my Preacher, I'm

alive, and allow to meet you here to-day. I don't git along so fast as some of my bredren in de way to heben; but I feel determine to do de best I can. I know I got to die, and after dat to go to judgment; and I know if I don't sarb God in spirit and in trute while I lib in dis world, I neber can see His face in peace. Pray for me, dat God may make me a faithful man, and sabs me at last in heben."

William. (Class-Leader.) "Tru God's good providence, I lib to see anoder lub-feast. I feel tankful dat I am here to-day. When I was a young man, I was awaken by de preaching ob de Gospel. The Spirit ob God stribe wid me day after day, and week after week. I cry and pray at home, in de field, at church, and every way I go, but I find no peace till one day God help me to trus in Jesus. Den light shine into my soul. Den de Spirit bear witness wid my spirit, dat all my sins was pardoned, and I got berry happy, and gib glory to Jesus. Since den I try to be faithful. To-day my heart burn wid de lub of God. I beg you all to pray God to make me a useful Leader, and sabs me and my class in heben."

Nancy. "I feel, my Preacher, dat I'm not wordy to come unto de house ob de Lord. But God for Christ's sake hab mercy on me, and pardon my sins, and gib me an ebidence ob acceptance wid Him, and I feel dis my duty to spak for Jesus. I nint ashamed to own my Lord. He is de Friend of sinners. He lub me, and gib Himself for me, and now prays for me in heben. I don't expect to see anoder lub-feast. I'm goin down de river berry fast: in a little time I'll cross de bar, and den-enter de ocean. I want to lib a holy 'oman. I neber will gib up my shield, or lay down my arms, till I march up de hebenly street, and ground my arms at de feet ob Jesus. My Preacher and my bredren, pray for old Nancy; pray dat God will gib me grace to conquer, and den-take me home to rest."

(As the old woman resumed her seat, I looked round upon the congregation and saw but few who did not appear deeply moved. None doubted Old Nancy's piety. She had been a faithful servant and a consistent Christian many years.)

Joseph. "I'm glad to see and enjoy dis lub-feast. I feel dis mornin dat I lub my Jesus; and I feel determine, by de Lord's help, to follow Him to de end. I know dat I am weak and helpless, and widout Jesus I can do noting dat is good. My bredren, when you bow at de mercy-seat, cry out for poor brudder Joe, who is trying to get to heben."

Betty. "Tank God, I'm spared to see dis glorious Sunday mornin, and meet you all once more. I no been here for some time. I been 'flicted—had great pain ob body;

but Jesus been wid me, and make all my bed in my sickness. Sixteen years ago I was converted, and joined de church; and I hab enjoy religion eber since. I would not gib my religion for de world. My religion make me happy, and all de wicked people on de plantation can't make me unhappy. I can lub dem dat hate me, and pray for dem dat tell lies on me. I try to grow better as I grow older. I feel to-day dat I hab hold on Jesus. I hold Him wid a tremblin hand, but I will not let Him go. My heart feel like a bowl dat is full and runnin ober. Glory! glory! glory to Jesus for ever!"

Jack. "Me is one poor African. Me born in dat koontry. Neber hear 'bout Jesus

and habben, till dey bring me to dis koontry. Here Missionary tell me 'bout Jesus. Jesus die to sabe poor Jack; and Jesus hear me, and forgib me sins. Now me happy. Now me lub Jesus. Me can't talk better. Pray for Jack: pray God to send Missionary to Africa to tell all de people 'bout Jesus."

Others spok, but I heard them not. The last words of old Jack had taken possession of my mind. I thought of Africa. The bones of Cox and Barton are there! They fell with "victory" on their shields. They have gone to their reward. Thank God! thousands of Africa's sons and daughters have received the Gospel, and have been made wise unto salvation.—*American Paper.*

POPERY.

FASTING AND MURDERING.

SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON gives the following chapter of facts, in illustration of the practical results of Romanism at home, where there is the most of it, and it is in its best estate:—

"THE jail at Civita Vecchia is an old, strong fortress, close to the sea, and contains one thousand three hundred and sixty-four desperate-looking criminals, all for the most aggravated offences. I am sure you never saw such a gang of malefactors, or such a horrid dungeon. We went first into a vaulted room, with a low ceiling, as I measured it, thirty-one yards long, and twenty-one broad. The noise on our entrance was such as may be imagined at the entrance of hell itself. All were chained most heavily, and fastened down. The murderers and desperate bandits are fixed to that spot for the rest of their lives; they are chained to a ring, fastened to the end of the platform, on which they lie side by side, but they can move the length of their chain on a narrow gangway. Of this class there were upwards of seven hundred in the prison; some of them famed for a multitude of murders; many, we are told, had committed six or seven; and, indeed, they were a ghastly crew, haggard, ferocious, reckless assassins. A Sergeant, in uniform, was ordered to keep close by me; and I observed that he kept his hand upon his sword as we walked up the alley between the adjacent platforms. The Mayor afterwards told us that he, in his official capacity, knew that there was a murder every month among the prisoners. I spoke to a good many of them; and, with one exception, each said that he was condemned for murder or stabbing." Of Gasparoni, a Chief of bandits, Sir Fowell says,—“He greatly

underrates his own exploits. To my question, ‘How many people have you murdered?’ he replied, ‘I cannot exactly recollect; somewhere about sixty;’ whereas it is notorious that he has slaughtered at least double that number. Indeed, the Mayor of Civita Vecchia assured me that he had received authentic information of two hundred; but he believed that even that number was still below the mark. It is odd enough that Gasparoni is very religious now: he fasts not only on Fridays, but adds a supererogatory Saturday. But, curious as his theology now is, it is still more strange that, according to his own account, he was always a very religious man. I asked him whether he had fasted when he was a bandit? He said, ‘Yes.’ ‘Why did you fast?’ said I. ‘*Perche sono della religione della Madonna.*’ (‘Because I am of Our Lady’s religion.’) ‘Which do you think was worst: eating meat on a Friday, or killing a man?’ He answered, without hesitation, ‘In my case it was a crime not to fast: it was no crime to kill those who came to betray me.’ With all his present religion, however, he told the Mayor of the town the other day, that, if he could get loose, the first thing he would do would be to cut the throats of all the Priests. One fact, however, shows some degree of scrupulosity. The people of the country bear testimony that he never committed murder on a Friday!... You will wish to know how Gasparoni was taken. He became such a nuisance, that, partly from the strength of the military parties which were constantly sent in pursuit of him, and partly from the diminution of traffic on the road, his funds became short, and he could not pay his spies. Without money, and half-starved, unable to obtain intelligence, and surrounded on all sides by

troops, he was on the point of being captured, when he listened to the proposals of a Priest, who, as it is said, went beyond the authority given him, and offered him a full

pardon and a pension, upon which he and his comrades surrendered. He complains loudly of the violation of the promise made to him."

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

ROSENMULLER quotes from the book of Mussar the following instructive incident: "A certain man travelling through the city continued to call out, 'Who wants the elixir of life?' The daughter of Rabbi Judah heard him, and told her father, who requested her to call the man in. When he came in, the Rabbi said, 'What is that elixir of life thou sellest?' He answered, 'Is it not written, *What man is he that loveth life, and desireth to see good days? let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile.*' This is the elixir of life, and is found in the mouth of man."

R. H.

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY concerning the affairs of other persons is very reprehensible. It interrupts the order, and breaks the peace, of society. Persons of this disposition are dangerous troublers of the world. Crossing the lines in which others move, they create confusion, and awaken resentment. Hence many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown; and much bitter and lasting discord has been propagated through society. Such a disposition is entirely the reverse of that amiable spirit of charity which our Divine Lord inculcates. Charity, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines. A censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear. All impertinent curiosity about the affairs of others tends greatly to obstruct personal reformation. They who are so officiously occupied about their neighbours, have little leisure, and less inclination, to observe their own defects, or to attend to their own duty. From their inquisitive researches they find, or imagine they find, in the behaviour of others, an apology for their own failings; and the favourite result of their inquiries

generally is, to rest satisfied with themselves. Every excursion, also, of vain curiosity about others, is a subtraction from that time and thought which are due to ourselves and to God. In the great circle of human affairs, there is room for every one to be busy, and well employed in his own province, without encroaching upon that of others. It is the province of superiors to direct inferiors to obey. In all the various relations which subsist among us in life, as husband and wife, parents and children, relations and friends, rulers and subjects, innumerable duties stand ready to be performed; innumerable calls to activity present themselves on every hand, sufficient to fill up with advantage and honour the whole time of man.—*Blair*.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

IN all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure, which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is a sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul, which is awakened. Man then understands that there is in the gift of nature a something more than is necessary for existence; colours, forms, odours, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at last spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify that a rose-tree under a window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, are always a good omen to the tired traveller. The hand which cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor and the wants of the stranger.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

[All notices for this department, if not sent by one of the Ministers of the Circuit, must be authenticated by his signature, in addition to that of the sender.]

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Brewer, Mrs. Mary,	Tiverton,	Tiverton,	67	Sept. 1st, 1851.
Martin, Mrs. Mary,	Temple-Town,	South-Shields,	26	Aug. 15th, 1851.

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